



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

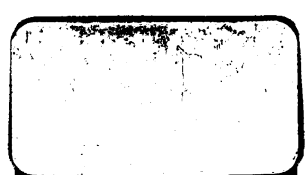
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

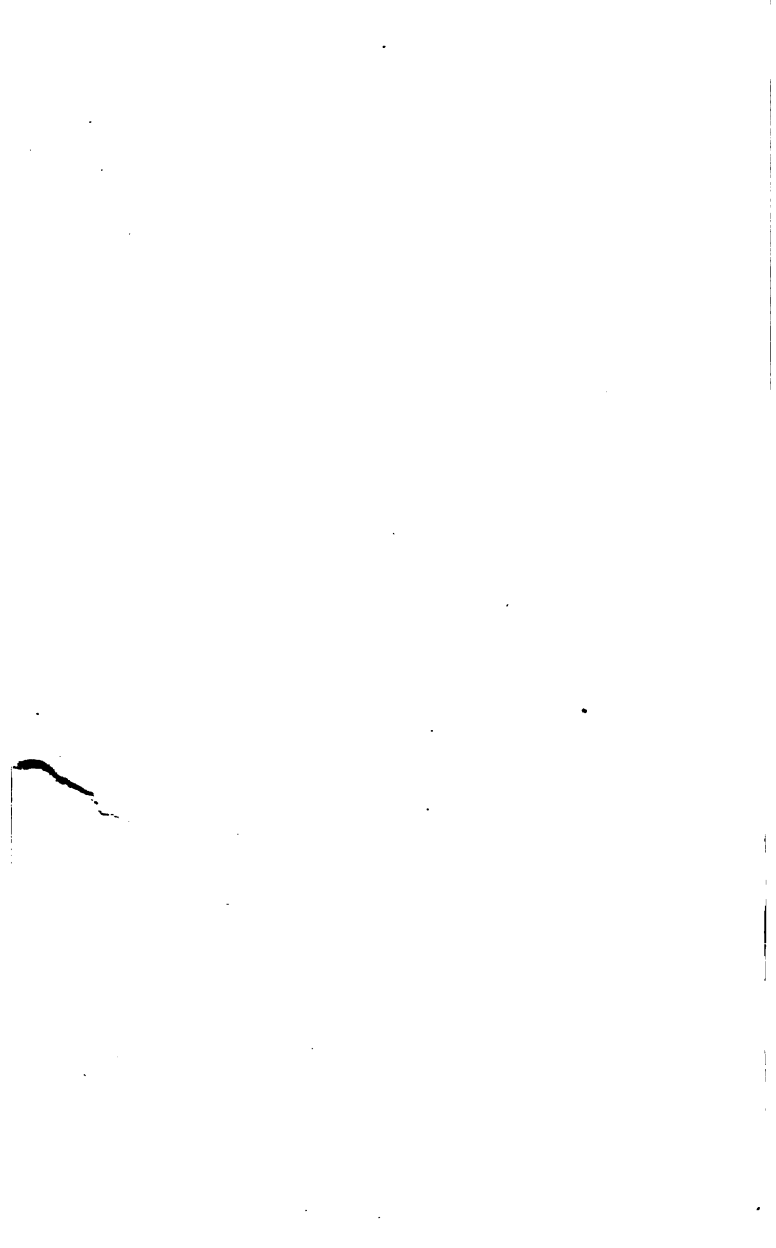
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

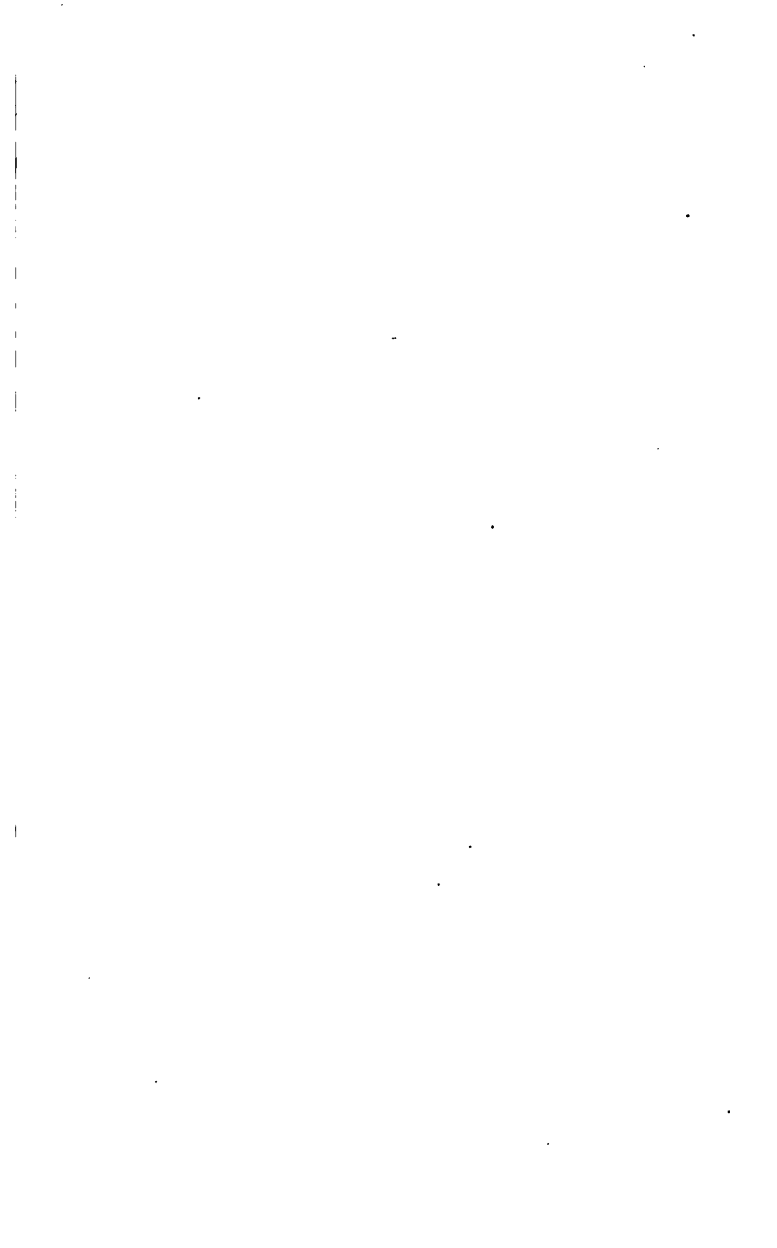


3 3433 08157233 5



Ed. 0. 1. 1. 1.





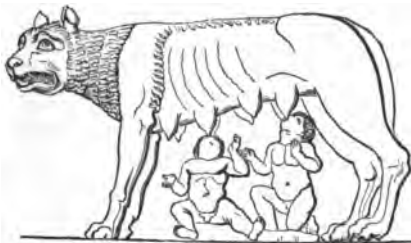


A
CHILD'S HISTORY
OF
ROME.

BY JOHN BONNER,
AUTHOR OF "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1868.

EVD

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

951316A

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1936 L

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight
hundred and fifty-six, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of
New York.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME.

BOOK III.

THE CIVIL WARS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

POMPEY.

CLODIUS was more like a madman than the ruler of a great city. When he had burned Cicero's house, and sold his property, he liked the wicked work so much that he hunted up other weak men who could not resist him, and treated their houses and property in the same way. He kept a band of gladiators and ruffians, who followed at his heels when he went out, and were always ready to fight at the word of command from their master. And all the while, though every one knew that at heart he cared for nothing but money and pleasure, he pretended to be extremely religious, and was always setting up or furbishing temples to some god or goddess.

At bottom the people never liked him. They

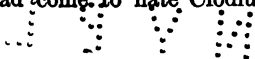
OPTUN 31 DEC 1931

hated his family (he was a descendant of the bad Appius Claudius, who was one of the Ten Men, and also of blind Appius Claudius); and when they saw what a ruffian he was, they hated him too. To spite him, they said, "We must have Cicero back again." Pompey also—who didn't care any thing for Cicero, but who thought, perhaps, that so able a man would be a help to him in his schemes—was of opinion that Cicero ought to be sent for.

Clodius stormed and raved like a maniac when he heard of it. Up and down the streets of Rome he swaggered with his ruffians at his back, insulting every man whom he suspected of being a friend of Cicero's, and bawling that he would protect the Republic from traitors. In open daylight he made nothing of burning down the house of one of Cicero's friends; and when he heard that another—the Tribune MILO—had declared that he would send for the great orator, he swore he would kill him whenever he met him.

Milo was as violent as Clodius. He hired gladiators and ruffians, too, and when he walked through the streets they followed him, clanking their broadswords and shouting. Whenever Milo met Clodius there was a fight, and some of the ruffians on both sides got killed. So well did the people know them, that whenever either of the two appeared in the streets, quiet folk ran into their houses and barred the doors.

For all his bluster and violence, Clodius could not help Cicero coming home. His friends—and the people had come to hate Clodius so much that he



had a great many now—went out to meet him, and cheered him, and capered for joy, and gave him a fine house to make up for the one Clodius had burned.

But the tumults and the street fights went on still. Pompey turned against Milo, and Cato against Pompey; and each had his friends, and hired ruffians, and slaves, who were ready to fight, burn, and destroy at the first opportunity. The nobles hated the people more than ever, and the people hated the nobles. The honest citizens at Rome must have spent many a sleepless night in these dreadful times, wondering where it would all end.

Pompey, for his part, felt sure it would end in his becoming sole master of Rome. When election day came round, he sent a party of his ruffians very early in the morning to the polls, with orders to let nobody vote who was not for Pompey and Crassus. Away they went, and, of course, by the evening it was known that Pompey and Crassus were chosen Consuls.

After the election Pompey said to Crassus, "Do you go to Asia and look after our enemies there, and I will stay here and take care of Rome." And Crassus answered, "With all my heart." For he knew that there was a fine chance for making money among the rich nations of Asia, and he cared very little for power in comparison with riches.

Away he went sailing to Asia with a great army, and plundered province after province, and state after state there. They say that he robbed the temple at Jerusalem, among other places; this is quite

likely, though not certain. But at last, his insatiable greed for money was the ruin of him.

There was at this time a very singular nation in Asia called the Parthians. They were warlike and brave, but also fond of luxury and splendor. Their kings used to paint their cheeks, and perfume themselves like women; and they lived in a style of extraordinary magnificence.

When Crassus heard of their great riches he resolved to plunder them too. He told one of their chiefs who came to see him that he would march to their capital city. "Sooner," said the Parthian, holding out his hand, "shall hair grow on the palm of this hand than thy eyes shall behold Seleuceia." Crassus made light of the warning, and marched into Parthia. On and on over the burning plains, under a red-hot sun, he marched, till his soldiers were ready to drop from thirst and exhaustion, and even Crassus' greed could hardly keep up his strength and courage. Then, while the Romans were panting and fainting, the Parthians attacked them. Their way of fighting was singular. They had great troops of horsemen armed with light javelins and bows and arrows, and mounted on horses that went like the wind. These horsemen would hover round the Romans like mosquitoes, harassing them, and cutting off small parties: when the Romans turned to attack them, they would lash their horses and tear off; and while the horses were at full speed the riders would turn round and shoot their arrows, or throw their javelins with such surprising aim that they hardly ever missed.

After Crassus had fought one battle and lost a great many men, the Parthian general asked him to a feast, in order, as he said, to arrange matters. He, poor simple man, went; and while he was admiring the splendid way in which the Parthian lived, and his mouth was watering at the sight of the wealth and luxury he saw, he was stabbed to death. The Parthians cut off his head; and their cruel chief pried open his teeth, and poured molten gold into his mouth, saying, "Thou wast greedy of gold, now glut thyself!"

I suspect this was what Pompey wanted. He was head man at Rome now. Clodius and Milo went on fighting as usual, till one day they met in the country at some distance from Rome, and fought it out, and Clodius was killed. A good riddance! Then Pompey had Milo arrested for the murder and tried; and when he heard that Cicero was to defend him, he sent down a party of soldiers to surround the court, which shook the nerves of the poor orator to that degree that he lost his voice, and couldn't utter one of the fine phrases he had prepared; and so Pompey got rid of Milo by sending him away into exile.

Pompey now thought that the only thing he required to secure the mastery of Rome forever was to please the people. To do this, he built a great theatre—the first stone theatre ever set up at Rome. It was not at all like our theatres, as it had no roof, and the people sat on bare stone or wooden benches, rising above one another in a half-circle. It was so large that forty thousand people could find room in



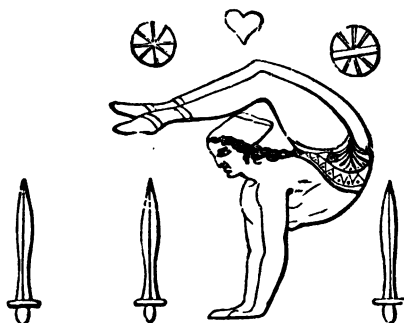
ACTORS' MASKS.

it, and so strongly built that you may trace the shape of its walls in the houses which stand on the spot at the present day.

The spectacles which Pompey gave in this theatre were very grand, and cost immense sums of money. He had five hundred lions brought from Africa, and let loose upon the stage, roaring and raging from hunger, to be killed by hunters in the sight of the people. Also a number of elephants and a rhinoceros, who were hunted down in the same way; and hundreds upon hundreds of poor Scythians and Gauls, and other foreigners, who were forced to butcher each



A BUFFOON.



A TUMBLER.

other in the old cruel fashion. He gave plays, too, in which buffoons made sport for the people, and farces were acted by men in queer masks; but the people liked the lion-hunts and the man-fights best, and sat from early morning to dark in the theatre to watch them, with nothing but a biscuit and a handful of grapes by way of dinner. These sights pleased them so much that they let Pompey do what he pleased with the government. He had it all to himself, in fact.

All this time Cæsar was away in Gaul. The Romans gave the name of Gaul to a very large extent of country: Northern Italy, France, and part of Germany, all went by the name of Gaul, and their inhabitants were called Gauls, though they were composed of a hundred different races and nations. Gaul, then, was a wild country, mostly covered with dark forests, and trackless plains, and vast marshes, where cities have since sprung up, and railroads have lately been built. The people of the north were unlike the people of the south; and the wild sea-



ROPE-DANCIERS.

faring men of the west bore very little resemblance to the fair-haired giants of the east. But they were all alike in some points. They all loved their homes, liked fighting, and hated the Romans.

So Cæsar, who only went to Gaul to fight and to get the name of a great general, very soon had plenty of fighting on his hands. On his right, on his left, behind him and in front of him, were great armies of Gauls, who fought him at every inch of his journey. Sometimes they pressed him so hard that his men lost courage. Once, they said positively they would go home. "Go!" cried Cæsar, "I will go on if I have no soldiers left but my own

tenth legion." They, shamed out of their intention, staid with him.

Brave as the Gauls were, and vastly as they outnumbered the Romans, they were generally beaten. Cæsar was a superior general to their leaders, and the Romans were better armed than they, and fought in a more skillful manner. So the way of the war was generally this: in the spring Cæsar would suddenly take the field, fight a battle with the nearest Gauls, and then race across the country with wonderful speed, destroying every thing on his road, and breaking down the bridges, till he came up with some more Gauls and beat them too. Then he would fly off in another direction, and do the same again. He moved so quickly that half the time the Gauls never knew where he was, and were often attacked and cut to pieces when they hadn't the least idea the Romans were near. By the end of the summer he had usually overcome all the different tribes, and would go to Northern Italy to spend the winter.

But when the ice began to melt and the grass to grow green, the Gauls would rise, and all the work had to be done over again. Nine years they rose in this way year after year: the Northerners rising when Cæsar was in the south, and the Southerners rising the moment he went to the north. They might be beaten over and over again; but conquered, never.

One brave fellow named **VERCINGETORIX** (though some people think this is only the name of the office he held), fought with great courage against the Ro-

mans for years. At last, his people being utterly defeated and ruined, this noble chief advised them to give him up to Cæsar in order to obtain better terms for themselves. So they did. And the Gaulish hero was dragged in chains from place to place, and shown off at the triumph, and at last, I am afraid, cruelly put to death by the hard-hearted Romans.

There were, no doubt, many other brave Gauls like Vercingetorix; but as they had no writers to tell their story, we don't even know their names. All that we can learn is, that season after season the Gauls rose and rose again, and fought with such spirit that Cæsar did not venture to say that Gaul was subdued till he had killed over a million of them, and laid waste the country from the white cliffs of Dover, in Britain, to the pasture-lands of the Pyrenees, from the pretty lakes of Switzerland to the beach of the stormy Atlantic.

It was high time now for him to think of Rome, where Pompey had made himself very powerful. The nobles were great friends with him (though I can not help thinking they always disliked him in their hearts); and between the two the state was governed in as wretched and corrupt a manner as you can imagine. You may form some idea of the state of things from the fact that, for money, a decree of the Senate could be forged; and certified too, on oath, by as many nobles and augurs as were wanted. I am not much surprised at the augurs, as that sort of thing was rather in their line; but the nobles must have sunk very low when the heads

of the great families would perjure themselves for a bribe.

Cæsar had once been friends with Pompey, as you remember, and had given him his daughter JULIA to be his wife. It is pleasant to find that, even in these times, though Pompey hated Cæsar and Cæsar was suspicious of Pompey, they never quarreled while Julia lived. Cæsar loved his daughter, and Pompey was a good husband; each bore with the other for the sake of Julia. But, as ill luck would have it, while Cæsar was away in Gaul, she died. Then these two men began to speak ill of each other openly, and to strive for the mastery.

Pompey had the nobles on his side, Cæsar the people. Cato, who was still the chief of the nobles, said that if Cæsar dared to come to Rome he would have him tried. You know what this meant, and how easy it was to condemn a man whom the nobles wanted to put out of the way. The people kept quiet, being afraid of Pompey's soldiers, who were in great force in the city.

To entrap Cæsar, Pompey sent word to him to come to Rome. Cæsar answered that he would rather not. He was very comfortable where he was, in Northern Italy.

Then Pompey ordered him to disband the army he had brought from Gaul, and send every man to his own home. Cæsar said he had no objection to this, but Pompey must also disband his army. Pompey indignantly refused.

The quarrel going on, the nobles—as blind as usual—outlawed Cæsar, and sent out word north

and south, east and west, that he was a public enemy, and must be put down. One Senator who had a little sense left, asked what they should do if Cæsar were to march on Rome?

"Do!" cried Pompey, who was growing old and was a little weak in the head, "Why I have only to stamp my foot and legions will spring up to march under my orders."

When Cæsar received intelligence of what had been done at Rome, he called his soldiers together and asked them if they would stand by him. With one voice they cried, "To the last drop of our blood!"

"Then," said he, "we have trifled long enough; let us march to Rome."

They say that when the army reached the bank of a little river called the Rubicon—no one knows where it is or what it is called now—Cæsar faltered, and stood a long while on the bank, in doubt whether to cross or no: and that at last he plunged in, exclaiming, "The die is cast!" I am afraid the story was invented by some clever person long afterward; for Cæsar had a great deal too much sense to hesitate now, and especially on the bank of that little stream.

At Rome they were in great dismay and commotion when they heard of his coming. Pompey, I suppose, was stamping his foot; but the operation didn't answer as well as was expected. The people hung back, and showed no particular anxiety to help the nobles against their old friend Cæsar. As for the nobles, they packed up their money and their

treasure, and made haste to leave Rome and join Pompey, who went to the southern part of Italy.

On came Cæsar, southward. City after city opened its gates to him, and the people showed how glad they were to see him by feasting his army. One place, where a band of nobles had gathered together, held out for a while; but Cæsar soon fought his way in, and took it. The nobles who had defended it expected to suffer horrible deaths; but he set them all free with kind words.

Then he entered Rome at the head of his army. People were a little afraid at first that he might imitate Marius and Sulla; but when they found that not a man was hurt, and that Cæsar did not even plunder the houses of the nobles, they flocked into the streets with their wives and children, and danced for joy, and almost worshipped Cæsar.

Pompey had run away to Greece with his army. Cæsar, having, in his old dashing way paid a flying visit to Spain and beaten Pompey's generals there, made ready to cross over into Greece after him.

For this he wanted money, of course, and went to the treasury to get some. On this, a young noble named METELLUS, who was Tribune of the people, and had staid in Rome, thought there was a fine chance to help his friends and delay Cæsar. So he went to the treasury and stood before the door with the key in his hand. When Cæsar's officers came, he said he would not give up the key or open the door. Cæsar said, very quietly, "Break open the door." Metellus put his back against it, and said, in a grand way, that they must kill him first; knowing very

well that, as he was a Tribune of the people, his person was sacred, and Cæsar would not like to provoke the people by killing him.

Cæsar looked straight into his face with a stern expression, and touching his sword, cried, "Stand aside, young man; for, let me tell you, it is easier for me to do than to threaten!" Which was quite enough for young Metellus.

Cæsar then crossed over with a part of his army into Greece. The others were to follow as soon as a chance offered to escape the ships of war which Pompey had sent to watch the coast. They were very long in coming, and Cæsar, losing patience at last, set out in a small boat to fetch them. A storm arose, and the little boat was tossed so terribly that the boatman began to be afraid. "Fear nothing," said Cæsar, "thou carriest Cæsar!" It was a grand speech, no doubt, but it didn't help the boat sail, or calm the waves; so Cæsar, who knew he would drown just like any common man if he was long enough under water, sensibly put back.

After a while the other soldiers did cross, under their general, MARCUS ANTONIUS, or, as we say, MARC ANTONY; and Pompey and Cæsar began to march up and down, each trying to put the other into a disadvantageous position. Pompey had the best of this sort of work. His army was well fed; the nobles who were with him had plenty of money, and lived as luxuriously in the camp as they might have done in their fine houses at Rome. Cæsar's men were nearly starved. But they had such faith in Cæsar that they lived cheerfully on salad made

out of grass, and said, one and all, that they would gnaw the bark from the trees before they let Pompey escape.

At last, some time in June, in the year forty-eighth before the birth of our Saviour, the two armies lay opposite each other on the plain of PHARSALIA, in Thessaly. They were to fight it out at last. On Pompey's side, the nobles made sure of the victory. Before the battle they quarreled about the offices each was to have when they went back in triumph to Rome. The greatest dispute of all was, who was to be high-priest after Cæsar (who had been high-priest during all these years of fighting) was beaten and killed. Some sent to Rome to take good houses. Others made ready for a grand feast to be eaten after the victory; had couches laid in tents, the ground strewed with flowers and leaves, and great jars of rich old wine plunged in water to cool.

Cæsar's men said nothing of victory, but when the time came, fell on with might and main. They were old, tried soldiers, far steadier than the rabble Pompey had collected. The nobles fought well, as usual; but when Cæsar ordered his spearmen and archers to aim at their faces, these delicate young gentlemen were mightily disgusted, and rode out of the reach of the spears and arrows. Their comrades following their example, the day was won, and Pompey was beaten.

The moment the nobles turned to fly, Cæsar ran in among his men and ordered them to spare the Romans. He would not let a prisoner be hurt.

And next day, when he went over the field of battle and saw how many of his countrymen lay stiff and dead, he was deeply grieved, and cried, "They would have it so!" as indeed they would.

After the battle was lost, Pompey took horse and rode away through the dark night—not so dark though as his fortunes—to the sea-shore. There he embarked in a boat and bade the sailors ferry him over to Lesbos, where his fifth wife, CORNELIA, was. She, too, had been anxiously expecting the news of her husband's great victory, and planning in her own woman's mind many petty schemes for the time when she should be the first lady at Rome. There was no time now even for sorrow. Away they sailed up the Mediterranean till they came to Egypt.

Swiftly as Pompey had fled, the bad news flew quicker, and by the time his vessel cast anchor on the Egyptian shore, the King of Egypt had heard every thing, and had made up his mind what to do. On the shore where Pompey would land a platform had been raised, and on this platform sat King PTOLEMY with all his court, in grand array, their dresses flashing in the sunshine, and their faces all smiles.

As Pompey lowered himself down over the ship's side, his wife, Cornelia, felt an inward warning of danger, and besought him to stay. But he, smiling sadly, took leave of her, and bade her cheer up. As he landed, he saw a soldier whose face was familiar to him. "Friend," said he, "methinks we have served together." At that moment the chief courtier

of King Ptolemy gave the signal, and Pompey was stabbed in the back. He did not start or speak. Calmly drawing himself up to his full height, and pulling his cloak over his face, he stood silent till the murderers cut him down.

King Ptolemy had his head cut off—his body he left naked on the sand to be buried stealthily at night by a faithful servant—and when Cæsar arrived he sent it to him, with such a sneaking message as a detestable wretch of his sort might invent. Cæsar burst into tears at the shocking sight, and had the murderers sought out and put to death.

There is but one of Pompey's friends whose story is worth telling. This is Cato, of whom you have heard already. He is not a pleasant man, though he was prodigiously virtuous, in the Roman way. His idea was, that he and his friends ought to have all the power in the government. If he had got this, I dare say he would have been quite satisfied, and would have led an edifying life. It is true that he stole a trifle when he went to Cyprus, but this was for the state, not for himself; also, that he sold his wife to a friend, and repented of the bargain and bought her back again—which is not exactly what we should like our leading men to do. Still, the Romans thought a great deal of Cato, and always spoke of him as a very superior person.

He left Rome with Pompey, and after the battle of Pharsalia went to Africa, where he tried, in a feeble sort of way, and very unsuccessfully, to make head against Cæsar. For some time he wandered about, dreamily hoping for something to turn up

that would restore the nobles to Rome in all their glory ; but as nothing ever did turn up, but, on the contrary, things grew worse from day to day, he at last resolved to die, at a place called Utica.

He spent most of the night reading the works of the great philosopher PLATO ; slept soundly for a short time, then rose and stabbed himself. In falling, he threw over a piece of furniture. The servants ran into his room, picked him up, and dressed his wound while he was insensible. When he came to himself he snatched the bandages from the wound, and it is even said tore it open with his hands, so that his entrails gushed out, and he died.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CÆSAR.

POMPEY dead, and his murderers—not the real murderers, but the poor soldiers who were instigated to do the deed—being executed for the crime, a quarrel very soon broke out between King Ptolemy and Cæsar. Ptolemy was so vile a creature that Cæsar would naturally feel tempted to knock him about a little; but the outward cause of the dispute was a lady.

One day a man went to Cæsar and said, with many compliments in the Eastern fashion, that he had a present for him. The present proved to be a bale of fine rich cloth. While Cæsar and his officers were admiring its beauty, the man began to unroll it in their presence, and all at once, out of the inside of the bale there leaped the most lovely young lady these Romans had ever set eyes on. They were greatly surprised, as you may well imagine; more surprised still when the charming creature who had come to them in so droll a conveyance told Cæsar that she was CLEOPATRA, the rightful queen of Egypt, whom her brother—who was also her husband—King Ptolemy, had despoiled of her share in the kingdom. She came, she said, to see whether great Cæsar would not help her back to her throne again. So winningly did she plead her cause, and so lovingly looked

at Cæsar out of her large soft eyes, that he, with a round oath, swore he would see her righted. And really I don't see how he could have acted otherwise under the circumstances.

So he sent one of his officers to Ptolemy to say, "You must take your sister back again, and make her queen as before."

Ptolemy and his courtiers, who were to the full as thick-headed as the great stone sphinxes before their doors, said they would do no such thing.

"Then," said Cæsar, "I must make you."

He had hard work at first, as he had not many of his brave Roman soldiers with him; and Ptolemy and his officers attacked him with a great multitude of Egyptians. Once they very nearly caught him. At the storming of Alexandria the boat in which Cæsar was fighting began to sink. The Egyptians, seeing his distress, pressed him harder than ever. But he leaped into the water with his armor between his teeth, and holding in his left hand, high above the water, the roll of paper bark on which he wrote his journal, swam safely to another vessel, and fought on as before.

In the end the Egyptians got the worst of it. A great battle was fought, in which King Ptolemy and a number of his courtiers were killed; and after this, those who remained were very glad to make peace.

Then Cæsar and Cleopatra did nothing but feast and make merry together from morning till night, and very often from night till morning again. They sailed together on the Nile in gorgeous boats with gilded oars, and silken sails, and bands of musicians

playing soft music as the boat glided smoothly over the water; and when evening came, went home to the palace and feasted royally, and spent a great part of the night in revelry. I do not know how long this idle pleasant life might have lasted—for Cleopatra was so bewitching that Cæsar couldn't tear himself from her—but for a war which suddenly broke out in the old place—Pontus in Asia.

It was Pharnaces, Mithridates's son—the same who, as you remember, had been in so great a hurry to send his father's dead body to Pompey—who had risen against the Romans. Cæsar must have astonished him. While he was thinking how he should manage to drive out the Romans, Cæsar tore into Pontus like the wind; while he was wondering where he ought to fight a battle, Cæsar fell upon him, and scattered those wretched soldiers of his; while he was trying to make out what would happen next, Cæsar conquered the whole kingdom, and Pharnaces was quietly put out of the way, no one knows how. So the war was ended, and Cæsar, who was not a man of many words, wrote an account of it to the Senate in three only. They were: *Veni, vidi, vici*—in English, I came, I saw, I conquered.

There was a Moorish king, named JUBA, who took it into his head about the same time to take up arms against Rome, pretending to be very much the friend of Pompey, who was past help long since. Cæsar fell upon him too, in the same way, and made an end of him without any trouble; then returned to Rome, where he had not been since he left to fight Pompey in Greece.

The people all turned out to meet him, and received him with great joy. They had suffered so much—poor people!—of late years, and had been so debauched and corrupted by the wicked example and selfish oppression of the nobles, that there was very little Roman spirit left among them. You might have searched a long time among the gentlemen and ladies who took the air in Sacred Street or in their country gardens for the old Roman sort of man.

Cæsar was the man of their heart ; and when they found that he was not only good, but strong enough to put down their old oppressors the nobles, they worshipped him, and fawned upon him, and seemed to try what they could do to spoil him. They first made him Dictator for ten years, then for life. They begged him to make all the laws, and manage the



A ROMAN MATRON.



A ROMAN REPUBLICAN.



A ROMAN LADY OF FASHION.



A ROMAN OF THE AGE OF CÆSAR.

government, and appoint all the public officers. If any one said, "I think Cæsar would like to have such or such a thing," they rushed, in a frantic manner, to give it him.

Some people have blamed Cæsar very much for yielding to the people in these respects, and have said he was ambitious, and so forth. He would, no doubt, have been a greater man if he had refused the monstrous power the people heaped on him, and tried honestly to set the republic on a solid footing once more. But in all the history of the world there is only one instance of a man in Cæsar's position acting in this noble manner. GEORGE WASHINGTON is the only man of ancient or modern times who, having the means to make himself master of his country, either as king, or with some other title

meaning the same, resolutely refused to do so, and thought more of freedom for his fellow-countrymen than of power for himself. And there is this difference between the position of Washington and that of Cæsar. The Americans, whose rights Washington would have usurped if he had made himself king, were a sturdy, manful, moral set of people; quite capable of governing themselves, and not at all anxious as a body to give up their freedom, though possibly they might have been led into doing so if Washington had desired it, through their love for him. Whereas the Romans, I am sorry to say, were at this time generally corrupt, wicked, and careless of freedom. They had been brutified by oppression; they had so often seen the laws broken and mended and broken again in a few months, that they had ceased to respect them; and besides, they had no religion to trust in and fly to for solace and strength. Their own, which was not much of a religion to speak of, and would not have been much help to them at any rate, was fast breaking down and becoming a laughing-stock; and nearly fifty years had yet to roll over before Christ was to come, and centuries before the pure truth which He taught was to shed its light upon the wretched city of Rome.

Altogether, I think there is a great deal to be said in excuse of Cæsar; though, of course, it is a great pity that he employed his genius and his virtues in completing the ruin of the republic.

As soon as he became master of Rome, he set himself to mend the old laws, and to make many new ones, all of which were good. The best thing

he did was trying to unite all the various races under Roman authority into one people. To accomplish this, he appointed several of the best Gauls and Spaniards to the Senate, and invited them over to Rome to help to make the laws which were to govern them.

Nothing annoyed the proud Roman nobility so much as being forced to sit down with Gauls and Spaniards, whom as foreigners they affected to despise. They sneered at the new Senators, and insultingly hoped they would be able to find their way to the Senate-house.

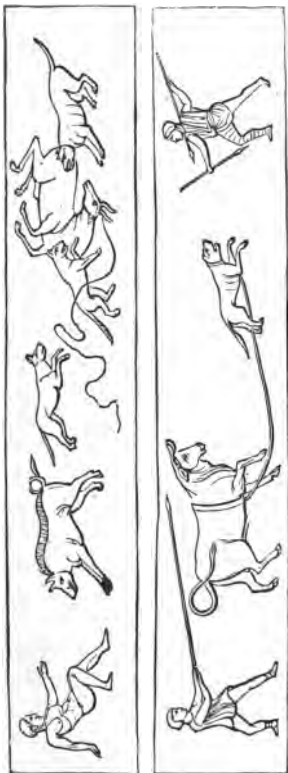
To please the people Cæsar gave them shows grander than any thing they had ever seen before. He had his triumph as usual, at which ever so many kings and princes were dragged in chains, and all Rome rang with the gleeful shouts and songs of the soldiers as they pranced through the Forum. To each soldier he gave a sum of money—about seven hundred and fifty dollars—and to every citizen twelve dollars and a bag of corn. Then there was a grand feast, at which three and twenty thousand tables were spread with meat, and fish, and sausages, and hundreds of jars of sweet wine mixed with honey; and every man who chose was bidden to lie down on the couches before the tables and eat his fill.

Of lion-hunts, and elephant-hunts, and man-fights in the theatre, there was abundance, day after day. And one afternoon, while the people were gathered in the theatre, and the summer sun glared so fiercely overhead that many of them nearly fainted with the

heat, of a sudden a huge awning, of the richest

silk and of a hundred bright colors, was spread over the theatre, so as to shade the whole—spectators, fighting men, and wild beasts.

Then the field of Mars—which was a great plain or park—was hollowed out, and water poured in till a lake was formed. Upon this lake small ships were launched and filled with gladiators; and at a given signal one half these ships fell upon the other half, and the wretched gladiators drowned each other and butchered each other till the ladies of Rome almost expired with delight, and the new-



WILD BEAST HUNTS.

made lake was crimson with blood.

When Cæsar went home at evening, after one of these shows, he had a body-guard of forty elephants, each with a castle on its back filled with crystal

lamps, lighting up the narrow streets of Rome, and turning the night into day.

These grand shows delighted the idle Romans to such a degree that they grew crazier than ever about Cæsar. "Suppose," said they to each other, "we make him king; he would like it, perhaps." And one of them went to him and hailed him king.

"I am not king," said he, "but Cæsar."

Still, he didn't seem very angry at the name. So, at a wild sort of festival the Romans used to keep, that wild fellow MARC ANTONY, who was capering naked through the streets of Rome with other boisterous fellows, tried to put a crown on Cæsar's head in the sight of the people. On the spur of the moment the people, who hated the sight and name of a crown, though they bore the substance of royalty cheerfully enough, set up a loud outcry, and Cæsar pushed it from him. Reluctantly though, I am afraid.

All this while the nobles had never left off hating him. Though he had forgiven them all they had done against him and against Rome; though he had not hurt a hair of their heads, or stolen an atom of their substance; though he had—well knowing how they would have killed him and outlawed his family if they had had the upper hand—raised many of them to places of honor, and trust, and profit; still they hated him—hated him more than ever. In their bad hearts his goodness and his generosity only made their spite rankle and burn the more fiercely. Some of the worst among them now laid a plot to murder him.

But when they met together, one of the most cunning of the wicked crew said, "It will never do for us to kill Cæsar; for the people would straightway tear us limb from limb. We must get some one whom the people will respect to help us, and then we can say we killed him because he wanted to be king."

So they looked about for some one that was respectable, and they found JUNIUS BRUTUS. Brutus was a very curious person. He was a man of a morose and gloomy temper, and a cross-grained disposition. A great reader he was: he read too much, in fact, I think; too many tough Greek books about philosophy, and too many Latin books of the same dry, dull kind, which did him no earthly good, and only made his temper gloomier and his intellect cloudier. He had been, in the old time, one of the nobles' party, and had fought under Pompey at Pharsalia.

But after the battle, when Cæsar asked him to be his friend—for his mother's sake, whom Cæsar had dearly loved—and poured upon him gifts and honors and kindnesses of every kind, Brutus changed his mind about the war, and thought Cæsar was right, and joined him. He became one of Cæsar's principal officers, and was treated so kindly by him, that people said he could not have done more for his own son.

But after a time Brutus again fell into his old habit of nursing dreary ideas, and brooding gloomily over the times. There was enough at Rome, Heaven knows, to brood over with sorrow. But

the misfortune was that Brutus, from the reasons I have mentioned, could not see where the real fault lay, and, in a very wrong-headed manner, began to blame Cæsar for the debased state of Rome. What with pondering this extremely absurd notion, and what with the hints he got from his old friends the nobles, he came to hate Cæsar bitterly. It was then the conspirators went to him, and said, cunningly, that Cæsar was going to make himself king, and would Brutus submit to that?

Then he brooded more gloomily than ever, and read more and more dull stuff out of his tough books. The cunning conspirators, who knew him well, never let him alone for an instant. One day he found a note for him containing some such words as—"Brutus, art thou asleep?" Again, he would find written on his door—"Art thou Brutus? No, thou art not Brutus." Of course, when he told these things to the conspirators, they pretended to be very much surprised indeed, and wondered who could write such things.

At last, when these wicked men had so wrought upon the diseased mind of Brutus that he was almost mad, they said to him, "Now help us, and we will kill Cæsar." And he said he would.

Then said they, "Let the deed be done in the Senate, and the day the Ides of March."

As the time drew near, numbers of persons heard of the plot. A fortune-teller bade Cæsar beware of the Ides of March. CALPURNIA, Cæsar's wife, besought him not to leave her that day. He, laughing merrily at her fears, said he would stay at home

if it would make her happy. So he sent Antony to the Senate in his place.

But the conspirators were not to be baulked. They sent to Cæsar to say he was wanted for business of importance. He rose directly, got into his litter, and was carried on the shoulders of his slaves to the Senate-house.

When he entered, the hearts of the wretched murderers misgave them. Some one whispered in Cæsar's ear; which so frightened the chief conspirator, CASSIUS, that he half drew his sword to kill himself. Pale and trembling, with hang-dog looks, they pushed one another forward till they were all gathered round Cæsar's ivory chair. CIMBER presented a petition to Cæsar. He rose, either to receive it, or to see why they were thronging round him. Cimber seized his robe and pulled him down, and at the same moment CASCA stabbed him in the side. He sprang up, tried to defend himself with the iron pen with which he wrote (it was very different from our pens, more like a long pencil tipped with steel), and struggled violently. But when he saw Brutus strike at him with his sword—Brutus, whom he had loved like a son—he groaned "You, too, Brutus!" and covered his face with his robe. Then the murderers all struck and hacked at him; wounding each other in their blind fury, and killed him at last, with three-and-twenty stabs. Only a little while before he had set up a statue of his old rival Pompey in the Senate-house; it was at the foot of that statue he fell, spattering the pedestal with his blood.

I am sure that long ago your opinion of the Roman nobles was so bad that hardly any thing could make it worse. But in all their long race of mischief and evil they never did so foul a wrong as this. In all Roman story there is no man like Cæsar. So dashing and successful a soldier, or so wise a lawgiver. So stanch a friend to the people, so unyielding a foe to that selfish nobility that would have enslaved all but their own class. So true to his friends, so humane and forgiving to his enemies. So fond of doing good and making people happy; so slow to punish, so averse to cruelty of any kind.

Cæsar succeeded in every thing he tried. He was an eloquent speaker and a sound lawyer. He composed verses which are said to have been good, and wrote one of the best histories that have come down to us from ancient times. He was a learned astronomer: before his time the Roman year was all confusion; he arranged the months as we now observe them, and fixed to each the proper number of days: in memory of which, and after him, we call our Calendar the JULIAN CALENDAR, and the seventh month of the year—in which he was born—JULY. No one could talk so pleasantly as he: there was a fascination in his manner, and a genial kindness in his conversation, which no one—man or woman—could resist.

If he had but refused the dictatorship, he would have been worthy to stand by the side of Washington, above the splendid army of heroes who have ennobled the world.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ANTONY.

THERE was a dreadful silence in the Senate for a few moments when Cæsar fell; then the Senators, in a great agony of mind, all ran home to hide themselves. The murderers ran away too, to the Capitol, where they locked themselves in; and Cæsar's body was left where it lay, with the blood trickling from the wounds upon the floor of the Senate, and the sunbeams gaily dancing round it, till three of his slaves gathered it up, and tremblingly carried it home on a stretcher. All day long the people of Rome, among whom the bad news had soon been whispered, stood waiting at their doors in terrible suspense, wondering what would happen next.

After a while Brutus went down to the Forum and made a speech to the people to prove that Cæsar was a tyrant, and had been rightly murdered, and that black was white, and so forth. The people, knowing very well who the real tyrants were, would hardly listen to Brutus, and murmured to each other, "Where is Marc Antony? He was Cæsar's friend; why does he not show himself now?"

Marc Antony—as you will see as we go on with this story—was a good-tempered, jovial fellow, with very little honor, or principle, or manliness in him.

When his friend Cæsar was killed, he ran away and put on the dress of a slave so as not to be recognized. After a time, gaining heart, he showed himself in the streets, and the conspirators going to him, and saying, "Antony, you are on our side, of course," he answered, Yes, he was, and asked the chief murderer Cassius to dinner that very day. Cicero was on their side too, though he knew nothing of the murder beforehand: he said, after it was done and over, that it was a god-like act. And considering the character of his gods, I dare say it was.

But when Antony contrived to get hold of all Cæsar's money, he began to think he could do better without the conspirators than with them, and burst all at once into the most frantic affliction over his poor dear friend, Cæsar. He had a waxen body made, and dressed in Cæsar's bloody robe; and over this, in the Forum, he made a most affecting speech to the people, stopping every now and then to cry, then bursting out with more expressions of grief, till the people's feelings were harrowed to frenzy. Then he drew from a fold in his robe Cæsar's will.

This will bequeathed to the public Cæsar's beautiful gardens in the city, and gave to every citizen a sum of money, about equal to twelve dollars of our currency.

When Antony read it, and the people saw how truly Cæsar had loved them to the last, they rose with a great cry of "Vengeance! vengeance on Cæsar's murderers!" Some seized torches to burn their houses, others sought them out to kill them. One poor fellow who bore the same name as one of the

murderers, was caught in the tumult, and by mistake torn limb from limb. The real murderers had run away and hid themselves.

Then Antony made himself master of Rome. With the money he had found in Cæsar's house, and other money he stole from the State Treasury, he bought up the leading men, and began to rule like a king. A poor miserable king, though. He still kept up the pretense of paying great respect to the Senate; but when he didn't like the laws passed by that body, he quietly altered them, or forged new ones. And with all his power, and all his money, he contrived to make both the nobles and the people hate him.

Cicero was the first who had the boldness to attack him. He made a number of speeches against him, which he called *Philippics*; and used all the tremendous power of his eloquence to convince the Romans what a worthless creature he was.

A more powerful enemy still was a little pale lame boy, with weak eyes, clumsy tongue, and not over strong heart, but as crafty as a fox, and cruel as a wolf. This was Cæsar's nephew and heir, OCTAVIUS, whom I shall call by the name of AUGUSTUS; which he took long afterward. He was away with the army when his uncle was killed. When he heard of it, he went to Rome and demanded his inheritance, which Antony had seized and spent in great part. Little Augustus, with his downcast eyes and shuffling speech, was easily bullied by bold, swaggering, blustering Marc Antony. But he pretended not to mind it. He sold Cæsar's houses and land

and his own too, and with the money paid every man the twelve dollars Cæsar had left him.

This made him as much liked as Antony was hated; which was just what he wanted. Then, while Cicero, who was really growing brave in his old age, thundered away at Antony in the Senate and the Forum, he schemed and wrought secretly to injure him, till, in the end, it came to blows between them. Antony had his army, and Augustus his, and the two armies fought and slaughtered each other till the northern part of Italy—where the war was carried on—was almost a wilderness.

At last Augustus, in his crafty way, sent to Antony to ask would he make friends, and agree that they two, with LEPIDUS, who was a stupid, coarse-minded soldier, but had a great army under his orders, should make a league together and rule Rome?

Antony said he had no objection, provided they would let him kill Cicero.

To this Augustus answered, Antony might do what he pleased with Cicero, if he would only let him kill Lucius Cæsar, who was Antony's uncle.

Lepidus said that, for his part, he would agree to any thing, if Antony and Augustus would let him kill his own brother. And they said, "Oh! by all means."

So all three sat down together in a little Italian village, now called Bologna—big, rough Antony, the unwholesome boy, Augustus, and stupid Lepidus—and began to make a list of persons to be killed. They wrote on and on, each adding a name in turn, till Antony and Lepidus could think of no more;

then Augustus threw in an extra batch—his memory was very good indeed—and the list was closed with twenty-three hundred of the best names of Rome upon it.

To prevent quarrels between them, they agreed to govern Rome jointly, and to call themselves "THE THREE MEN." Three Brutes would have been a fitter name. Each of the three was to have a share of the republic for himself. But they were all to help at the killing of the proscribed persons, and Antony and Augustus were to hunt down the murderers of Cæsar and make an end of them.

Having finished the wicked bargain, they started for Rome, and the killing began. It would be wearisome to tell you how they accomplished the bloody work; how the twenty-three hundred—and many more besides—were hewn down in the streets, in their houses, in cellars, and in garrets; how men stepped out of their homes, suspecting nothing, and were stabbed on their own threshold; how, in the cruel agony of those dreadful times, fathers gave up their sons, and sons their fathers; how faithful slaves gave themselves up to save their masters, and were slaughtered with bitter gibes; how all Rome rang with the wails of the widows and orphans, while Marc Antony was stuffing himself and getting drunk; and Augustus, with his winking eyes and sallow face, was biting his nails and thinking it was well done.

Before the Three Men had reached Rome, Cicero, guessing what would happen, left the city with his brother for Greece. Falling short of money on the

road, his brother went back to Rome to raise some; and there the butchers found him and killed him. Then they sent a band of cut-throats to kill Cicero, who was at his country house. It is very affecting to find that Cicero, who was always a good man, was a brave one at this terrible crisis. He refused to leave his house. "Let me die," he said, "in my own dear country." His slaves seized him by force, put him in a litter, and hurried toward the seashore. On the way the band of cut-throats overtook them. The slaves drew their swords and would have fought to the last for their master. But Cicero sternly forbade them to strike a blow. As the cut-throats came rushing up, he stretched his gray head out of the litter, and they hewed and hacked at it till they severed the neck. The right hand too, they cut off, and bore it, with the head, to Antony.

They say that after gazing at the livid face with delight, he sent it to his wife, FULVIA, one of the worst women in Rome. She had the mouth forced open, and the tongue torn out; and amused herself by piercing with her long hair-pin the tongue which had told the truth so boldly about her husband. A ladylike pastime, and worthy of her!

All this while Brutus and Cassius and the conspirators had been in the East, acting after their kind. They said they were great friends of liberty, and got together a band of soldiers, and tyrannized over the poor people of the provinces in the most atrocious manner—driving the people of one city to burn down their houses, and throw themselves and their children into the flames in the depth of their

despair. Other cities they robbed like very highwaymen. However, Brutus went on reading his dull books, and moping and grumbling about the wickedness of the world, and quarreling with sour, snarling Cassius, and making friends again day after day.

One night as Brutus sat in his tent, he fancied he saw a huge spectre appear at the door, and gaze at him with sad, heavy eyes.

"Who art thou? and whence dost thou come?" asked Brutus.

"I am thy evil genius," answered the spectre, in a hollow voice: "we shall meet again at Philippi."

We know very well nowadays that persons whose minds are diseased as that of Brutus was, often fancy they see spectres and ghosts, and talk with them. But in all his tough books, Brutus had not learned this, and he was very much startled and disquieted by his vision.

As it happened, when Antony and Augustus led their armies to fight the conspirators, Philippi was the place at which they met. There a first battle was fought, and the conspirators were beaten. After the battle Cassius went into his tent, and never came out again: when some soldiers went in they found his head cut off.

Brutus fell back a short distance with the rest of his army, in a very unhappy state of mind. While Cassius was living he was always quarreling with him; now that he was dead, he called him the greatest of the Romans, and did nothing but mourn over his death. His soldiers wanted to desert him.

Brutus offered to let them plunder two rich cities near by if they would stay. "Then," said they, "if we stay we must fight to-morrow." Brutus didn't want to fight for fear of being beaten; but the soldiers were firm, and he consented. You will not be surprised to hear that he saw the spectre again that night in his tent, gazing gloomily at him, and shaking its head.

When the morning came, the bugles sounded for battle. It did not take long to rout Brutus and his army. When the day was lost, some officers went to him and said, "We must make our escape as fast as we can." "Yes," answered Brutus, in a half-choked voice; "but with our hands, not with our feet."

He went into a wood with a few friends, and staid till evening, in great distress of mind, repeating over the names of the great Romans who had committed suicide. As night fell he asked some one to kill him. All refused. At last STRATO—a Greek, whom Brutus employed to read the Greek authors to him—said he would do the deed. Turning away his head, he held out the point of his sword, and Brutus rushed upon it and died instantly.

Only a day or two before, he had written a letter, in which he said that, come what might now, he had done his part in the world. It was quite true, and a very bad part it had been. I have seen some books in which Brutus is praised. Shakspeare has done so much with his wonderful genius to represent him as a patriot and a man of virtue that he often passes for one; but the real Brutus was not

more like Shakspeare's Brutus than an owl is like an eagle.

Brutus had a wife, a very famous lady in her way, and well suited to her husband. Her name was PORCIA: she was a daughter of the Cato who killed himself at Utica. Before Cæsar's death she had noticed her husband's low spirits and gloomy temper, and, woman-like, wanted to know the reason. He would not tell her his secret. Whereupon she wounded herself deeply with a knife, and bore the pain and fever which the wound caused without a word of complaint, in order to prove to her husband that she could keep a secret. Well, after Cæsar was killed, and his murderers, with Brutus at their head, were obliged to run away from Rome, this strong-minded lady staid there, always hoping to see her husband return in glory. As he did not come, but, on the contrary, bad news followed bad news, till at last came the worst news of all—the account of his death—Porcia resolved to die too. Her friends, discovering her resolution, watched her very closely, and took away from her a dagger she wore. But she baffled them by gathering red-hot coals from the hearth and swallowing them; and so she died in great torments.

Another lady—who was beautiful and bad—now began to fill a great place in Roman history. This was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who had been such great friends with Cæsar that she followed him to Rome, and lived in his house there till he died. While the wars went on between his murderers and the Three Men, she lived quietly in Egypt; but the

moment the murderers were beaten, she started off to make friends with Antony. I am afraid she would have started to meet Brutus or Cassius just as eagerly if they had been the winners.

She sailed to meet Antony in a gorgeous boat, glittering with gold and silver and bright colors. The sails were purple, the oars silver. On a rich couch in the stern, under a spangled canopy, lay Cleopatra herself, now past the prime of her beauty, but still very handsome, jeweled, and perfumed, and painted, and dressed in her most ravishing style. Round her stood beautiful girls and boys who fanned her, while a band of music played soft, languishing airs.

Such a fairy-like sight people had never seen before. They left their work to run down to the river banks to watch the boat sail slowly past. As for Antony, he stood staring, with great stupid eyes and wide-open mouth, in mute wonder, till the fairy boat anchored, and the Queen asked him to supper. It was an expensive meal for him. Before the eggs were eaten he was over head and ears in love; and his cunning charmer had entangled him so hopelessly in her net that he went away with her to Egypt and forgot Rome, and his wife, and his power, and every thing else, in her company.

His bad wife, Fulvia, almost died of jealousy when she heard of it. To rouse Antony, she got up a rebellion in Italy, and contrived so well that the war began again. She succeeded in startling her husband; but Augustus defeated her officers, and when Antony met her, he treated her so brutally that she went home, sickened, and died.

Augustus, who was not quite ready for war yet, pretended to be just as great friends with Antony as ever, and flattered him, and wheedled him into marrying his sister—a beautiful and virtuous lady, named OCTAVIA—though he knew very well that Antony did not love her, and was not likely to do so.

To make every body perfectly happy, and put an end forever to any cause for quarrels, the Three Men agreed to take in a fourth partner, SEXTUS POMPEIUS, a son of Pompey, who had given them a great deal of trouble of late. So now every body was satisfied, and there never were in all the world four such loving friends as Augustus, Antony, Lepidus, and Sextus Pompey. Oh! the fine time that was coming, every body said, for the good people of Rome!

Little, limping, stammering Augustus had his own ideas on that subject, which no one knew but himself. After a time he picked a quarrel with Sextus Pompey, and drove him out of the islands which had been allotted to him in the partnership, and sent him, flying for his life, into the East. There some of Antony's soldiers caught him, and very quietly put him to death. As Lepidus had made a show of taking his part, Augustus crossed over into Africa, where Lepidus was, and won away his whole army from him. He thought at first of killing him; but on reflection, seeing that he was too stupid to be mischievous, sent him to Rome to be high-priest—or pope, as the high-priest of Rome was afterward called. And I dare say he made as good a pope as a politician.

So now there was no one left to share¹ with but Antony. He was away in Egypt, more in love than ever with Cleopatra. The happy couple thought of nothing but carousing, and merry-making, and eating and drinking—as though life was to last forever, and there was no Augustus to blink at them out of his wicked little eyes. Antony, they say, when he was tired of idleness, used to go out a fishing; and Cleopatra always took care to hire expert divers to plunge secretly into the water and hook little fish to his line. But one day, one of these divers blunderingly fastened a salt fish on the hook instead of a fresh one, and when Antony hauled it up, there was a great laugh.

Antony was a monstrous glutton, and used to boast of it as a great merit to Cleopatra. She offered to wager that she would eat the worth of more money than he at a meal. Antony, looking at her little figure, then at his own huge paunch, accepted the bet. She took a pearl of immense price, dissolved it in vinegar, and drank it. Then there was more laughing, and Antony swore, in his coarse way, that there never was any woman in the world so clever as Cleopatra.

In the midst of their laughing, and swearing, and carousing, the merry pair were aroused by the news that Augustus had declared war against Cleopatra. This was no laughing matter indeed. To revenge himself, Antony divorced his virtuous wife Octavia, whom he had basely deserted, married Cleopatra, and gathered a great fleet and an army to fight Augustus.

They met on the old battle-ground, Greece. Before the battle, Antony and Cleopatra took secret counsel together and resolved to run away, deserting their soldiers. They took ship accordingly; but the wind failed them, and they were overtaken by Augustus, whose vessels were light, and depended chiefly on their oars. Then the battle began, near a point of land called Actium.

Antony's sailors fought well; and as his ships were larger and more numerous than those of Augustus, the chance was in his favor. But in the midst of the battle, Cleopatra—whether from treachery or cowardice, I know not—hoisted the signal to make sail, and went off with sixty vessels. Antony no sooner saw her go, than he leaped into a boat and pulled after her, deserting his brave sailors as he had deserted his soldiers.

The wretched couple fled to Egypt, hotly pursued by Augustus. They were miserable enough now—each distrusting the other, and trembling, and lying, and hoping, and fearing, in a pitiable way. Cleopatra sent to Augustus to say how glad she was he was come. He sent a messenger to her with civil words, but Antony caught him, and in his rage had him scourged. Trembling afterward through fear of Augustus's vengeance, he wrote a pitiful letter to him to beg his pardon, saying that misfortune had soured his temper, and would Augustus be good enough to scourge one of Antony's men, and so square the account?

Cleopatra wrote letter after letter to Augustus to try to make terms with him; but he, in his cautious,

cunning way, would make no promises. Wearied out at last, she deserted Antony, and shut herself up in a great tower built like an Eastern tomb, without door or entrance. There she began, for the first time, to think of death. In order to find out what death was like, she poisoned several of her maids, one after another, with different poisons, and stood by them while they writhed in the last agonies, asking, "Is it hard to bear?"

To Antony she sent word—or some one bore word for her—that she had killed herself. He had cursed her and reviled her when she left him; now all his love returned, and in the fury of his grief he stabbed himself mortally.

As he lay gasping, messengers came in haste to say that Cleopatra was alive and well. They carried Antony to the wall of the great tower, and a basket was lowered to hoist him up. When Cleopatra saw him dying, she threw her arms round him, and shrieked, and cried, and vowed that she would not outlive her darling Antony one single minute, and held him in her embrace till he expired.

Then she dressed herself, and perfumed her hair, and painted her cheeks. On the walls of her room she hung up portraits of her old lover, Cæsar, and strewed on the tables, and on every side, memorials of him—presents he had made her, letters he had written. When all was ready, and she had made herself as beautiful as she could, Augustus was admitted to see her.

She hoped, old as she was—she was nearly forty—to charm him as she had charmed his uncle and

his brother-in-law. She flattered him, and played off all her winning arts upon him—bursting into graceful affliction at the mention of Cæsar's name, and saying that all she wanted now was to lay her dead body beside Cæsar's.

But all this high art was lost upon cold, calculating Augustus. In a frozen tone he bade her cheer up; and when she threw herself upon the ground in an elegant despair, he walked out of the room.

He never saw her again. A day or two afterward he received a letter from her, saying that all was over. He sent an officer in haste to see what had happened: the man found her lying dead, with a servant of hers dying beside her, and struggling, in her last moments, to replace the crown which had fallen from her mistress's head.

Some people suppose that she died of a bite of an asp, which she placed on her arm. But it is more likely that she wounded herself with a poisoned dagger. In reality, it matters very little how so worthless a creature came to her last end

B O O K I V.

T H E E M P E R O R S.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AUGUSTUS.

TH**ERE** was no one now able to stand against Augustus. One by one he had overthrown all his rivals, and when he returned home in glory, with a great quantity of treasure and a swarm of soldiers at his heels, he let people know that he intended to be master of Rome.

All these wars, and murderings, and burnings, and robbings, had disgusted the people so thoroughly with politics, that they were glad of any change which promised peace and quietness ; besides which, they could not have helped themselves if they had wished. So they let Augustus make himself Consul as often as he liked ; Tribune for life, and Censor, and Prætor ; and to crown all, when stupid Lepidus, who was knocked about a good deal in his old age, died and was buried, Augustus became high-priest too.

So now he had power enough to satisfy any man. As Consul, he could propose any law he wanted to the Senate ; and as he was Censor, and could make

or unmake any Senator, he could insure its being passed. As Tribune, he could veto any law proposed by any one else, and there was no getting over his veto. As Prætor, he sat in judgment upon any lawsuit, civil or criminal, which he thought worth judging; and decided it as he pleased, without appeal. As Consul, again, he alone saw that the laws were executed, and could enforce this one, or pass over that one, as he chose. As Consul, too, he commanded the armies throughout the empire, and could, at need, call out near half a million of men to enforce his will.

To make this enormous power of his sure, he chose out of his old army a band of trusty men, and established them as a body-guard in a barrack just outside the walls of Rome. They were called PRÆTORIAN GUARDS. They were the first soldiers ever paid by Rome to serve, not against her enemies, but against her citizens; and if there had been no other mischief at work, they alone would have sufficed to ruin Rome.

The history of the Prætorian Guards, which I have to tell you in the following chapters, will show you how difficult it is for either liberty or safe government to exist in the presence of a standing army.

With all these titles and all this power, one might suppose that Augustus would have been content. But the Senate still thought that something more might be done for him, and proposed that he should make himself Dictator for life. He, remembering his uncle's fate, said he would rather not.

.Then the Senate asked him, would he like to take

the name of Romulus, which was a very fine and well-sounding name ?

He said he would prefer that of Augustus, which meant respectable ; and at this I am not surprised, as he stood somewhat in want of a certificate of character. He also called himself EMPEROR, a title which was commonly given to all Roman generals ; and this became, in after times, the distinguishing title of the tyrants who succeeded him.

In this way, some twenty-three years before Christ, the Republic of Rome came to an end. It had been a sorry affair for a long time—a sort of sham republic, in which all the power and the wealth and the land of the state were held by a few families ; and I think it likely that very few Romans regretted it.

Augustus and his successors, for many generations, kept up the farce of speaking of the Republic, and were mightily shocked at the name of king. Some of them pretended to let the people choose Consuls, and other magistrates. But they always took care that the people chose the men they wanted ; and indeed, the spirit of freedom had sunk so low that the Romans were generally quite willing to give up their rights.

The Empire of Rome at this time included all the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. All Italy, Spain, Greece, Syria, Egypt, and North Africa, were Roman ; and so were parts of the countries which we call France, Germany, Switzerland, and Turkey. We can not tell how many persons this vast empire contained. Probably over a hundred millions of souls. Yet when Augustus

had the citizens counted, it was found that they numbered only four million one hundred and thirty-seven thousand, who were scattered over Italy, Greece, Spain, Gaul, Asia Minor, and elsewhere. The others were subjects of Rome, not citizens, and slaves.

The city of Rome, and the people who lived there, had greatly changed within the past two hundred years.

Rome now contained perhaps twice as many inhabitants as New York does at the present time. Not only was all the space within the old wall filled up, but the houses had outgrown it, and spread on both sides the river for some distance. The city had greatly improved in appearance too. Many of the houses were built of white stone, and adorned with marble pillars brought at great cost from Greece and other foreign parts. Some of them covered a large extent of ground: these were the houses of rich people. Most of them were handsome buildings, with pillared porches, over which a sign in large letters bade the visitor Welcome; with mosaic floors, and walls covered with slabs of marble, or frescoes, or rich tapestries; and containing far more rooms than private houses do in our day. Indeed, I doubt whether any houses of our time are as splendid as the finest Roman mansions, though probably ours are more comfortable. The house of Clodius the Tribune cost over half a million of dollars.

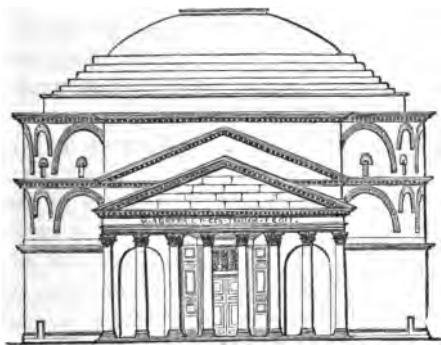
Most of the people of Rome lived in lodgings. Twenty-four out of every twenty-five houses in Rome were let out in apartments; for the best suites of rooms such high rents were charged that men of

moderate means often lived on the third and fourth story. These lodging-houses were very lofty. Augustus made a law forbidding the construction of houses higher than seventy feet from the ground. The lowest story fronting on the street was generally let out for shops.

The streets were still narrow and crooked; they were not widened till after the great fire which I shall have to mention under the reign of Nero. They were, however, paved, and very well drained.

There were a number of market-places in various parts of the city—such as the fish market, the cattle market, the cooks' market, the vegetable market, etc. Round these markets stood the best shops of Rome; and there were usually on the square a temple or two, and a large building which served as an Exchange.

Outside the walls were open places which we should call parks, for the assemblies of the people,



PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA.



ARCH OF DRUSUS.

reviews, and promenade. The most famous of these was the Campus Martius, where the young men of Rome used to go to take exercise, run races, and play at ball.

I have spoken already of theatres and baths which were built about this time. Under the reign of Augustus, many other noble edifices were erected by his minister, AGRIPPA, a man of fine taste and fond of building. Such were handsome bridges across the Tiber, massive gates to the city, colonnades, or rows of pillars, under which fashionable men walked during the heat of the day, temples,

palaces, and the like. Most of these have long since crumbled into dust. But the PANTHEON stands to this day as strong, as glorious a work of art as ever; priests in cassock and surplice chant mass in the recesses where Agrippa set statues of Jupiter and Apollo, and pious Romans kneel on the slabs of granite and porphyry which were trodden, nineteen hundred years ago, by Augustus and his counselors. Another great edifice, which was built by Augustus to be the tomb of the Roman emperors, is also standing; but it has long been used as a circus. The Romans take their children there to see clowns and fire-works. I wonder what Augustus would have thought if he could have foreseen that the gayest place in Rome would be his grave.



THE GREAT DRAIN AND VICINITY.

So many works of this kind were built during his reign, that he used to boast that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble.

It was not usual to drive through the streets of Rome. Women and sick persons were allowed to be carried in litters; and rich men traveled in the same conveyance, on the shoulders of tall, red-robed slaves, though it was not considered right. Building materials and other heavy articles were carried through the streets in carts; but farmers brought their produce to market in paniers on the back of mules, and cried their wares as they rode along. One of the chief reasons for the rarity of wheeled vehicles at Rome was the narrowness of the streets. Wine-dealers, barbers, bakers, ointment-sellers, and others, had booths before their stores, which often stretched so far into the street as to leave but a narrow passage free; and many processions at Rome—funeral processions and triumphs, for instance—filled the street from side to side.

The Roman people at this time was composed of three classes of persons: men of enormous wealth; men who had little or nothing; and slaves.

The slaves were probably more numerous than the two other classes together; and I have no doubt that at this time they comprised among them as much learning and intelligence as the citizens. They were of all races and nations; classed by the Romans as cattle. Many were trained as doctors; and as there was a great prejudice against the Greek doctors at Rome, the art of physic was mostly left to them. Others were men of letters, who wrote

and read for their masters; these were often men of fine taste, and some of them wrote works which still live. Others again were mechanics, builders, masons, practical engineers; tailors, cooks, bakers; and a great number were farmers, very skillful men at their trade. Young slaves who had learned no trade were very cheap and plentiful; and thrifty men like Crassus made fortunes by buying them up, educating them well, and selling them at high prices. No man at Rome was considered to belong to the best society unless he owned several hundred slaves; and very rich men counted them by the thousand.

I have told you already that the effect of the great wars which the Romans were always waging was to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. The common soldiers were usually made beggars for life, while the generals and chief officers made immense fortunes. In the time of Augustus, it is said that the whole soil of Italy was owned by two thousand persons, many of whom occupied immense estates, which they farmed with slaves. There were hardly any small farmers left. The consequence of this was, that while these great landholders had splendid country seats, with parks and gardens and grounds of wonderful beauty, vast tracts of land which ought to have been tilled were thrown into pasturage. Generally speaking, these rich men deemed money-making a degrading pursuit, and spent their lives in search of pleasure. But some of them, like Crassus, were never satisfied with what they had, and made a business of lending

money on interest, speculating in real estate, training slaves, and so on.

Of the poor men at Rome, the better part wrought at some trade or other for very low wages. A man could live at Rome on what would not support a respectable dog here; and hence mechanics, artisans, and laborers received the merest trifle for their labor. Latterly there had grown up in Italy several manufactures, which employed a good deal of labor, though fortunes were rarely made in this way, as the market for such home products was small. For the ruder products of industry rich Romans relied on their slaves; and more expensive wares—fine dresses, works of art, and other objects of luxury—were commonly imported from abroad.

Though Rome never was what we should call to-day a commercial city, there was at this time far more trade there than there had been in the days of the old republic. The Mediterranean was dotted with small craft plying between Rome and Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, Africa, and Spain. Most of the owners of these vessels sailed on board of them, and trafficked from place to place. Some of them made large fortunes by judicious voyages; but among the best society at Rome there prevailed an idea that trade was debasing, and you will not find merchants taking a leading part in public affairs, or enjoying a large measure of esteem. The people of Carthage, of Marseilles, of Cyrene, were wiser than the Romans in this respect.

One of the best classes at Rome was the bar. The lawyers were highly and deservedly esteemed,

and the only class which could vie with the soldiers in influence. They took no fees from their clients. It was not unusual for rich clients to make them presents; but this was not the rule: lawyers were always understood to plead from principle or friendship. Leading orators easily obtained governorships or other offices under the state, which enabled them to grow rich, not very honestly in some cases; but many eminent members of the bar were always poor.

Thus, you will perceive, as trade was looked down upon, the law unprofitable, and many of the callings which provide a living for men of education to-day exclusively filled by slaves, a Roman might be a man of talent and learning, and yet find it no easy matter to gain his bread. The consequence of this state of things was a large increase in the number of "clients," of whom I spoke in the beginning of this book. Young men of good standing thought it no shame to become clients or hangers-on to rich men and politicians. They were expected to be in the antechamber of their patron in the morning before he got up; to praise and flatter him; to follow him in the streets if he wished it; to applaud him when he spoke in public; to canvass for him at elections, and so on. In return for this they received every evening at his house either a basket of food or a small sum of money. This strange system of begging was so common in the time of Augustus that poor men of education followed it naturally; and many, with more energy than pride, became the clients of several patrons, ran from house to house

fawning on each, and called at several doors of an evening to receive their baskets.

Romans of this class, and indeed all the higher classes of Romans, led idle lives. Their chief occupations were the game of ball, or other athletic exercises, the bath, and the supper. Every gentleman at Rome exercised once a day at the Campus Martius, bathed, and supped in company. The supper was often a drunken, disgraceful orgy, which lasted far into the night; but to men of refined minds it afforded the only opportunity they had for the interchange of ideas on letters, politics, and philosophy.

There were no free schools at Rome. At the common schools arithmetic, reading, writing, history, and sometimes law and Greek were taught; but rich men usually had their sons educated by slaves at home, and sent them to Athens to finish. All well educated men spoke Greek as well as Latin, and affected to prefer it to their own language.

It was the fashion at Rome to copy the Greeks in every thing; and as they were a polished, lettered people, the Romans began to cultivate art and letters. The most famous poets and authors of Rome lived during the reign of Augustus. In those days, and indeed for a long time afterward, authors cut a sorry figure in the world, being often hangers-on of some soldier or statesman, who gave them clothes and victuals on condition that they should make him out a great man in their works. Thus you will find that the Roman poets of this age thought very highly of Augustus, and of his friend and min-

ister, MÆCENAS. I hope their praise was sincere, and that when HORACE and the other men of letters of the day gathered round Mæcenas in his house at Tibur—it is an iron foundry now, and a mill stream pours foaming out of the ragged windows—there was no mean motive or sordid hope in any one of their breasts.



HORACE.

These poets have done more for the glory of Augustus than even his victories. Some of their works will live forever; and when you have read all the great writers of this country and of England, I hope you will read some of them.

Though, as you know, there was no printing at this time, still, labor was so cheap, and there were so many slaves able to write, that a copy of these great works was not costly. They were to be had for a very small sum at any of the booksellers, done up in rolls, with the author's name in red letters on a ticket attached to the stick. A famous Roman author, named PLINY, who lived nearly a hundred years after Augustus, was once sent to London. He was loth to go, as, he said, it was so wild a place, and he would certainly find no one to talk to there; but almost the first thing he saw in the streets of London was a copy of his own works hung up for sale, for a sum equal to a few shillings of our money.

I am sorry to say that the Roman people had grown less virtuous and less manly as they grew more lettered and refined. Following the example of the nobility, they indulged in vices that would have struck horror to their forefathers' hearts. They had lost that stern sense of Roman virtue which had made Rome great; they were neither lovers of liberty nor haters of wickedness. They had come to despise their absurd old gods; but when they cast them off they had nothing to put in their place, and they worshipped sensual pleasure only. A noble Roman knew no higher aim in life than to eat learnedly and gluttonously, to dress splendidly, and to hire a crowd of worthless persons of both sexes to fawn upon him.

To return to Augustus. With the help of his ministers, Agrippa and Mæcenæ, he made many wise laws, and improved the administration of government. Ever since the Marian wars, Rome had been a haunt for robbers and murderers. Men dared not walk the streets (which were not lighted) at night: it was not uncommon to find in the morning dead bodies floating on the Tiber, or lying stripped in the narrow alleys of the city. Agrippa divided the city into wards, and established a police, which made Rome a tolerably safe residence.

He helped Augustus to clear the Senate of a number of worthless persons who had contrived to obtain seats there, and put good men, chosen from the people, in their places. He regulated the provinces too, and put a stop, in part, to the system of wholesale robbery which most of the governors carried on;

placed the money affairs of the state on a sound footing; forbade gladiator-fights of over sixty on a side; and made many other useful reforms. All these acts were done in the name of Augustus, and he has had the credit of them.

His other friend, Mæcenas, was also a great help to him. He was not so virtuous or so vigorous a man as Agrippa; but he was wise and kind-hearted, and the people respected him. When Augustus flew into a rage, and was for cutting heads off, Mæcenas often soothed him with a jest or a laugh; and I have no doubt he saved a good many lives, as well as his master's character, in this way. Once, they say, Augustus was sitting in court condemning people to death at a furious rate, when Mæcenas, who could not push his way through the throng, wrote on his wax tablets, "Get up, hangman!" and sent them to Augustus. It was a blunt reproof, but it answered the purpose. Augustus got up and left the court-room.

When these wise counselors perceived that the people were growing weary and beginning to grumble, they would get up grand shows to amuse them. Such were the old wild-beast hunts, and man-fights; and once, by way of a great treat, Augustus had thirty crocodiles chased and killed in a pond made for the purpose. After these shows there was usually a distribution of coin to the poor; and in this way Augustus came to be considered a very superior ruler.

Soon after he became emperor the Temple of Janus was closed, for the first time since the end of

the first war with Carthage; and people began to hope they would have peace. But wars soon broke out in various parts of the empire, and the fighting went on just as usual. One Roman army, led by a general named VARUS, was surrounded by the Germans, and cut off almost to a man, Varus killing himself in his despair. Augustus was so grieved when he heard of it that he tore his clothes, and cried again and again, "Varus, give me back my legions!" startling his servants as he slept, by groaning, in the same piteous tones, "Varus, where are my legions?" But in the end the Germans were beaten, and Varus and his legions were forgotten.

As he grew old, Augustus led an unhappy life. His first wife, the daughter of the Tribune Clodius, and the wicked Fulvia, he had put away without cause, in order to marry SCRIBONIA, an aunt of Sextus Pompey. He only married her to gain her nephew's good-will; and when he had got rid of him, as I explained in the last chapter, he divorced her, choosing, of all days in the year, the one on which she bore him a daughter to put her away.

Happily, such crimes seldom escape punishment. Augustus married LIVIA, a bad, beautiful woman, whom he took from her husband, and who had two sons already. She ruled Augustus completely, but bore him no children, and became very hateful to the Romans.

Augustus first intended that his sister's son, MARCELLUS, should succeed him, and accordingly made him marry his only daughter, JULIA. Marcellus dying young, Augustus then married Julia to his

good counselor and friend Agrippa, and resolved to leave the throne to him. When he died, it was understood that one of his two sons, the Emperor's grandchildren, would succeed.

But Livia had made up her mind that the next emperor must be her own son, TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS. To gain her end, she made him marry Augustus's daughter, Julia, now for the third time a widow, and a woman of a shocking character. Still, Agrippa's sons were in the way. Not long though.

Suddenly one of the young men died at Marseilles, no one knew how. Then, a short while afterward, his brother got a scratch somehow, which seemed nothing, but which inflamed and festered till he died too. I am afraid there is no doubt but Livia was the murderess in both cases, and had a hand in the sudden death of Marcellus as well.

These sudden deaths must have embittered Augustus's old age. More troubles followed. His stepson and son-in-law, Tiberius, wearied out with his wife's wickedness, left Rome to be rid of her. Her father was furious with him at first; but when he came to learn how Julia behaved, he lost patience with her as well, and exiled her to an island at a distance from Rome, and kept her there in prison, on low diet, with her mother, Scribonia. She was his only child, and his harshness shows how her bad conduct had cut him to the heart.

So Livia carried her point, and her son Tiberius was appointed by Augustus to succeed him. We shall see presently how it profited her.

In the seventy-fifth year of his age Augustus ac-

accompanied his son-in-law on a journey as far as Naples. On his return home, he fell ill at Nola, and being bowed by old age and care, died in a few days. On his death-bed they say that he turned to his courtiers and asked them whether he had not acted his part well in life?

They, of course, said he had.

"Then," said he, borrowing the words which the Roman actors used at the end of their plays, "applaud me!"

I do not think you will applaud him. In his later years he committed fewer crimes than in his youth, and he therefore deserves the less blame. But before applauding him, we must be certain that he, and not Agrippa and Mæcenæ, was the real author of the good works of his reign. And we must blot out of our memory the whole of the first forty years of his life—a rather difficult thing to do.

Fourteen years before his death OUR SAVIOUR was born at Bethlehem, in Judea.

CHAPTER L.

TIBERIUS.

WHEN Augustus fell ill, Livia sent in great haste to Tiberius to bid him return to Rome. He came back fast enough, and the moment Augustus was dead, got soldiers ready to seize the chief power in case any one opposed him.

Having done this, and his artful mother having secured most of the Senators, Tiberius went into the Senate and made a very affecting speech over the death of Augustus. He cried a good deal in the making of it, and said he did not know what was to become of Rome, for, for his part, he was quite incapable of governing the empire. He was not so clever as Augustus, he said, and oh, what should he do ?

But when some clumsy Senator proposed that Tiberius should take part of the government if the whole was too much for him, Tiberius scowled upon him so fiercely, that he jumped up directly, and said he only meant it as a joke. The other Senators were not so stupid. They said, one and all, that nobody but Tiberius was fit to be emperor, and that he would rule Rome admirably. He then said he supposed he must submit; his only consolation was that he was very old—he was about fifty-five—and that death must soon rid him of his cares.

So he began his reign. The funeral of Augustus occupied people's minds for some time: it was a grand affair; and to wind up, a Senator, who got well paid for the deed, came forward and swore he saw the late Emperor ascending into heaven—so that he was ranked among the gods, and had temples raised in his honor. I hope it did him good.

That bad woman, Livia, had at last won the prize she had so long sought; and though she was nearly eighty years of age, she now promised herself a hearty enjoyment of power. The Senators, knowing her mind, paid as much honor to her as to her son. But Tiberius put a sudden stop to this, saying that it was beneath them to flatter a mere woman; upon which they discovered suddenly that Livia was not worth notice. Tiberius would not let her even know what he intended to do; so she lived in her own house, a lonely old hag, despised and hated, till she died. Even then Tiberius did not relent; he said he was too busy to go to her funeral, and sneered at a Senator who praised her. So she was punished.

Tiberius began his government very well indeed. He made several new laws which were well conceived, and did his best to have the old ones faithfully carried out. He took away from the people the right of choosing the magistrates, and gave it to the Senate; always providing that they must choose the persons he preferred. He was a very hard worker, and a man of great capacity of mind; and at first he gave himself wholly up to public affairs. In this way he ruled Rome well for many years.

Unhappily, he was a man of a dark, secret, distrustful character, who never had any friends, and never could, by any possibility, say what he meant, or act in a straightforward manner. These bad qualities kept away from him such men as his stepfather had had around him, and he got in their place one of the worst scoundrels in history. This fellow's name was *ÆLIUS SEJANUS*.

How he contrived to make himself the favorite of Tiberius I do not know ; perhaps, as they were both bad at heart, they felt an inward sympathy for each other. At all events, Tiberius no sooner became Emperor than he made Sejanus commander of the guards, and allowed him to collect them in a large barrack in Rome, so as to awe the people. Sejanus pretended to be so devoted to Tiberius after this, that they appeared to be bosom friends, and had no secrets for each other. When Tiberius went to live in the country—as he did, after a few years' reign—Sejanus was his deputy at Rome.

Then this crafty man began to lay plans to make himself Emperor. Tiberius had a son, *DRUSUS*: Sejanus contrived to win over his wife, and the wicked pair poisoned Drusus. So he was out of the way.

Tiberius had a nephew also, *GERMANICUS*, a very fine young man, who had gained great glory by his valor in fighting the Germans, and was a prodigious favorite with the people. He was so noble a youth, and so much beloved, that the Emperor was jealous of him, and was quite ready to help Sejanus in any plot against him. The way they managed was this.

They recalled Germanicus from Germany and sent him into Syria, where a bold, violent man, named PISO, was Roman governor. To Piso, Tiberius wrote a letter, which was never seen by any one but the Emperor and Piso himself. Whatever it contained, Piso and Germanicus quarreled as soon as the latter arrived; and the quarrel went on very bitterly till Germanicus was taken ill, and died. Piso was afterward arrested and killed himself—but that mattered very little. Germanicus was out of the way.

But he had a wife, a bold, lion-hearted woman,



AGRIPPINA'S CARRIAGE.

named AGRIPPINA, and three sons. Sejanus set to work to get rid of them. He went to Tiberius, and told him Agrippina was plotting against him; and then to Agrippina, and said that Tiberius intended to do her a mischief.

She, boldly and rashly, spoke her mind about Tiberius; and he, roused to watchfulness by the hint he had received, let Sejanus seize her and shut her up in prison. With her he shut up two of her sons, and without any noise or trial, starved them to death. The poor mother, no doubt broken-hearted by these cruelties, refused to eat, and died too, soon after.

At the same time, as there were many leading citizens who saw through the villain Sejanus, he contrived to get rid of them. Laws had been lately

passed to prevent conspiracies and rebellions, which provided that any one who chose to inform against a traitor should have his property as a reward. Sejanus had a pack of informers about him; these fellows were only too happy to come forward to accuse wealthy men, and the miserable Senate was only too eager to condemn them. In this way, Sejanus brought his enemies to trial one by one, and had them put out of the way.

So now, he thought, he was very near the goal of his ambition. There was only one boy still to be disposed of—Germanicus's youngest son, CAIUS. Sejanus chuckled as he thought how easily he could manage him.

But while he was gloating over his fine prospects, a letter came to the Senate from Tiberius, who was always in the country. The fawning Senators hung round the chair on which Sejanus sat, smirking and bowing, while the letter was read. It was very long, and the first part was obscure; but toward the end, it began to censure Sejanus. One by one the Senators drew a little farther off, and stopped their smirking. At the end, the letter flatly charged Sejanus with treason, and called upon the Senate to try him. At this the whole Senate burst into a shout, and fairly howled at the doomed man.

He, stupefied by the shock, got up and asked if that was his name they were shouting?

They soon let him know. They had him arrested on the spot, and tried that afternoon. They didn't want any witnesses. Every body hated him enough to condemn him, and besides, Tiberius had

accused him—that sufficed. So they condemned him without delay.

As he was dragged away the people crowded round him, hooting him. One of them tore away the lappel of his robe, so that he should not be able to hide his face. He was put to death directly, and his body dragged through the streets by a hook, then thrown into the Tiber, the crowd throwing garbage and spitting on it on the way.

His two children—quite little children—were also condemned to death. One of them, a little girl, burst into tears at the sight of the rude soldiers, and cried and screamed that she would never do it again, beseeching them to whip her if she had been naughty, but not, oh! not to take her to prison. She and her brother were both executed—the brutal soldiers, it is said, having shamefully ill-treated her before her death. To end the horrible story of this wretched favorite, his wife, whom he had put away some time before, killed herself on hearing of her children's murder.

You may form some idea of the character of Tiberius from a letter which he wrote to the Senate only a day or two before he accused Sejanus, in which he called him "My Sejanus, the cherished partner of all my thoughts and cares." This was his way of acting on all occasions.

Once he sent for a Senator named GALLUS to come and see him at his country seat. When Gallus came, the Emperor called him his dearest friend, having meanwhile written to the Senate to accuse him. In due time, of course, the Senate condemned

him, and the soldiers went to the country seat to seize him. Tiberius pretended to be very much shocked. He would hardly let Gallus go at first; but, on second thoughts, he said it was best to obey the Senate, but they must take the greatest care of his good friend, and not hurt him on any account. They took him off, and knowing their business, slowly starved him to death in prison.

He behaved in the same way to the informers. At first he encouraged them, and called them true patriots, and rewarded them largely; then all at once, discovering that they were shocking characters, had them all put to death.

I am happy to say that he was punished in this life for these infamies. He had been in his youth a handsome, well made man; he was now bent and bald, and his body was covered with boils and sores, which gave him such dreadful pain at times that he would roar again. He lived wholly in the country, not daring to sleep for fear of being murdered, and trembling at the sight of a strange face.

He was disgusting in his habits, cowardly, cruel, and superstitious to the last. He had once been foretold the future by a Chaldean wizard: he had a whole troop of them now with him, and spent his nights on the top of his house, shivering and mumbling strange words which he did not understand, while these wizards pretended to tell him the future from the stars. If he did not like the prophecies, he had the prophet thrown down a high rock; if they did not come true, he did the same. So the wizards led a pretty hard life.



CAPRÆÆ.

At last this disgusting old man fell ill, and his breath left his body. His nephew and heir, Caius, and the other courtiers, were in high glee, and all was merriment around the death-bed, when Tiberius opened his eyes and came to his senses again.

Every body was terribly frightened at this sad turn. But MACRO—a ruffian who had been the Emperor's best friend—said he would soon settle matters; so he piled pillows and clothes on the dying man's face till he was smothered, at the island of Caprææ, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his reign.

It had been a miserable reign for Rome. Besides the persons he caused to be put to death, vast numbers of rich men were falsely accused by the informers, and murdered by the Senate. The public morals grew worse and worse; and as if this were not

enough misery, two great fires laid the city waste, and a large theatre fell down during a gladiator-fight, and killed fifty thousand persons.

It was during his reign that CHRIST was crucified at Jerusalem. We have still several letters which are said to have been written by PONTIUS PILATE to Tiberius on the subject. In one of them he says he thinks that Christ should be made one of the gods of Rome. The Senators would not allow it, because they said they were the proper persons to decide who should be gods and who men. They even went so far as to make a law against the Christians. But Tiberius—you may be surprised to learn—would not hear of any such thing. He let the Senate persecute the Jews without stint; but he declared that whoever molested the Christians he would put to death.

CHAPTER LI.

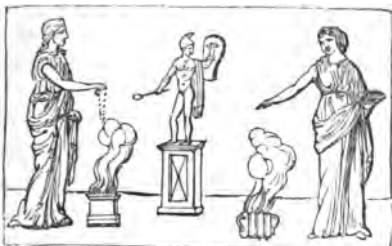
CALIGULA.

THE moment Macro had smothered Tiberius, and it was sure he was quite dead, young CAIUS CÆSAR—who was nicknamed CALIGULA, or LITTLE BOOTS, from his having worn soldiers' hob-nailed boots when a boy—made haste to Rome to bully the Senate. Tiberius had made a will, in which he left the empire to Caligula and his grandson TIBERIUS, jointly. Caligula said he would have it all to himself; and as he had Macro and the guards on his side, the Senators said, Oh! yes, he should have the whole.

He was very popular indeed at first. The people crowded round him when he appeared in the streets, and called him all the endearing names they could think of—their bright star, their darling of their hearts, their pet nursling, and so on. When he fell ill, crowds lay all night outside his door to



CALIGULA.



ROMAN LADIES OFFERING THANKS.

be near him, and all Rome worried itself about his recovery.

The Romans said they liked him on account of his good father, Germanicus, whom he resembled in appearance. Most of them must have known, however, that this pet nursling of theirs had seen his two brothers and his mother starved to death without a word of complaint, or the least effort to save them. This ought to have taught them better.

However, they soon found out their mistake. When Caligula got well, he began to show what he was. The first thing he did was to have young Tiberius, who was to have been his partner in the throne, arrested and accused of having said that he hoped the Emperor would not recover from his illness. Against such a charge as this the poor boy could not defend himself; so Caligula sent him word, by a file of soldiers, to kill himself.

Tiberius, a mild, gentle youth, who had never seen a man killed, was at first puzzled how to obey this cruel order. He asked the soldiers to kill him; and when they refused, he besought them to show

him where and how to strike. They gave him a sword, and showed him where his heart was, and how to pierce it. Thanking them, he ran himself through, and died instantly.

This was the beginning. I am not very sorry to say that Macro, who had murdered Tiberius, and helped to make Caligula emperor, was the next victim. Then followed hosts of people whom this young darling happened to dislike, his own wife among the number. Men began to say that he was Sejanus over again.

They were very different characters in reality. Sejanus, like his friend Tiberius, was a cold, calculating ruffian. Caligula was simply a raging maniac. He had been subject to fits from his youth, and throughout life was more or less mad. Sometimes he could not sleep for weeks and months together, and spent his nights in pacing his room up and down, fuming and raging because it was not light. He was not wholly bereft of reason, unhappily, and his madness being of that horrible kind which finds no pleasure in any thing but bloodshed and crime, he pursued these objects with a good deal of method. Still, you must consider him as a madman; such a creature as we should keep, in our day, in an asylum, behind stout iron bars.

As he happened, in his day, to be Emperor of Rome, he committed, in his short reign of three years and ten months, more atrocities than can be laid to the account of any other man in history. The story of his cruelties and his vices would fill one of these volumes.

When he went to the theatre to see lion-hunts, he would sometimes order a few of the spectators to be seized at random, and thrown to the raging animals. To prevent their screaming, he would have their tongues cut out. At his suppers, he would have men tortured to death before him, and would revel over their torments. When he had a man put to death, he would give directions to the executioner to kill him slowly—not with one stab, he would say, but with many slight cuts. Even in his tender moods, he would scare some fair lady by grasping her little neck, and saying, with a wicked grimace, that if he chose he could have her head cut off, and how would she like that ?

If any thing could have made men laugh while such horrid cruelties were going on, it would have been the mad freaks of this crazy monster. Tiberius had left him immense sums of money in the treasury ; these, and millions more which he extorted from the people, he squandered in a thousand ridiculous ways. Once he fancied it would look well to have the circus strewn with vermilion sand, and this was done at a vast cost. Then he thought he would like a finer statue than any one else ; so he had one made of gold as large as life, and had it dressed daily in the same clothes as he wore himself. Hearing of rich men spending large sums in gluttonous eating, he had a dish cooked with dissolved pearls, and other costly rubbish, worth a quarter of a million of dollars, and ate the whole at a meal. He had a bridge of boats built across a bay, with trees and houses on the boats ; and when the peo-

ple collected to see him cross, he had a number of them thrown into the water, and almost split his sides laughing at their drowning struggles.

Of his horse he was very fond. He built him a house with a marble stall, and an ivory manger, and golden oats, of which I suspect the horse can not have eaten very many. When the horse went to sleep, guards were posted around the stable to prevent any noise disturbing his slumbers. He had a collar set with pearls, and the richest trappings; and in this state he would be led to dine with the Emperor. At one time Caligula thought of making this horse Consul, and I am sure he would have made as good a Consul as many of those who filled the office.



THE AS, OR ROMAN CENT.

As to himself, he said he was a god, and the Senate, as usual, echoed, "A god by all means." So they raised him a temple, and gave him a crew of priests who offered sacrifices to him, and used to ask him, in the most serious way in the world, how matters were getting on in the heathen heaven. He gave out that he had married the moon, and got a Senator to swear he had seen the moon making love to him. At times he would pretend



THE DENARIUS (SILVER).

to be enraged with Jupiter, and would shake his fist in the air and say, "Do you kill me, or I will kill you!" He had machines to imitate the noise of thunder, and when a storm lowered, he made them rattle, and watched, with a fine relish, the servile Senators run away in mock terror. But when the real thunder came, he was always the first to run away himself, and hide under his bed.

Most of his time he spent in playing dice; you may be sure the Senators did not often let him lose. When he had won, he would gather all his gold and silver coins together, and empty bags full of them on the floor, then strip himself, and roll in it, shouting and screaming with delight.

Once he thought he would like to command an army. So he gathered a great body of soldiers, and marched away into Gaul, and rushed hither and thither like a madman, as he was, without any object or aim. Some one proposed he should try a battle with the Germans. He said he would, and raced to the sea-shore with all speed. But as he heard the Germans had a way of defending themselves when they were attacked, he changed his mind, and bade his soldiers collect all the shells they could find on the beach, as trophies of his victory over the

sea. Then he returned home, and had a grand triumph as a conqueror, and trophies were set up in honor of the victories which he did not win.

It shows you how debased the Roman people were that they bore with this frantic madman for nearly four years. The fourth year of his reign was very nearly ended when a bold Tribune, named CHÆREA, resolved to rid the world of him.

Chærea was a soldier, and a brave man. But this mad emperor had taken a dislike to him, from some reason or other, and took delight in insulting him, and calling him a coward; and when he was on guard, giving him ridiculous countersigns, to make the soldiers laugh at him.

Chærea was nursing his rage in his breast, when, to provoke him still further, Caligula made him oversee the torture of a poor woman, named QUINCTILIA, who was accused of knowing something about a plot against the Emperor. This brave woman was racked, and twisted, and pulled, and crushed, till she was nothing but a mass of bones and bruised flesh; but she was firm to the last, and confessed nothing.

You can easily fancy how it must have exasperated a man of heart like Chærea to be compelled to commit such horrid cruelties. He made his mind up directly. Calling his friends together, he told them he had resolved to do the deed at once. They urged him to wait till Caligula returned from a journey he was about making. But he said he would grudge any man the honor of killing such a monster, and if they delayed, some one would certainly kill him.

There was a public show going on at the time,

called the Palatine games. The Emperor would be sure to go: it was resolved to make an end of him at the show.

The games lasted four days. On the first day the Emperor went, and the conspirators were ready; but Caligula was so surrounded by the guards that it was impossible to get at him. Chærea raged like a wild beast. The second day and the third passed, and the soldiers still kept so close to the Emperor that no one could approach him. Chærea was beside himself.

At last, on the fourth day, one of the conspirators proposed to the Emperor to leave the games and take a bath. He rose to do so, and as he was going out Chærea fell upon him in the passage, and felled him with a blow of his sword, saying, "Remember this, tyrant!" The other conspirators finished him, as he lay screaming, "I am not dead!"

I shall have to speak of some emperors by-and-by who were in every way blots and stains on humanity. But, judging them by their fruits, I doubt if any were worse than the madman who went by the name of "Little Boots."

CHAPTER LII.

CLAUDIUS.

GERMANICUS, the father of Caligula, had a brother, by name CLAUDIUS. This Claudius was half-witted. Some people said it was owing to a severe illness he had in his youth; others thought he was born so; any way, he was seen to be so nearly an idiot, when he grew to manhood, that in all the murderings and ups and downs I have related nobody thought of killing him, or troubled himself about his existence. His mother used to say, in speaking of any very stupid person, "He is as great a fool as my Claudius." And Tiberius and all the court being of the same opinion, they gave Claudius a horse-trainer to look after him, a house to live in, plenty to eat, and let him go loose.

He spent all his youth and most of his manhood in this way, moping a good deal in his gardens, and thinking it very hard that no one noticed him. In his loneliness he read constantly, and weak as his mind was, contrived to write several books which are said to have been quite sensible. But the older he grew, the more he looked like an idiot. His legs were weak, and his knees tottered as he walked; when he spoke, he frothed at the mouth; and he was so awkward that he was a common laughing-stock among his coarse family.

His nephew, Caligula, used sometimes to ask him to dinner for the purpose of making sport of his infirmities; and the old man, who felt these insults very keenly, yet had not spirit to resent them, grew at last childishly timid and afraid of every thing.

It happened that he was in the palace when Caligula was murdered. A tremendous uproar took place in Rome when the news spread; the guards fell to killing the Senators; the Senators and Chærea were for setting up the republic once more; the people gathered in the Forum in great alarm, not knowing what to do. In the tumult, some one bawled, "Who killed Caius Cæsar?"

"Ay," roared the people, "where is the villain who killed him?"

A brave and wise Senator, VALERIUS ASIATICUS, got up and cried, "Would to God it had been I!"

Then the people roared again, "Yes, it was well done! he was a tyrant. Let us have the republic again!"

Just at this moment a soldier in roving through the palace saw a man hid behind the curtain which was hung before a bed-chamber door. He pulled the curtain aside, and poor old Claudius, shaking with terror, fell at his knees and begged his life.

"Kill you!" says the soldier; "we'll make you emperor."

So they dragged the old man down, and showed him to the guards, who, when he had promised to give them each a bag of money, shouted, Yes, he should be emperor.

What the guards wanted, the Senate and peo-

ple could not gainsay. The former rushed through the streets of Rome shouting that Claudius was emperor, and every man—nobles, Senators, and people—cried, Yes, he was; and it was well done. So they let Chærea be killed, with a few others, and Claudius began his reign.

I am very glad to say that what little sense this poor man possessed he used for the good of Rome. He was very silly, weak, and childish; but he tried to do his best, and, in his simple, foolish way, often succeeded.

The worst for Rome was that, like all weak persons, he was surrounded by a crew of the vilest wretches ever seen: MESSALINA, his wife, a horrid creature, and three slaves whom he had set free, named PALLAS, CALIXTUS, and NARCISSUS. Of these abominable monsters, Messalina was the worst, but all four spent their whole lives in robbing and murdering the people of Rome, and in setting a shocking example of vice.

Poor Claudius never knew how they lived, and if he had known it would not have made much difference. Calixtus, his old slave, despised him so much that he would keep him standing outside his door till his weak legs nearly gave way. Messalina bullied him; Pallas bullied him; Narcissus bullied him; every body bullied him, till what little spirit he had left was broken, and he grew a greater coward than I can imagine.

Now and then some fiery republicans would get up a plot against him. When he came to hear of it, as he always did, he would run to the Senate—

poor old man!—and cry like a baby, and say what a dreadful life he led, and how glad he would be when it was ended.

In one of these plots a great Roman named PETUS was concerned. He was ordered to kill himself, as the custom was. He had a wife, a noble lady named ARRIA, who loved him tenderly, and had followed him to the wars, hiring a fishing-boat to sail after the fleet when the general refused to give her a passage with her husband. She was with him when the cruel order came. Petus looked surprised, and faltered. She took a dagger and stabbed herself in the breast; then handing it to her husband, said, "Strike, my Petus, it does not hurt!"

For several years Messalina and Narcissus, and their partners in villainy, had every thing their own way, and robbed and murdered after their kind without the least objection from any one. But at last, Messalina, resolving to show the people how thoroughly she despised her husband, sent him to the country, and openly married another man.

Unhappily for her this was not in the bargain between her and Narcissus. He went off in haste to Claudius, and told him it almost broke his heart to say it, but he was afraid Messalina was a bad woman. The poor Emperor cried, and frothed, and spluttered, and tumbled about in his grief; then gave orders to his servants to make ready to return to Rome.

Messalina was at the palace carousing and making merry with her new husband and a set of wicked creatures like herself. They had dressed them-

selves in the skins of wild beasts, and were dancing and capering about in a drunken frolic, when one of them looking out of the window, said, "I see a storm coming on the side of Ostia."

Storm indeed. They soon saw it was Claudius himself, and the jovial party scattered in great affright. Messalina went to meet Claudius as if nothing had happened, and tried to speak to him. But Narcissus knew the Emperor too well to suffer that. She was roughly driven back by the guards, and Claudius was led to the palace like a tame animal by his keeper Narcissus. When supper was served, and Claudius had gorged himself (he was a gluttonous eater, and drank himself dead drunk every day of his life), he spluttered, "Tell that wretch I will see her to-morrow and hear what she has to say."

Said Keeper Narcissus to the guard, "Go and kill her directly." For he knew that if Messalina but saw her poor weak husband for ten minutes she would twist him round her finger.

The guard found Messalina in her garden, lying on the ground in a great agony. No one was with her but her old mother, whom, in the days of her pride and power, she had spurned from the palace. When she saw the guard, she raved and tore her hair, and shed floods of tears, crying that she would not kill herself—No, never, never! It mattered very little to the soldier. After offering her a sword, which she refused, he calmly ran her through the body, and left her where she lay, then went back to Narcissus to say the deed was done.

They told Claudius of it as he sat at table. He looked up in his idiotic manner, and said, "Well, if she is dead, give me some more wine."

After Messalina was dead, you may be sure that all the creatures who had been her friends agreed that she was the wickedest woman ever known. They told Claudius so many shocking stories about her evil doings—though not more than the plain truth—that he almost lost the remnant of his wits in his rage, and implored the soldiers to stab him to the heart if ever he married again. Directly afterward he began to look about for a wife.

There were three ladies who wanted to be the wife of this wretched old fellow, and all three tried to win his choice by pretending to be struck with his face, figure, and wit. The one who won the day was his niece, AGRIPPINA, who contrived to get into the palace and wheedle him. He was at first rather doubtful about marrying one so near to him as a niece. But when the Senators (Agrippina had taken care of them) said it was all right, Claudius said, "Oh! if they thought so, he had no objection;" and he was married accordingly. So now he had a new keeper.

Agrippina was not quite so bad a woman as Messalina; but the difference is hardly worth noticing. She was as violent and self-willed as her husband was cowardly and weak; she ruled him, and bullied him like the others, and kept him close at home, like a dog in his kennel.

She had a son of her own, whose name was DOMITIUS: him she made Claudius appoint to be his

successor, and re-named him on the occasion NERO CLAUDIUS CÆSAR.

It is quite touching to read how this poor old man let his fierce wife force him into doing this, though he had a son of his own whom he loved dearly. This son, then quite a little child, was named BRITANNICUS, and was a fine open-faced little fellow, with bright eyes and a pleasant smile. His old, broken-down father used to watch for the time when his wife would go out, to steal to the child's room, and hug him, and kiss him, and play with him.

Cunning as he thought himself, and careful as he was to hide his love for his boy from Agrippina, she came to hear of it, and was mightily shocked and frightened. If Claudius should revoke his former will, and appoint Britannicus his successor, all her plans would be blown to the winds. To prevent this, she resolved to poison him.

There was a woman at Rome at this time whose name was LOCUSTA, who carried on the trade of poisoning people for money. To this woman went Agrippina, and said, "I must have a dose of poison for the Emperor."

Locusta asked, would she have a slow poison, to make him die by inches; or a quick one, to finish him at once?

Agrippina said the quick one was best, for if he lingered, he might want to see his boy on his death-bed, and she wouldn't risk that.

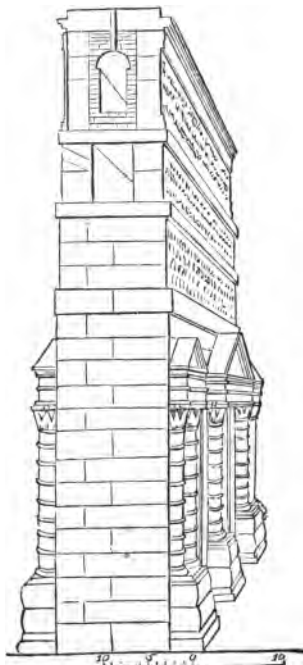
So Locusta sold her a quick poison, and she gave it to Claudius in a dish of mushrooms at his dinner.

He ate and ate, as usual, and drank and drank, till he fell back senseless in his chair. Then they took him up and laid him on his bed, and Agrippina hoped it was all over.

After a short while, however, he came to himself, and she was in despair. Claudius was such a glutton that he often over-ate himself, and was ill afterward; when this happened, his physician used to poke a feather down his throat to make him vomit, and so relieve himself. Agrippina now went to the physician and offered him a large sum of money to thrust a poisoned feather down the Emperor's throat. He did so; and this unhappy old man was thus put out of his pain at the age of sixty-four, having reigned fourteen years.

It was during his reign that the Romans first made enduring conquests in Britain. Claudius himself went there and staid sixteen days; after which he had a triumph, as usual. His generals won several victories over the bold Britons; not so many though as to conquer them, or break their spirit. Indeed, these invasions of Britain would be hardly worth noticing, were it not that they were the means of bringing into notice a British hero, named CARADOC or CARACTACUS, who was basely betrayed by some of his countrymen, and led in chains to Rome. When he was dragged through the Forum, his manliness and noble bearing struck the Romans as something godlike; and when he would not cringe or bow to the Emperor, but spoke fearlessly of his country, they all said he deserved to be spared, and he was, at least for that time.

I should also say here, that Claudius, with all his pitiable weakness, built the greatest aqueduct the Romans ever had. The water was carried on great arches through the country; some of them are standing still, and may be seen at the gate which the Romans of our day call Porta Maggiore.



A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

CHAPTER LIII.

NERO.

AGRIPPINA was so much afraid of what the people might think of this shocking murder, that she would not let it be known till her guards had made sure of the palace and the city. She gave out that Claudius was very ill indeed, and sent for great quantities of medicine. To keep up the deception, she had comic actors brought into the palace, and made them sing, and play laughable farces in the room where the dead body of her husband lay—to divert his mind, she said.

But as soon as the guards had agreed to have NERO for Emperor—the Senate was always willing, of course—this comedy was brought to an end like the other, and every body was told that poor old Claudius was dead. Agrippina cried herself almost blind on the mournful occasion; and with little Britannicus in her arms, went about telling every one that she knew her grief would kill her.

She felt better afterward, when the Senate appointed Claudius a god, and his wife-murderess his high-priestess. Better still when she had her old rival, Narcissus, put to death. And quite comfortable when she clutched the money and jewels of a few of the richest persons in Rome; and the obsequious Senators paid her compliments, and said she was the

most beautiful, and the most virtuous, and the cleverest lady in the world.

Her son Nero they, of course, praised with the same zest. He was only seventeen; a tall, good-looking young man, who was very fond of horse-racing and music; but as bad at heart, as you might suppose from the character of his mother.

At first he said and did several things which seemed to promise well; and you may be quite sure that the servile courtiers and Senators took care that these good signs should be noised about. On one occasion he said, when they brought him a warrant of execution to sign, "Would to God I had never learned to write!" At which all the Senators and courtiers set up a great cry, Oh, what a kind and merciful prince he was, to be sure!

In a very short time he and his mother quarreled. She had intended to be the mistress, and he intended to be the master; so there was a tussle between them, in which she got rather roughly handled. To revenge herself, she began to say openly that, after all, Nero was only a usurper, and the real heir to the empire was Britannicus. Nero soon heard of it.

He goes to Locusta, and says, "Make me a poison that will kill Britannicus."

The dose made and given, does not answer the purpose; upon which Nero flies into a towering passion, and roars to Locusta that he must have another poison, stronger by far, and if it fails, woe to her.

She boils, and stews, and grinds in her poison-

shop till the new poison is made; Nero tries it on a kid, which lives five hours. Says he, "I must have a stronger poison still—a poison that will kill him like a flash of lightning."

So Locusta goes to work again, boiling, and stewing, and grinding, till she concocts a poison which kills a pig in half a minute. "Ha!" says Nero, "this is the thing I want."

Britannicus, with other boys of the household of the Emperor, dined at a side table in the same room with Nero. It was at dinner, with a great company assembled, that the dose was given him in a cup of wine and water. He tasted it, then fell back senseless.

Every one sprang up in affright. Agrippina screamed. Nero—remember he was only eighteen at the time—lay on his couch in an easy attitude: when he saw Britannicus fall, "It is nothing," said he, hardly turning his head, "my brother was always subject to fits." So they carried the poor dead boy out, and the dinner went on as gayly as before.

When they buried him, next day, they had his body plastered all over with white plaster to hide the marks of the poison; but on the way to the grave a heavy storm overtook the funeral, the rain washed off the plaster, and the guards saw what a horrid deed had been done.

Agrippina was very much shocked at this murder, as it did not help her, but, on the contrary, prevented her raising up a rival to her son. It increased the coolness between Nero and herself; and he, being now completely master, began to ill-treat her.

He made her live in a secluded house, and would not allow her to come to court. He forbade the officers of government paying her any respect; as for the Senators, there was no need to speak to them on the subject, as, of course, the moment Nero had quarreled with his mother, they one and all said she was a bad character, and they would have nothing to say to her. Nobody visited her now but one or two spiteful ladies whom she had insulted in her high times, and who now called upon her to requite her with mockery.

Nero had married some time before a daughter of Claudius, OCTAVIA, who seems to have been beautiful and virtuous, even in the dreadful slough of vice in which she lived. Her husband soon grew tired of her, and fell in love with another beautiful woman, named POPPÆA, who had already left one husband to marry a second. This second husband—who afterward became famous as the Emperor Otho—was polite or mean enough to give up his handsome wife to the Emperor, and go away into Spain.

Poppæa, being ambitious, wanted to be the only powerful woman in Rome, and was jealous of Agrippina, even in her disgrace. She stirred up Nero's mind to make away with her, saying that he would never be fully Emperor so long as his proud mother lived. Said Nero to his courtiers, "How shall I rid myself of that mother of mine?"

Said a commodore of his fleet, by name ANICETUS: "I know a way. I will build a ship which shall appear firm and solid as any in your fleet, but

which, by drawing away certain bolts and pins, will fall to pieces and sink. Put your mother on board and leave the rest to me."

Nero was delighted with the idea. So while Anicetus was building his ship, he began to feign new friendship for his mother, and sent her civil messages. When the ship was built, he had a meeting with her, and engaged her to make a voyage in a fine new ship he had expressly built for his good, dear mother, and spent the whole day before the voyage in caressing her, and kissing her, and calling her all the tender names he could remember. He was so affectionate and so kind that she was thoroughly deceived, and went on board the ship in very good spirits.

It was a still night with a bright moon overhead, and Agrippina sat in the stern of the vessel with a maid, watching the smooth sea, as the rowers pulled out from the shore. But all at once there was a crash heard; part of the deck fell in and killed a man at Agrippina's feet. Anicetus shouted; the sailors roared; in the confusion and hurry they did not pull the bolts quite out, and the ship held together. Fearing the worst, however, Agrippina and her maid sprang overboard. The sailors were after them directly with boat-hooks, and spears, and nooses of cord. In the darkness they mistook the maid for the mistress, and killed her as she struggled in the water. Agrippina—who could swim—contrived to escape to a fishing-boat with no worse hurt than a wound in the shoulder.

She knew very well what it all meant. She knew

the bay was calm, and the ship had run on no rock. Still, partly through fear, and partly I dare say from some lurking hope that her cruel son might yet spare her, she wrote him a letter describing the shipwreck, and hoping that he would not alarm himself too much about the danger which his poor mother had run.

He did alarm himself, but not on that account. He fell into an agony of terror lest Agrippina should raise the people against him. In his distress he went to his two head counselors, BURRHUS, and SENECA, and asked what they thought was best to be done.

These two counselors are said to have been very virtuous men, and to have struggled might and main to keep Nero in the right path. I suppose it was their virtue led them to approve the murder of Claudius and the murder of Britannicus, and a good many other actions of Nero's which resembled these. And I also suppose they were struggling, as usual, to keep Nero straight when they answered him on this occasion, "You must kill your mother."

There was no pretense of virtue or struggle about Anicetus, who said, in his blunt way, give him a couple of his sailors and he would soon finish her.

He got the sailors, and away he went to Agrippina's house, where crowds had gathered to inquire into the very strange escape of the Emperor's mother. Anicetus knocked the people about right and left, and made his way with his sailors into Agrippina's bedroom. Her last servant had run away at the noise, and she was quite alone.

She tried to put on a pleasant smile, and said she knew they brought her good news from her dear son, "for," and her lips quivered at this, "he was too good a boy to want to hurt his poor old mother."

The only answer was a blow on the head which one of the sailors dealt her with a stick. Raising herself, she tore open her dress, and presenting her breast, cried, "Strike the breast which suckled Nero!" They struck fast enough and heavy enough with their broadswords, and left her gashed and hacked in a pool of her own blood. So she was punished.

Still Poppæa was not satisfied. Nero's first wife, Octavia, was yet alive. She must die too. Poppæa looked about for an executioner, and Anicetus—the faithful creature—said he was always ready. So he accused her falsely of heinous crimes, and she was hurried off to prison—she was hardly twenty, and so pretty and interesting in her sorrow, they say—and after a few days she was killed too, and no more was said.

The most detestable feature in all these shocking scenes was the way the people regarded them. Every body seemed well pleased; nobody—at least in public—said they were wrong. The priests were always ready to offer up thanks to their gods when Nero killed his mother, or his brother, or his wife, or his friends; and the miserable people of Rome went to their temples and said they were thankful too.

The chief cause of this, I have no doubt, was their fear of the soldiers, who were ready to applaud

any villainy, and cut the throat of any one who com-



RACE-CHARIOTS.

plained. But another cause was the horrible want of virtue and principle among all classes at Rome. I dare say there does not exist in any part of the world at the present day a single nation or race, however savage or despised, so utterly lost in depravity as the Romans at this time.

Another cause was the thoughtlessness of the Romans, and their childish fondness for fine shows. Nero gave them many grand spectacles of various kinds; and as he

loved horse-racing, and chariot-driving, and music, and acting, even better than mischief, he used to compete himself at the games, drive his own char-

iot at the races, and strive with the musicians and actors for the prizes awarded to merit. It shocked the nobles of Rome very much at first; but the people liked it, and flocked in crowds to see the Emperor race, or play on the fiddle or the flute.

They rather enjoyed, too, the grand way in which their Emperor lived. As he always contrived to get plenty of money (by stealing and cheating), he was very magnificent in his style of living—never wore the same dress twice, had a thousand carriages in his train when he traveled, built the finest chariots that were ever seen, all covered with ivory and gold, and thought so little of houses and lands that he gave a country residence, and a town house as well, to a pet monkey.

While he was amusing the people with these gorgeous displays, a great fire broke out at Rome. It was said at the time that Nero had set the city on fire, and prevented its being put out, but this is not likely. It is certain, however, that the fire raged for six days and seven nights, and consumed half the city; and that thousands and thousands of poor persons were driven out by the flames to perish of hunger and cold, while Nero enjoyed the sight from a high tower and sang appropriate songs.

It is also certain that, while the hearts of the people were still bursting with grief and rage at the calamity, the Emperor gave out falsely that the authors of the fire were the CHRISTIANS.

Only thirty-one years had elapsed since Christ had been crucified; yet in that short space of time, the pure truths which He taught in the Sermon on

the Mount had spread, and found their way into good men's hearts in every part of the Roman empire. There were not many good men then, unhappily, or there would have been more Christians; but many who did really seek for a better rule of living than the old one, and many who were sick and tired of the old butcherings, and betrayings, and lyings, and evil doings generally, seized hold of the new doctrines with fervor and constancy, and adhered to them through contempt, hardships, and torments unto death.

Those Romans who were not Christians hated the Christians, and when Nero said they had set the city on fire, they were seized and most horribly persecuted. Some were crucified, some hanged, some stripped, smeared with pitch, and burned; some wrapped in the skins of wild beasts, and baited with dogs; many slaughtered by the bloody guards. In this persecution the Apostle PAUL was beheaded, and PETER crucified. Nero gave finer games than ever while the butchery was going on; driving his chariot round and round the spot where the martyrs were dying. It is not a little curious that on that very spot the greatest Christian church in the world—St. Peter's—is now standing.

You must not infer from his persecution of the Christians that Nero was a devout believer in the Roman religion. He scoffed at the gods, as well he might, after making his step-father one of them. But he had a little image of a girl which some old witch had given him, and he worshipped this three times a day.

He had his wars, like all the Roman emperors. His soldiers had terrible work with the Britons, who would not be beaten; and though they seized a brave queen of one of the British tribes, named BOADICEA, and brutally scourged her, and ill treated her daughters, and afterward cut her whole tribe in pieces when they rose to avenge this outrage, yet still the old British spirit was not broken, and they never gave up.

The Romans had better luck in Parthia, where a brave general named CORBULO won many victories, and conquered the country. But when Corbulo went home to receive the reward of his brave conduct, he got it after Nero's kind: he was executed.

The tyranny of this cruel monster becoming too much even for the Romans to bear, a plot was formed against him. It was proposed to depose him and make one PISO emperor. But a slave betrayed the conspirators; Nero pounced on them, and they were all executed.

Among the number was Seneca, Nero's old counselor (Burrhus had happily died a natural death), who had retired with a fortune which was really immense for the virtuous man he is said to have been. Nero sent him word to die. He answered that he was ready; and when his wife, PAULINA, said she would not survive him, he agreed that they should die together. So the veins in their arms were opened, and they lay down while the blood flowed. Unhappily, Seneca was very old and in poor health; his blood did not flow fast enough, and to shorten his pain, the surgeon opened the

veins in his legs and feet also. Still the blood did not flow, and the pain becoming intense, he took leave of his wife, and was carried into another room. She changed her mind at this, and let her wounds be stanchd, and recovered. But Seneca persisted in dying. He dictated some fine moral sentiments to his friends, and proved that he had been astonishingly virtuous—as, perhaps, he thought he had; then, as the blood still refused to flow, had himself carried into a vapor bath, where he soon suffocated.

This plot crushed, Nero went on as before, or worse. In a fit of rage he actually kicked his beautiful wicked wife, Poppæa, and killed her. As for citizens and nobles, this book would not suffice to tell you of those he put to death.

All at once, while he was pursuing his mad career, an officer in Gaul, named VINDEK, rose in rebellion against him, and published a fierce attack upon him, relating all his crimes. Nero received it, and only laughed at what he said of his murders, but grew very angry when he came to a part where Vindex said he was a bad musician.

Other officers rose in Gaul and Spain, and Vindex killing himself in a fit of despondency, the soldiers offered the throne to one VIRGINIUS, who had the virtue to refuse it. Then they offered it to GALBA, governor of Spain, who accepted it, and prepared to march on Rome.

Nero was terribly shocked when he heard that Galba had joined the rebels. He rushed about the palace, raving and breaking vases and furniture, and talked of putting all the chief men of Rome to death

together, to prevent their rebelling too. His friends at last persuaded him to raise an army ; but he required so many wagons for his dancers, and so many for his fiddlers, and he was so thoroughly hated, that the soldiers hung back.

Then he lost heart, and sneaked into the Senate, and said he didn't want to be emperor any more, and would they make him governor of Egypt, and spare his life ?

When men of his kind begin to fall, they fall quickly. The Senators turned their backs on him ; the guards deserted him, and said they were for Galba ; his servants left him, robbing his house as they went.

In an agony of fear he seizes a horse and rides away into the country. On the way an earthquake nearly throws his horse ; he quakes himself more than ever, and rides on. Farmers meet him and say, " We hear Nero has run away, but he will soon be caught : " he wraps a handkerchief over his face and rides on. Soldiers gallop after him, and ask if he knows where the rascal Nero be ? he shudders, and rides on. At last, he reaches the house of an old slave, and afraid of going in by the door, creeps through a thorn-hedge on hands and knees, burrows his way under a wall, and hides in a slave's hut.

There he gets news that the Senators—ah ! how they had licked his feet once—had condemned him to be scourged to death. With chattering teeth he bids the slaves dig him a grave, and stands by while they take his measure for it, and throw up the cold earth.

He had taken two daggers with him, and would feel their points as if he was going to kill himself; but when the dagger touched his skin he would draw it back, and groan, "What a fate this is for so great a fiddler as Nero!"

He was standing there still when the tramp of horsemen was heard. "Now, now!" said his slaves, "they are coming to murder thee." Even then he could not screw up his courage. He put the dagger to his throat and scratched himself; but one of the slaves seized it and thrust it into his neck to the hilt, and Nero fell dying.

The horsemen rode up, and the captain, leaping off his horse, ran to Nero and said he was not come to harm him. "It is too late!" gasped the dying Emperor; "is this your fidelity?" And so he died.

When you think of Nero complaining of the want of fidelity in his soldiers—he who had murdered every one to whom he owed fidelity—you will not be surprised at any thing.

CHAPTER LIV.

GALBA, OTHO, VITELLIUS.

I NOW come to the reigns of three emperors, whose race was so short, and whose reigns so uneventful, that all I have to say about them can be said in a single chapter.

The first of the three is Galba, the governor of Spain, who rebelled against Nero, and was chosen emperor by the army and the Senate. He was an old man, seventy-two or three at the time of his accession; gouty, and not so firm or so bold as he had been in his youth. But still he had a great deal of Roman sternness about him; thought nothing of executing a dishonest banker, and nailing his hands to his desk, as a warning to his fellows; and punished bad men without mercy.

When he went to Rome, the soldiers marched out to meet him, bawling and shouting as usual, and demanding money and rewards. But he told them he chose his soldiers, did not buy them; and when some of them looked mutinous, he sent a troop of horse to charge them, and killed a few hundreds. He acted in much the same way with the courtiers and Senators; gave no money away, and kept no idle court feeding at the cost of the state.

The nobles and Senators said he was mean and covetous; and the soldiers were greatly disgusted

with him, which will rather lead you to form a good opinion of his character.

Nero's courtiers grumbled all day long, and the guards growled in their way, till Galba chose a virtuous and worthy citizen named PISO to be his successor. Then the murmurs grew into a rebellion.

Otho—the polite gentleman who had given up his wife, Poppæa, to Nero—had hoped that he would be the next emperor chosen. Why he hoped so, I hardly know: he had no claim to the throne, and was noted for nothing except his dandyism and his wildness. He had been a great friend of Nero's, and quite as fond of spending money as that spend-thrift. He gave the best dinners, and had the best wig, and kept the best barber in Rome; perhaps these were the reasons on which he founded his claims to the empire.

At all events, when Galba chose PISO to succeed him, Otho went to the guards, and, filling every man's hand with gold and silver, asked them, would they have him for their emperor?

They said they would, provided he gave them so much money.

The bargain was struck, and Otho went to meet Galba, and kissed him, as the Roman custom was. While he was with the Emperor, a slave came to him and said, "The builders are ready." This was the signal agreed upon. Otho went out, and the guards proclaimed him emperor.

If Galba had been twenty years younger I think Otho would have paid pretty dear for his treachery. But Galba was very old, and could not be brought

to act with energy. News reached him at one moment that Otho was emperor; the next, that he had been killed. After long delays and fatal hesitation the old man at last called for his coat of mail, put it on, and sallied forth into the Forum.

There he met a Tribune who falsely said he had just killed Otho. "Comrade," said the strict old Emperor, "Who bade you kill him?"

In a moment or two the guards came prancing down the street into the Forum, laying about them fiercely with their swords. Galba's friends ran away to hide themselves, his standard-bearer throwing away his standard to run the faster. In the throng the old Emperor was knocked down, and half a dozen soldiers brutally wounded him. They could not cut through his coat of mail; but they hacked his legs, and stabbed him about the head and throat, till he died, saying, "If my death is best for Rome, I am satisfied." He had reigned seven months.

The breath was hardly out of his body when the Senate offered their respects to Otho, saying that they did not know how to thank the guards for procuring them so excellent an emperor. He was very gracious in his answers; and having put Piso and a few other good men to death, went home to his barber and his tailor, and had his face swathed in bread poultices, as his custom was, to make his skin soft and smooth.

But that night, as he slept, he fancied he saw Galba's ghost stalking into his bedroom, with a menacing air, and a drawn sword; and his coward heart failing him—he was thinking perhaps of that

traitor kiss—he sprang out of bed and shrieked for his guards.

His race was very short. The soldiers in Germany and Gaul thought they would like to make an emperor too; so they chose VITELLIUS, the governor of Lower Germany—a weak, coarse-minded glutton, with more of the nature of a pig than a man—crowned him, and marched away into Italy.

So now the Romans were divided into two parties, with two emperors. I doubt whether in the whole empire two more contemptible men could have been found than these two—the profligate dandy Otho, and the swinish glutton Vitellius. However, the Romans had nothing better to do than to fight about them: so they got their fighting tools ready, and fought a great battle in the northern part of Italy, and killed each other to the number of forty thousand. Otho's generals lost the day; and their master, seeing that all was lost, resolved to kill himself.

He had read the story of Cato and of Brutus; and though he was as unlike these men as a peacock is unlike an eagle, he thought he would copy them. He gave a great dinner to his officers, and sat up late with them, talking merrily: when they left, went to bed, and slept several hours; rose at day-break, and stabbed himself mortally. So there was an end of him.

The Senators and courtiers at Rome were in sore perplexity while the contest was going on. One day they received news that Otho was beaten, and then they ran to bespatter Vitellius's brother with

praise; and the next, they were told that Vitellius had been beaten, and then they rushed headlong to Otho's friends to cringe at their feet. At last, these worthy creatures were put out of pain by the account of Otho's death, and they said directly that they had been on Vitellius's side all along.

Vitellius came slowly to Rome, grunting and gorging himself on his way. He would not have taken the empire but for the thought that, with the money it would bring him, he might feed continually, and on the most expensive dishes. When he arrived at Rome, he sent trusty messengers to all parts of the empire to collect rare eatables, bidding them spare no labor or money to get him what was best worth eating.

The Romans generally had but one solid meal,



A ROMAN DINNER.



A SUPPER AT ROME.

which we should call dinner. They took pains with it, threw off their shoes, and lay down on couches, at about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. During the morning a biscuit and a handful of grapes, with a glass of wine, were hastily swallowed, standing, and this sufficed them till supper. But Vitellius ate four meals a day, and gorged himself at each of them in so swinish a manner that he was forced to take an emetic by way of dessert.

The things he ate seem to us as disgusting as his manner of eating them. He had dishes of peacocks and dormice; huge pies made of the brains of rare birds, and the livers of rare fishes; thrushes by the thousand; scores of sturgeons; tunny fish by the hundred; with sauces of various disgusting kinds, reeking of rancid fish, loathsome insects, and sickening drugs. His gluttony became a disease at last; and stuffed as he was, he could not pass a cook's shop without seizing a sausage or a tart, and gulping it

down, or witness a sacrifice without tearing a tender morsel from the burning kid or lamb.

Meanwhile, the armies in Asia thought they might as well make an emperor as the armies of Rome or Germany, so they chose their general, VESPASIAN, and asked him would he govern Rome?

He was a cautious, far-seeing man, and took a long time to make up his mind. But at last seeing a fair chance in his favor, he agreed to be emperor, and sent an army across into Italy, under his general, ANTONIUS PRIMUS.

Out from Rome marched the guards and the army of Vitellius to fight Primus; Romans against Romans, as before. The leader of Vitellius's army basely deserted his master and went over to Primus; but his soldiers remained faithful, and a great battle was fought, which lasted a whole day and night, in which more thousands of wretched Romans were slain.

Primus won the victory, and marched straight into Cremona, which was a large and flourishing city, much larger and more populous than it is now. They say that when he entered, all begrimed with dirt and blood, he ordered a bath. The servant excused himself, saying that the water was cold. "Never mind," said Primus, "it will soon be warm enough." Almost at that moment the cry was heard that the soldiers were sacking the city. And so they were. For four days it was given up to them, to be first plundered and then burned. The savage soldiers did the work so thoroughly, that of all the city they only left one temple standing; and

in these four days butchered, with horrible outrages, fifty thousand men, women, and children.

All this while Vitellius was gormandizing and grunting in his palace at Rome. When he heard that his army had been beaten, he offered to give up the throne to Vespasian, if the Senate would secure him enough money to feast his gluttony for the rest of his life. The Senate agreed; but the people, strangely seized with some sort of regard for this imperial pig, refused, and so the bargain was broken.

Then tumults broke out in the city, some saying that Vespasian should be acknowledged, others standing firm to Vitellius. The two parties came to blows, and fought and massacred each other, and burned down each other's houses for days and days together.

Still Vitellius gorged himself, and did nothing else, when all was blood and flames round his sty. But at last, on came Primus, with his victorious soldiers, to Rome, and then this monstrous glutton packed up a few eatables, and waddled off into the country, leaving Rome to Primus. After a time (I dare say it was his appetite which stirred him to do it), he rashly returned to Rome, and to his palace. He walked through the rooms where he had so gluttonously fed—they were empty now—there was not so much as a thrush to keep him company; and he shuddered at the thought that he might perhaps miss a meal. But he was spared this awful pain.

A soldier recognized him, and dragged him into the Forum by the hair of his head. There a crowd gathered to hoot and insult him. They kept his

head up by holding a sword's point under his chin, and jeered him, and buffeted him, till they were tired of the sport. Then some soldiers killed him. As he lay dying, he turned to one of them and said, with a stupefied air, "Yet I was once your emperor!"

Emperor or not, they stuck a hook in his fat body, and dragged him through the streets, shouting "Hurrah for Vespasian!" just as twelve months before they had shouted in the same tones, "Hurrah for Vitellius!"

CHAPTER LV.

VESPASIAN.

THE new emperor, Vespasian, reigned ten years, and reigned well. He was not cruel or profligate, as so many of the preceding emperors had been; he reformed the laws, and put an end to much of the disgraceful living of which Nero and Otho had set the example; kept a tight hand upon the soldiers; put the money affairs of the empire on a sound footing, and ruled humanely and justly. When you remember these acts of his you will not be surprised that the courtiers disliked him, and as they could not accuse him of any thing else, charged him with avarice and meanness.

He was a man of poor family, which was another reason for their dislike. Before he went to the East he was *Ædile*, or, as we should say, commissioner of streets at Rome; and while he filled this office, the Emperor Caligula, finding mud in the streets, had Vespasian sent for, and thrust some of the mud into his breast, as a hint to him to keep the streets cleaner. It was a brutal sort of hint, no doubt; still I know some streets and some commissioners that might be all the better for a hint now and then of the same kind.

The great business of Vespasian's reign was the war with the Jews. They remained quiet under the

Roman power about a hundred years, governed sometimes by Roman governors, and sometimes by kings of their own, like Herod, who were chosen by the Romans, and mere creatures of the emperors. These kings and governors ruled the Jews infamously, robbing them, murdering them, and trampling them, just as they had a mind; and so, in the sixty-sixth year after Christ, the Jews rose.

The first Roman general sent against them was driven back. Then Vespasian took the war in hand; and when he became emperor his son Titus succeeded him, and laid siege to Jerusalem.

The Jews defended their city with extraordinary bravery. They fell upon Titus's troops again and again, and harassed them day after day, and week after week, with such perseverance and dogged obstinacy that it needed all Titus's vigor to prevent the Romans giving up the siege. They attacked him by day, and attacked him by night; fell upon him with sword-men, and fell upon him with javelin-men; fought him from hill to hill, and from tower to tower, and from wall to wall, always beaten but never discouraged—never yielding an inch of ground that was not sodden with Jewish blood.

What made their resistance the more wonderful was the sufferings they endured in the city, and the divisions which existed among their chiefs. There was a Jew named John, and another Jew named Eleazar, and another named Simon, all three rivals, and as eager to kill each other as the Romans; and the moment there had been a brush with the latter,

and the Jews returned to the city and the temple, they fell to cutting each other's throats. John's men fought with Eleazar's, and Simon's with John's; and they butchered each other from morning till night, till the wretched city was blood-red from the temple to the gates. They never stopped except to rush out against the Romans, and even then they would stop by the way to fight each other.

Famine, too, oppressed the Jews cruelly. All their food was soon eaten up, and Titus had beleaguered the city so that no provisions should come in. The Jews ate dogs and rats, the leather straps of their belts, and their sandals; and at last, a woman set the example of cooking and eating her own child, and plenty of hungry soldiers were glad to assuage their famine with like horrible meals.

Jerusalem had need to be strong to hold out as long as it did under such awful sufferings. It was strong; and the Jews were more obstinate than you can possibly conceive. Even when hunger had reduced the people to that degree that the streets were empty and silent, and the whole city reeked with a choking stench of dead bodies, the cry was still "No surrender!" and the ghastly remnant of the Jews fought on as before.

At last Titus forced his way into the place, and conquered the whole except the temple, into which the surviving Jews had flocked. In that retreat, starving, wounded, worn-out, they still cried, "No surrender!" and fought from the windows and the roof as fiercely as ever. It was not till a soldier had set fire to the temple, and the flames spread

from end to end of the building, that the contest was ended, and the Jews were conquered.

Some of them fled to a strong place, called *Masada*, and subsisted there for a while by rapine. But the Romans soon laid siege to *Masada*, and the garrison saw they could not hold out. The chief, *Eleazar*, proposed to his men to die. They agreed, and ten strong men were chosen by lot to kill the others, who lay down, men, women, and children, to be slaughtered. When the ten had finished the bloody work, they drew lots, and one of them was chosen to kill the other nine. When he had done so, he set fire to the place, threw himself into the flames, and perished.

This was the destruction of the Jewish nation. Their city was burned, and not one stone was left upon another. When it was rebuilt, it only covered half the space occupied by the old one. At this day travelers grope through its suburbs in vague search for traces of the glorious monuments of the days of Jewish greatness. The people are scattered throughout every nation in the world. For nearly fifteen hundred years they were persistently persecuted by the rulers of the states in which they lived, though they were in general the most useful citizens they had. But under the most brutal persecution they never gave up the old faith of their fathers. Jews they remained when it cost house, home, family, and life to be a Jew; and in reward of this heroic constancy, they alone, of all nations in the world, have a history which can be traced back firmly and clearly to that night of time when all

history fades away. It would be a proud thing for us if we could say as much.

After reigning ten years, Vespasian fell ill. Said he to the courtiers, "I suppose I am going to be made a god." Still, though he foresaw death coming, he would not give up his duties, and thereby hastened the work of disease. When he felt himself about to die, he bade the servants raise him up; "for," said he, "an emperor should die standing."

So this good man passed away, and his son Titus reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER LVI.

TITUS.—DOMITIAN.

VESPASIAN left two sons, both of whom succeeded him; Titus, the elder, first.

Titus had been brought up with Britannicus, the unhappy youth whom Nero poisoned. It was said that he was at the table when Britannicus was murdered, and even tasted the poisoned cup. However this be, Titus grew up a bold and wild young man, and very often made himself much talked about by his boisterous behavior. When his father went to Judæa, Titus accompanied him, and took Jerusalem, as I related in the last chapter, not without acts of cruelty which it were better for his fame had been hidden. Under Vespasian, Titus had a great share of the government, and made himself very popular.

When he became emperor, people were rather inclined to be afraid of him. They remembered his youthful wildness with uneasiness. From Judæa he had brought with him a Jewess, named BERENICE, a sister of the Jewish king's, and a woman who had been very beautiful in her day, and was still seductive and agreeable. Some people said Titus would make her empress, and the bigoted Romans were shocked at the thought of having a Jewess in so high a rank.

However, when Titus found himself at the head

of the empire, he disappointed the croakers : reformed his life, sent Berenice home, and began to rule justly and fairly. The people were in such ecstasy at his goodness that they called him "The delight of the human race," with many more names of the same flowery sort.

It would have been well for Rome if all the emperors whom the people flattered had deserved praise as much as Titus. I hardly think he wanted to be called the Delight of the human race, for he had his faults, like other people. But they were not brutal or dangerous faults, in general ; he tried to do his duty, and was so attentive to business that one evening, when he had been idle all day, he cried with sorrow, "I have lost a day!"

It was he who finished and opened the great Roman theatre which was called the COLOSSEUM, from its size. It could seat eighty thousand persons. The outside was inlaid with marble, and adorned with statues : the ring, inside, was sanded, and so large that whole armies of gladiators could fight there. It was opened with grand shows, man-fights, and beast-hunts, and the like ; and by way of novelty, on the day of the opening a woman fought with a lion there and killed him. This Colosseum is standing still. Part of the wall and many of the seats are broken down, but the strong arches are unshaken ; and the huge building itself is grand enough, in its decay, to give us some idea of what it must have been in its glory. Long ago, pious priests set up little altars there, which they called stations ; and very pious Catholics go to Rome and pray before



THE COLOSSEUM.

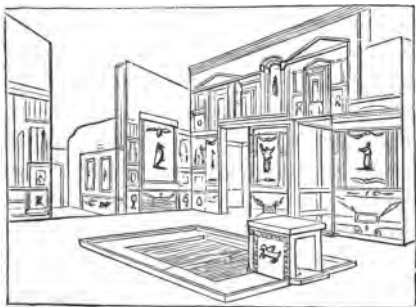
these altars, and believe that each prayer in that place wipes out so many days' sin. So the world goes on.

It was under the reign of Titus that that dreadful eruption of Vesuvius took place which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum, with many villages in the neighborhood. So awful was the scene—the sky black as ink, lurid clouds hanging round the top of the mountain, torrents of fire flaming down and swallowing up whole cities, the earth quaking and smoking, and every living thing gasping for breath in the poisoned air—so terrible, I say, did these signs appear that men thought the end of the world was come. Many lay down where they were, thinking it useless to try to escape, and were over-

whelmed. The great philosopher PLINY, among others, was choked by the unwholesome vapor, and died on the sea-shore. It is supposed that most of the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum escaped; but so quick came the fiery flood upon the cities, that every thing was buried just as it stood on the morning of the eruption.

Of late years, as I dare say you know, men have been set to dig away the lava which overlies these two buried cities. Sixty feet below the surface of the earth Herculaneum has been quarried out; and Pompeii, which was buried under a lighter coating, has been opened up, the streets cleared, the houses brought to light, and part of the city restored to nearly what it was some eighteen hundred years ago.

If you go there you will see ruts in the streets cut by Roman wheels in the time of Titus; pictures, with colors yet fresh, painted when Christ was on the earth; inkstands, glasses, pots, and pans;



COURT-YARD AT POMPEII.



ENTRANCE OF POMPEII.

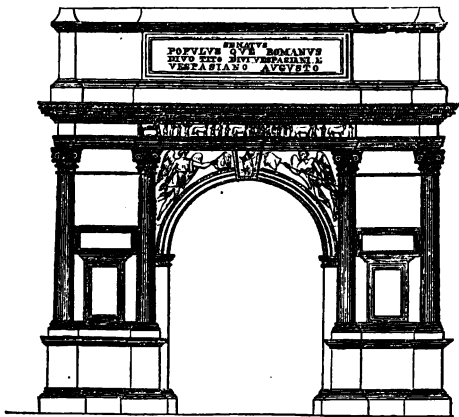
ladies' jewels, paint for their cheeks, and part of their dresses; dice, some of them loaded to cheat with; scrolls of paper bark covered with writing; physic in phials; corn, and pastry; all preserved with very little injury for these eighteen hundred years by the huge cloak of lava which covered them.

To return to Titus. After reigning two years he set out on a journey, took the fever on the way, and died. On his death-bed he puzzled the courtiers very much by saying that in all his life he had only done one thing of which he repented. No one ever knew what this thing was, though the courtiers pretended to take a great deal of trouble to find out. I say pretended, for had they been in earnest it

would not have been such a difficult matter to find out a bad action even in the life of Titus.

His brother, Domitian, became emperor when he died. He was a very bad fellow, and the people hated him. He had given his father, Vespasian, great trouble, and had tried to get up a rebellion against his brother, both of whom had treated him with more indulgence than he deserved. When he became emperor, he began to reign in a manner which reminded the people of Nero.

He was not mad; on the contrary, he was very cunning and shrewd, but he was detestably cruel and perfidious. Whenever he heard of a good and great man he grew jealous of him, and had him killed. To the last moment, too, he always pretended to be great friends with his victims; would



ARCH OF TITUS.

ask a man to dinner, and have him carried out from the table to execution; would kiss a Senator the moment before he had his head cut off. You will understand this part of his character better when you know that, though he was fond of letters, and kept learned men in his pay, the book he was fondest of reading was the Memoirs of the Emperor Tiberius.

He took delight in practical jokes. Once he invited a large company to dinner. When they entered the hall, they found it dark and hung with black; and behind each chair stood a coffin with the name of a guest on its lid. While they were quaking, boys came in with painted faces and sang funeral songs. This was kept up for some time; then the guests were dismissed, more dead than alive.

Just as often his jokes were not so harmless as this. He would kill men from mere love of cruelty; and when he was alone and idle, and had no one near hand to put to death, he would amuse himself by sticking flies with a pin, and watching their struggles. Once he took a fancy to fall upon the philosophers, and drove them out of Rome to starve. Another time he pounced upon the Christians, and persecuted them, and put them to death by scores.

For fifteen years the people of Rome bore with this abominable wretch, and no man raised his hand. As cowardly as he was cruel, he lived in daily dread of being murdered, and had the walls of his palace polished so as to reflect images like a mirror, in order that he might see who was behind

him. But for fifteen years he never saw a dagger raised to give him his due.

There is a story that, long before he had any idea he would be emperor, some wizard told him that he would succeed to the throne, would reign fifteen years, and no more. As the fifteen years drew to a close he grew very uneasy. Up started another wizard in this fifteenth year, who prophesied that he would die at the fifth hour (eleven o'clock) on the eighteenth September next. Domitian flew into a rage, and asked the wizard what he knew about himself.

"I shall die before you," said the wizard, "and my body will be eaten by dogs."

To prove him a false prophet, the Emperor had him savagely murdered, and gave orders that his body should be carefully burned and the ashes buried. The guards built a funeral pile, laid the body upon it, and set fire to the pile; but at that moment a squall burst forth, blew the pile over, frightened away the guards, and put the fire out. In the confusion some hungry dogs scented the body, and gnawed the flesh from the bones.

Domitian raged more than ever at this news. It chanced that about this time the patience of the Romans was thoroughly worn out, and a plot was formed to rid the world of the Emperor. It chanced also that, whether he had heard something of the plot or no, he had made a memorandum of persons to be killed, including most of the conspirators and his own wife. This memorandum falling into his wife's hands, she called the conspirators together,

and they resolved to strike on the eighteenth of September.

On the evening before, Domitian was in very low spirits. When midnight came, he leaped out of his bed in great distress of mind, the fear of death lying heavy on his heart. All night long, and all morning, he paced his room, sighing and groaning. A little before eleven (which was the hour he dreaded) he called a slave, and asked him what time it was by the sun-dial.

The slave, to please him and relieve his mind, said the sixth hour was nearly ended—or as we should say, it was nearly twelve.

At this he felt great relief, and began to say that the wizards were rogues, and he would hang a few of them. Just then a courtier, named STEPHANUS, presented him a petition. As he took it, Stephanus stabbed him. Domitian struggled fiercely, and being a powerful man, threw Stephanus to the ground, and called for a dagger. But the other conspirators rushing in, he was quickly overpowered and killed. So the world was happily rid of him, at the age of forty-five.

On the day he died, an orator, named APOLLONIUS, made a speech at Ephesus, in which he is said to have used some such words as these: "Strike, Stephanus! the tyrant dies." When the people of Ephesus heard, afterward, that Stephanus had actually struck on that very day, and that the tyrant had died, they said that Apollonius must be a very superior wizard indeed. He made a good thing out of it, and was a great deal thought of in his time.

I wonder myself that it never occurred to the Ephesians that Apollonius might be in the plot, and so know the day fixed. He had done nothing since Domitian came to the throne but abuse him : he would naturally be one of the persons in the secret.

CHAPTER LVII.

NERVA.

I AM very glad to say that we now come to a series of good emperors, as emperors went. Their story is quite refreshing after the villainies of Domitian, and Otho, and Nero, and Tiberius, and the others.

When Domitian was quite dead, the Senate discovered that he had been a vile character, pulled down his statues, knocked about his friends, and reviled him as if not one of the Senators had ever cringed at his feet. They did better than this, however. They chose to be his successor a good old man, named COCCEIUS NERVA, who was no relation to any of the former emperors, and had no claim upon the throne but a blameless life.

It was a strange whim of this old man—he was sixty-three or four years old, and infirm—to want to be emperor, and I am sure he soon repented of the wish. Stronger nerves than his were needed to struggle with the stormy times in which he had fallen. Rome was full of shameless wretches who made a living by falsely accusing rich men. Nero's friends, and Otho's friends, and Domitian's friends, were still alive and rampant for mischief. And the guards were there too, roystering and rioting day after day; openly boasting that they were the real

masters of the empire, and keeping quiet citizens in perpetual fear of their lives.

Nerva did what little he could for the good of the state. He spent as little as he could upon himself and his court; with the savings he gave largely to the poor, and founded schools for the children of the people. He tried to put down the informers, but they were too strong for him. He endeavored to keep the guards within bounds; but they only laughed at him. He made an effort to get rid of the bad courtiers; but he was foiled in this, as the rest.

So feeble an old man was he that his very friends made a jest of him. Once at his own table he said to a guest, "I wonder where CATULLUS (this was one of the worst villains of the old bad reigns) would be if he were alive still." Said the guest, "He would probably be supping with us;" which was likely enough, as there was at the table a man named VEIENTO, who was of the same stamp as Catullus, and quite as worthless.

Some time afterward, the guards rose in tumult. They wanted, they said, the murderers of their old friend Domitian; and they would have them.

The old Emperor went out to them, bared his breast, and besought them to take his life, but to spare those of his friends. But they roughly threw him aside, seized the men they sought, and put them to death before Nerva's very face. Most shameful of all, they forced this weak old man, after the murder, to make a speech to the people defending it, and calling the murderers the saviors of Rome.

It was the last public act of his life. The shame and disgrace of it cut him to the heart. He chose for his successor a man of known energy and boldness, **ULPIUS TRAJANUS**, who was away in Germany; wrote him a letter bidding him avenge the insult the Emperor had sustained; and died quietly, after a short reign of sixteen months.

CHAPTER LVIII.

TRAJAN.

ULPIUS TRAJANUS, or TRAJAN, as we call him, was a Spaniard. He was born near the spot where the beautiful city of Seville now stands. At this time Spain was thoroughly Roman, and Trajan spoke Latin, and was as much of a Roman as the natives of Italy.

He was at Cologne when he got the news that he had been chosen to succeed Nerva. He understood perfectly the letter he received from the Emperor: he sent to Rome to invite the officers of the guards to pay him a visit, and when they came, he quietly made away with them. He was a very different man from Nerva; strong, bold, restless, great-hearted.

When he went to Rome the people flocked to meet him in crowds. The road was choked up for miles; and again and again the new emperor was stopped by the throng pressing round him to bless him. This was thought a great deal of by the Em-



TRAJAN.

peror's friends. I am not much affected by it myself, as the Romans had a way of turning out to glorify their emperors at first, whatever their characters were.

Happily, Trajan did deserve to be blessed. He set to work to achieve the reforms attempted by Nerva, and with a strong hand. The guards he divided and reduced; they were very quiet indeed in his reign. The informers he rooted out; executing the vilest, shipping off the smaller rogues to distant isles. As for the wicked courtiers, he would not put them to death; but their trade became so bad during his reign that they gave it up, and I dare say some of them reformed and became exemplary characters.

In his civil government, Trajan was the best emperor the Romans ever had. He cut down the expenses of the state; sold several of his palaces, and gave the money to the poor; set up common schools all over Italy (they were not by any means so perfect as our modern schools, but still they were far better than any the people had ever had before); declared openly that he was the servant, not the master, of the Senate, and meant what he said; took an oath to preserve the laws, and kept it; allowed every man who chose to come to him freely, and talk to him as to any other citizen; altogether set an example which it would have been a happy thing for mankind if all the modern kings who have reigned had followed.

His private life, I am sure, was pure. There are scandalous stories about him, as there are about

every public man ; but judging him by his fruits, he must have been a moral man, for Roman morals were purer under his reign than they had been for a century before ; and judging him by the character of his friends, he can not have been a reprobate, or he would not have enjoyed the friendship of the virtuous **PLINY**, or the love of his excellent wife, **PLO-TINA**.

Unhappily, as it seems to us, Trajan was possessed with an ardent love for war. He was an able general, and delighted in fighting above all things. He waged two long and bloody wars against a nation called the **Dacians**, who lived in the coun-



ROMAN SOLDIERS.



TRAJAN SACRIFICING.

try which is now the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia; beat them, of course, and spread great misery among them. It seems that the cause of the war was a victory which the Dacians had won over the armies of Domitian. Because they had defended themselves bravely when attacked, they were invaded, pillaged, and slaughtered.

The Dacian king, whose name was DECEBALUS, defended himself and his people with shining valor and skill. When he saw that his chief city would fall, he contrived a strange means of concealing his treasure. He set a number of workmen to turn the water of a small river (it is supposed to be the Istrig)

out of its bed: when the bed was dry, he had a chamber built of solid mason-work at the deepest point; lodged all his money and treasure in it, closed up the chamber, and made the workmen turn the river back again into its course. It is even said that he cruelly put to death the workmen whom he had employed to build the chamber, so that no one should know the secret.

Ah, how few secrets are kept! Soon came a day when Decebalus, vanquished and humbled, killed himself in his despair; and one of his friends bought the goodwill of the Romans by telling them where the treasure might be found. Trajan had it dug up and carried to Rome.



TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

It was in honor of his victories over the unhappy Dacians that Trajan raised the splendid column, which you will see if you go to Rome. It is one of the grandest monuments of antiquity, as it is one of the noblest works of art. Twenty-five hundred figures are carved upon its surface, all of them perfect and admirable. The pedestal is said to be the finest in the world.

Trajan placed it in the centre of a forum, or square, as we should say, which he laid out himself, and built round with splendid buildings. Now, the pavement of this square is several feet below that of the ground. The earth has been dug away about the



TRAJAN CROWNS THE PARTHIAN KING.

column, and the hole thus made has been railed round. The popes have concerned themselves a good deal about the column and its author. One of them put a statue of St. Peter on the top of the col-



A PARTHIAN KING.

umn, as though he had slaughtered the Dacians; and another gave out that he admired the monument so much that he had had Trajan's soul taken out of purgatory, or a worse place, as a reward for his having built it.

Very little thought he what men' would gabble about his soul five hundred years after he was dead.

His soul, in this life, was bent on one thing, and that was conquest. Away into Asia he went with his fighting men, and fought the Parthians, and ever so many other nations besides these, for years upon years. The Senate, when they received the accounts



TRAJAN RETURNING THANKS.

of his victories, were much puzzled by the names of the wild, strange nations he had conquered; and as they would puzzle you and me too, we will say no more about them. It will answer our purpose to state simply that Trajan got as far as the borders of the Indian Ocean—somewhere in Persia—and that he put to death vast numbers of people, seized great quantities of treasure, and found, when he had marched from shore to shore and back again, that he had accomplished no more than any common thief.

With this wholesome reflection on his conscience, he died in Cilicia, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the twentieth of his reign.

Before his death he was much troubled about a successor. His wife, Plotina, had set her heart on securing the empire for a cousin of her husband's, named HADRIAN; and some say that Trajan agreed to appoint him. But whether Plotina forged a will in the name of her husband, as many writers say, or the thing was done honestly, it was well understood when Trajan died that Hadrian was to be the next emperor.

CHAPTER LIX.

HADRIAN.

A FORTUNE-TELLER—of the class I described in the first chapters of this book—who lived near a fountain in Asia Minor, and pretended to read the future in the waters of the fountain, had foretold to Hadrian that he would be emperor. When the prophecy came true, Hadrian thanked the fortune-teller, but choked up the fountain with stones; wisely thinking that, as it had encouraged him to aspire to the throne, it might continue the trade, and put the same idea into other men's heads.

He had himself acknowledged emperor by the army and the Senate. Then, as he was by no means fond of war, he proceeded to make peace with the Sarmatians and other nations with which Trajan had fought, and gave the people on the frontiers of the empire a chance to live quietly and usefully.

While he was away arranging matters, four Senators, men of high rank and note, were accused before the Senate of having conspired his death, and were all four executed. The affair made a great noise, and many persons said that Hadrian was going to prove a second Nero. He said he had no hand or part in the punishment of the four culprits, which may have been the case, though it is not likely.



SARMATIANS.

The people and the nobles did not believe him. When he went to Rome they received him coldly. In their hearts they never forgave him. But he contrived, by giving fine shows and money (three pieces of gold to every citizen—I wonder where so much money came from!), to win at least the outward favor of the people. He ruled, too, justly and well, and so gained the esteem of the wisest men at Rome. His laws are among the best the Romans ever had; and his manner of living was simple and praiseworthy. He encouraged people to come to him and tell him their complaints, if they had any; suffered no show about his person, and made very little use of the grand titles the Senate heaped upon him.

He was very generous. Going to the public baths one day, he saw an old soldier rubbing himself against a wall. You know, I dare say, that

the Romans usually bathed in large bath-houses every day of their lives; after the bath, they were rubbed down, and their hair, beard, and nails were dressed by slaves kept for the purpose: it was not thought healthy to leave the bath without a thorough scraping of the skin. This old soldier, as I said, was scraping himself against a wall, when the Emperor saw him, and asked him the reason of his going through so odd an exercise. "I am too poor to hire a slave to rub me," answered the old soldier. Hadrian gave him money to buy a slave on the spot.

The next time he went to the baths the wall was lined with old men, like wall-flowers, rubbing themselves against it. Hadrian dryly asked them, would they not rub one another?

Most of his reign he spent in traveling over the empire from Egypt and Syria to Britain. There was not a province in the whole empire he did not visit; and wherever he went he improved the laws, saw that they were properly enforced, and left the people some building or monument to remember him by. In this way he began the famous Roman wall in the north of England, to keep out the wild robbers of the northern part of the island: the Emperor SEVERUS finished and strengthened it; parts of it are still standing, though covered with moss, and in ruin. In Greece, which he dearly loved, he built many fine temples, and greatly improved the condition of the people. In Turkey, he founded the city of Adrianople, which still flourishes, after having been once the capital of the country and the scene

of many a hard-fought battle. It was the ninth city of the name he founded.

He had his faults, as you will soon see; but these travels of his, and the good they enabled him to work, ought, I think, to cover many of them. Perhaps the people of the Roman provinces were never so happy as during his reign.

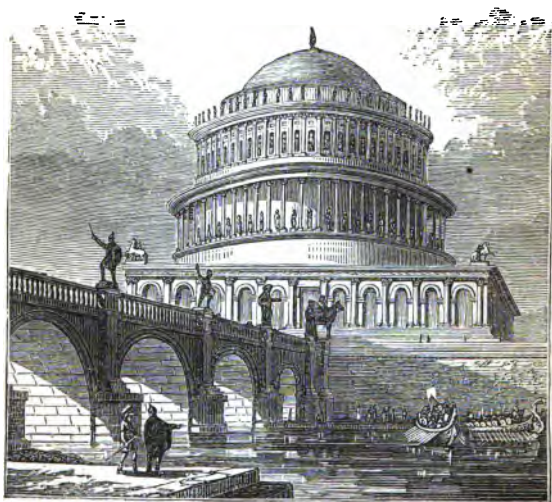
He had a ravenous thirst for learning, and tried to become an adept in every art and science. He was one of the best-read men at Rome, and could argue on philosophy with the dullest professor. He was a painter, and an architect, though perhaps not very successful as either; wrote verses, and composed speeches, which were very well for a mere emperor; understood the art of soldiering thoroughly, and had a smattering of science.

They say that he was very vain of these accomplishments, and the Senators were quite shocked at him in consequence. It would have been very well for Rome if her emperors had never had any worse vice than vanity.

About his paintings and buildings he was very tender, as most artists are; and once when a sculptor, to whom he showed the plans of a temple he was building, sneeringly pointed to the undue size of the statues that were in the inside, and said it was well they were marble, as they could never get out of the door, Hadrian never forgave him, and sent him into exile. To some other artists and men of note he was also unjust, doubtless from jealousy. I am sorry for it; but still, when I remember the emperors the Romans had had, I think Hadrian

was a very fair one, with all his vanity and jealousy.

If you go to Rome, you will see, as you cross the bridge over the Tiber to go to St. Peter's, a dark, frowning castle, grimly guarding the way. They call it the castle of St. Angelo; Hadrian built it to be his tomb. It was a much finer edifice than the one Augustus had built. In size it had hardly an equal; and it was loaded with splendid statues and works of art. Long after his death, the Mausoleum (as it was called) was besieged, and they say that the garrison, when they had spent their ammunition, threw the fine statues upon the heads of the



MOLE OF HADRIAN.

besiegers. It was taken, and for weeks the captors tried vainly to raze it to the ground. After tremendous exertions, they gave up the task in despair. The old castle was too strong to be pulled down, and in course of time it passed into the hands of the popes, who fortified it afresh, and made it their state prison. Many and many a black deed—which would make your blood run cold if you heard it related—has been done in the damp cells and silent chambers of that hoary old pile; and the people of Rome still shudder as they pass it.

In the reign of Hadrian, the wretched Jews rose again in the old way, and, like every oppressed people, committed shocking cruelties upon the Romans who fell into their power. They fought as desperately as usual, and it was not till thousands were slain that peace was secured. To prevent their rising again, Hadrian forbade them ever to return to Jerusalem. He tried to make a Roman city of it, gave it a Roman name, and set up Roman altars to the pagan gods there; but the old name soon returned, and the pagan altars were thrown down, and of Hadrian's work not a trace remained.

Hadrian was very unfortunate in his family concerns. He had a wife, a bad woman, named SABINA, who hated him, and made his life weary, till she died, as some said, through her husband's ill-treatment. He had a friend named ANTINOUS, of whom he was very fond; but some crazy fortune-teller giving out if any one could lay down their life for the Emperor his would be prolonged, Antinous killed himself. Some say that the Emperor was

willing he should, but this I don't believe. Hadrian mourned him, and built a city in his honor, and had statues of him made by scores. He had no children.

As he grew old he began to look about for a successor, and pitched upon a young man named VERUS. He was a weakly, effeminate dandy, who slept upon a bed of rose-leaves, and was famous for having invented a pie of rare succulence. As I do not know any thing good of him, I am not sorry he died before Hadrian, who chose in his stead a very promising young man, named TRIPS ANTONINUS.

These family sorrows, added to much bodily suffering, had a very bad effect upon Hadrian's character. He grew morose, suspicious, and cruel. For the last two or three years of his life he lived in constant dread of conspiracies, and put many innocent persons to death on suspicion that they were plotting against him.

One of these, a very old man named SALVIANUS, who was guiltless of the charge brought against him, died cursing the Emperor, and praying that the day might come when he should wish for death and be unable to die.

The curse was soon fulfilled. Hadrian was attacked with a dropsy, which the doctors could not cure. He had other diseases as well, which gave him such acute pain that his life became a burden. After bearing with his infirmities for a time, and persisting, in spite of them, to attend to business, he lost patience at last, and prayed for death to relieve him.

He sent to all his friends, beseeching them to give

him poison. But all refused. Then he bade his doctor show him the place where his heart was, and mark it with a piece of chalk. Calling a freed man, whom he had engaged beforehand to do the deed, he bade him strike him there: the man raised his sword to strike, but losing his presence of mind, threw the weapon down and ran out.

So this poor old Emperor was left on his death-bed, groaning and crying would nobody put him out of his pain? As death drew near, he grew calmer. A few minutes before he died, he composed, it is said, a few lines of poetry to "his fluttering soul," in which he made light of dying with melancholy wit.

He was sixty-two when he died, and had reigned nearly twenty-one years. With all his faults, we shall wish, I think, before we are done with this history, that Rome had had more emperors like him.

put up at the house of one POLEMON, a man of letters and a churl. Polemon, coming home late at night, grumbled at finding his house occupied, and was so rude that the Emperor left the house and sought lodging elsewhere. Some time afterward an actor went to the Emperor to complain that Polemon had turned him out of his theatre. At what o'clock did he turn you out, my friend?" asked Antoninus. "At noon," answered the actor. "Noon!" cried the Emperor, "he turned me out at midnight, and I made no complaint."

He had sent to Syria for a famous scholar named APOLLONIUS, to teach his adopted son. When Apollonius arrived at Rome, the Emperor invited him to the palace. But the proud teacher sent word that it was for the pupil to wait on the master, not the master on the pupil. And the Emperor, gayly saying that it was odd Apollonius should find it more degrading to cross the street than to travel from Syria to Rome, sent his adopted son to his house.

The Christians had great reason to love him, for he would not allow them to be persecuted. Christianity was slowly making its way into people's hearts; but as the Christians generally led more virtuous lives than the pagans, and were not slow to speak their thoughts about the old nonsensical gods, they were for the most part hated by the people who professed other religions. From time to time this hatred grew so fierce that the mob clamored for the persecution of the Christians; and it was only now and then, when the Emperor happened

to be gentle and humane like Antoninus, that the persecutors were denied their own way.

Antoninus had married a bad woman named **FAUSTINA**, whose conduct caused him much sorrow. But he never punished her, or ill-used her: when she died, he let the Senate make a goddess of her, and only stipulated that the money which was to be spent in her honor should be laid out in keeping up a hospital which was to bear her name.

He had no sons. By Hadrian's order he had adopted as his successor a grandson of Verus, who took the name of **MARCUS AURELIUS**, and a better man he could not have found. Long before he died he made Marcus a sharer in the government, and taught him how to insure the happiness of the people.

In the seventy-third year of his age he was taken ill at his country house. He felt his end coming, and sent the golden statue of Fortune, which the Roman emperors always kept in their houses, to Marcus Aurelius. For a day or two he was delirious. His reason returning, they went to him for the watchword. He gave them "Repose!" and expired tranquilly.

He was so good a man that to this day his name remains a proverb.

CHAPTER LXI.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

ANTONINUS had left the empire to Marcus Aurelius alone; but he, thinking that his adopted brother had some right to share the throne, invited him to be his partner. So now the Romans had two emperors instead of one.

This brother, whose name was **COMMODUS**, now took that of **VERUS**. He was a wild, dissolute youth, very unlike Aurelius: he seemed to have taken Caligula for his model, and—though it is not certain he was cruel—was in many respects as contemptible as that very contemptible fellow. His time he spent in revels, and feasting, and mischief making. At one dinner he gave to several wild Romans like himself, he insisted on their taking home with them the plate which had served them at the meal, the slave who had waited on them, and even the carriage in which Verus had sent for them.

This bad conduct of his gave great concern to Aurelius, who tried in every way to reclaim him. But Verus was past curing. Aurelius gave him his daughter in marriage, but she made no change in



MARCUS AURELIUS.

his behavior; and her father, who was weak though virtuous, bore with him sorrowfully till he died, nine years after he became emperor.

Aurelius was a very learned man, and studious. When he was only twelve years old, he joined the sect of philosophers called Stoics. The Stoics were mostly men of large minds and good intentions, who were disgusted with the vices of the age, and taught that virtue was the one thing to be sought in the world. Their idea of virtue was not so true or so grand as that which we learn from the Sermon on the Mount; but still it was a very good attempt, and the Stoics were in general a very respectable and worthy set of men. One of the best of their doctrines was that which taught that men should preserve an even temper and a resolute mind under



ROMAN PHILOSOPHERS.

all circumstances, happy or adverse; should learn, above all things, to command themselves, and keep their passions under control.

Their chief orators used to teach these doctrines in large halls, where their pupils met to listen to them: it was these halls which the Greeks called Stoa, which gave them their name. When I read how completely some of these Stoics contrived to command themselves, I am rather sorry some one does not set up a hall or two here for the same purpose.

Aurelius became one of the best of the Stoics. He was naturally weak, sometimes too weak; but he was of so humane and forgiving a temper, he drilled his passions so thoroughly, he trained himself to discharge his duties so honestly, and exercise his power so usefully, that I know no man in history upon whom it is more pleasant to think. During a long reign of nearly twenty years he did no man wrong, and was beloved by the people from end to end of the empire.

He carried on war during most of his reign; on one side against the Parthians, on another against the fierce tribes which inhabited the countries we now call Austria and Hungary. But it does not seem that these wars were of the Emperor's seeking.

In one of his campaigns against a wild, warlike race called the Quadi, he was hemmed in by the enemy, and reduced to great straits for want of water. While his men were fainting and raging from thirst, suddenly the sky grew dark, the clouds lowered, and a heavy rain fell. The thirsty soldiers

collected it in their helmets and drank eagerly. Refreshed by this unexpected relief, they fell upon the Quadi, and—helped, it is said, by the storm which frightened the rude warriors—won a great victory.

It was afterward said by some of the officers that the sudden rain had been caused by the magical art of an Egyptian wizard who was with the army. Others believed that it had been sent in answer to the prayers of a legion (or regiment) entirely composed of Christians. Many very excellent Christians said it was a miracle, expressly performed in order to prove the truth of Christianity. It was a very lucky shower for the Romans, at any rate; and Aurelius, though he was not converted by it, stopped the persecution of the Christians in consequence, and gave to the legion which had prayed the name of the “Thundering Legion.”

Aurelius had married the daughter of Antoninus, **FAUSTINA**, an infamous woman, worse even than her mother. She led so shocking a life that the Senators begged Aurelius to punish her or put her away. But he steadily refused. He said it was his duty as a philosopher to bear with her, and he bore with her very far indeed. Too far, in fact.

Once, when he fell ill, she fancied he was going to die, and wrote to a friend of hers, named **AVIDIUS**, a very able and violent general, to seize the empire. Aurelius heard of it, and was warned to beware of Avidius; but he would not remove him from his command, or show any suspicion of his loyalty. So Avidius, having made all his preparations, declared himself emperor, and made ready to march on Rome.

Aurelius, as calm as ever, gathered his soldiers together to fight ; but he was spared the trouble, for Avidius was murdered shortly afterward.

The Senate was for making examples of all who had joined him. But Aurelius would not allow any to be punished. He was sure, he said, that he had ruled Rome too faithfully to fear conspiracies ; he could afford to forgive. So the lives of all the rebels were spared.

Faustina died soon afterward, happily for her husband. He loved her so fondly and so weakly, in spite of her crimes, that he wrote a book to prove that she was an ornament to her sex.

With all his virtues, Aurelius led an unhappy life. After he had been relieved from the sorrow and shame of seeing Verus scandalize the people, misfortunes fell heavily on the empire. Earthquakes did great damage in Asia. Fires consumed several cities. The Tiber overflowed at Rome—as it does still, from time to time—and destroyed vast quantities of property, and reduced many families to beggary. To add to all, the plague came raging on from Asia, mowing down the people by the hundreds of thousands. They died in Rome at the rate of two thousand a day ; there were not enough carts and carriages to carry out the bodies.

These calamities weighed deeply on the mind of the gentle Emperor ; he grew sad and mournful, and was seldom seen to smile.

Then toward the close of his life, he had a new affliction to suffer from the conduct of his son COMMODUS, whom he had chosen to succeed him. He

was a worthless profligate, with neither talent nor spirit to redeem his vices. His father knew him well, and mourned over him; but he had not nerve enough to refuse to let him succeed to the empire. He was even so feeble as to allow his son to brow-beat him; and once when the Emperor had driven out of the house where Commodus lived a gang of reprobates who had no business there, this hopeful youth fell ill of spite and rage, and his weak old father had the rascals back again to soothe him.

When he fell ill at last, he opened his heart to his courtiers and told them how anxious he was that his boy should be guided rightly; but his words were like the wind, no one heeded them; and Marcus Aurelius died, leaving a very sad legacy to his people. His death took place at the town now called Vienna, in Austria; he was only fifty-nine years of age.

CHAPTER LXII.

COMMODUS.

A VERY sad legacy indeed was COMMODUS, the son of Marcus Aurelius.

His father had left him a number of wise counselors, who, during the first years of his reign, managed matters for him, and took charge of the empire. I am rather afraid myself that these counselors understood the empire better than the Emperor—that they bored him, and wearied him with tedious speeches about his duties; and, meanwhile, let him neglect them, and kept all the power of the state in their own hands.

However this be, about three years after he became emperor he was roughly aroused from the life of pleasure he had been leading. A sister of his, named LUCILLA, was jealous of her brother's wife; she joined with several nobles who hated Commodus, and hired a man to kill him. One evening, as he was passing through the dark narrow portico which led to his seat in the theatre, this man rushed at him, with dagger raised, crying, "The Senate sends thee this!" He had spoken too soon. Before he could strike, the guards were upon him; he was knocked down and killed.

Commodus got such a fright that he could hardly speak for some time afterward. When he recovered

his senses, he was wild with fury. He had his sister and her friends put to death to begin with ; then he made away with his old counselors, and several Senators to whom he took a dislike. Then he had his own wife murdered.

For many reigns that villainous set of men, the informers, who had flourished so proudly under Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, had not been allowed to carry on their trade at Rome. Commodus set them up again ; and, just in the old way, these scoundrels no sooner heard of a rich man than they accused him of all sorts of crimes, swore black was white, had the unfortunate man condemned, and shared his property with the Emperor.

The people—who at first had taken such a fancy to Commodus that they crowned him with flowers and laurel when he appeared in public, and paid him all sorts of compliments on his good looks, and his talent, and his virtues—the people, I say, now began to think they had made a mistake. They were quite convinced of it, when Commodus, having got rid of all his old advisers, took for a favorite one PERENNIS, a man of bad character, and generally despised.

For Perennis ruled them with a rod of iron. He trampled all the old laws as if they had been mere chaff ; sold and gave away to his friends all the offices of State ; helped himself to the public money, and treated the Romans as if they had been his cattle. Oh ! how they hated him, and ground their teeth when they saw him pass in his splendid chariot or his silken litter ! But, as yet, no man raised his

hand. The guards were all for Commodus, and Commodus was all for Perennis.

The Emperor liked him because he flattered him, and saved him the trouble of attending to the business of government. While Perennis was selling offices, Commodus was gorging himself, herding with the vilest creatures under the sun, or diverting himself with cruel sports. It is said that he was so fond of shedding blood that he sometimes disguised himself as an executioner and put criminals to death with his own hand. He often fought in public as a gladiator, and went down into the theatre and killed the wild beasts which were hunted down there. But you must not suppose from this that he was brave. When he fought, his adversary was armed with a leaden sword which bent at every stroke, while the Emperor had a strong iron sword, and heavy armor. In the same way, when he hunted lions he always took care to have a strong network (such as you see in the following engraving) between



him and the animals: from behind this he shot his arrows, or threw his spear. He was, in fact, an arrant coward.

One day, while he was at the theatre enjoying himself in this way, an old man, covered with rags, rose up and bade him, in a loud voice, beware of Perennis! Commodus grew very pale at the warning; and though he let Perennis seize the old man and burn him alive, he went home very thoughtful and disturbed. The news soon spread; and the Senators and courtiers, all of whom hated Perennis bitterly, contrived, by a thousand dark hints, to increase the Emperor's fears and fan his suspicions. Perennis had a son who was away with the army. The courtiers found some pieces of money on which the head of this son was engraved; they bore them to Commodus, and asked him would he let this fellow usurp the empire without a struggle?

Still the imperial coward faltered, and could not make up his mind what to do. At last a deputation arrived at Rome from Britain to accuse Perennis. The Britons, it seems, were very manly men, and spoke their mind plainly about the favorite—so plainly that Commodus could hold out no longer. He gave orders to seize Perennis. The soldiers were ready enough. They caught the wretched man, tore him limb from limb, and threw his mangled remains into the public sewers. So there was an end of the first favorite in this reign.

Then Commodus, whose mind had received a terrible shock from these troubles, promised to amend his life and govern justly. He kept his promise

just thirty days. At the end of the month he set up a new favorite. This was a man named CLEANDER, a Phrygian by birth, who had been brought to Rome by a slave-dealer, and sold for about a hundred dollars as a porter. The Emperor saw him, took a fancy to him, made him his steward, and afterward his head minister and favorite.

Cleander cared for nothing but money. To make money he not only sold offices like Perennis, but sold them over and over again to different parties. He sold the consulship twenty-five times in one year. Most of the money went into the Emperor's pocket, and the pair had a pleasant time.

While they were disgracing mankind in every way, they pretended to be the greatest rulers Rome ever had. Commodus gave out that the least the world could do to honor him was to call the age in which he lived the Commodan era. He ordered that Rome should be called Commodiana, and the Romans Commodiani; and as he had twelve names of one kind or other, he directed that they should be given to the twelve months of the year.

All this childishness and much more the people bore for a while; after a time they rose again, and demanded the death of Cleander. This time it was a young girl of great beauty who sprang out of the crowd and begged Commodus to get rid of his favorite. He was as terribly scared as before; but, as usual, the person who was nearest him ruled him, and Cleander kept his place. Then the people rose in fury, and said that, come what might, they would have Cleander's head.

He mustered the guards and charged the people, killing great numbers. But the riot still went on; and every moment the crowd grew larger and more noisy around the palace. Commodus was inside, stuffing himself, and playing dice with his worthless associates. In rushed his sister, with loose hair and disordered dress, screaming that if Cleander were not given up the crowd would soon be in the palace. "Oh! if that is all," said the Emperor, "let them have him, and say no more about it."

So they cut his head off and threw it to the crowd; butchered his children in like manner, and his friends; tore down his statues, and destroyed his property. Then the mob was appeased; and the trembling coward, Commodus, having made sure of the people's temper, ventured to show his livid face at a window, and was cheered lustily.

He had no more favorites after this, and the people hoped he would reform. But he grew, if any thing, worse than before. The stories which are told of his cruelty are almost incredible. He took a fiendish delight in torturing criminals; and having been told by some Senator that he resembled Hercules, he invented a barbarous game to heighten the resemblance. Hercules was said to have killed dragons. Commodus had a number of lame and paralytic persons disguised as dragons, and let himself loose upon them with a club, and killed them in public.

You will not be surprised to hear that there was no end to the plots against this hideous monster. For a time, they all came to his ears; and, of course,

he showed no pity to the conspirators. These plots, however, had one happy result. They made Commodus very wretched, and more cowardly than ever. He stood in such fear of his life that he dared not let his barber shave him for fear he should cut his throat, and used to have his beard burned off his chin.

At last, in the end of December, in the year one hundred and ninety-two, he resolved to inaugurate the new year by putting the two Consuls to death out of pure sport. He was foolish enough to tell his secret to a woman named MARCIA, of whom he was fond; she went out instantly, and with two friends, named LÆTUS and ECLECTUS, arranged to rid the world of him.

It was the last day of the year. At evening Commodus bathed as usual, and on leaving the bath called for wine. Marcia brought him a goblet of poisoned wine, which he drank. He fell asleep almost directly; but after sleeping an hour or two he rose, feeling very ill.

The conspirators were shocked at his recovery; but the Emperor's physician, who was in the plot, helped them out of the difficulty by advising Commodus to take some violent exercise, such as wrestling. He was very fond of wrestling, and said he would. They called in a hired ruffian, who very quickly overthrew the Emperor, and grasping his throat firmly, held him till he died.

Horrible as this monster's character was, and deeply as he was hated, he had reigned over the Roman empire for twelve years.

CHAPTER LXIII.

PERTINAX.—DIDIUS.

DURING the first six months of the year one hundred and ninety-three, no less than five emperors were set up in various parts of the empire. Of these, three actually reigned at Rome. I shall make short work of the two first, who reigned less than three months apiece.

Late at night, on the last day of the year, Lætus and his friends left the dead body of Commodus where it lay, with blackened face and distorted features, and ran to PERTINAX, the Mayor of Rome, to ask would he be emperor? He was greatly surprised at their visit, and supposing at first that Commodus had sent them to kill him, bade them strike boldly, for he was ready to die. When they assured him that the tyrant was really dead, he said he would be emperor if they chose. So they all took horse and rode through the dark streets of Rome to the walled barrack of the guards outside the city.

When they entered the barrack they roused the guards. Lætus told them the Emperor had just died of apoplexy, and he had come to propose a new emperor—Pertinax—who was, as they knew, an excellent man. They asked, Would Pertinax give them much money, for they must have a great deal?

And Lætus answered, Oh yes, he would give them no end of money! Then the guards said it was all right, and Pertinax should be emperor.

Pertinax and Lætus mounted their horses again, and rode to the Senate-house, where the Senators were sitting to see the new year in. Lætus said the same things there, and the Senators, who were always glad to kick a dead emperor, or beslaver a live one, shouted one and all that Commodus's death was a good riddance, and that Pertinax was the very man for them.

So Pertinax began his short reign. He was a very good old man, and had proved himself an able soldier and a wise statesman. But an angel could not have ruled Rome so long as the guards were there.

Three days after Pertinax began to reign, the guards rose against him. He went out to treat with them, and by giving them immense sums of money (to obtain which he had to sell all the furniture of the palace and all the property of the late Emperor) he contrived to quiet them.

A few days afterward Lætus, who had had a chief hand in making away with Commodus, laid a plot to murder Pertinax also. It was discovered, and many persons were arrested. The Senate was for putting them to death, as a matter of course, and for once, perhaps, the Senators were right; but Pertinax said that during his reign no Roman should be executed, and they were spared. Lætus was so crafty that he even contrived to retain his rank and office near the Emperor.

So matters went on—the people being well pleased with Pertinax, who ruled them justly and well—till the twenty-eighth of March. On that day the guards, ravenous for plunder, resolved to overthrow the government; and three hundred of them started from the barrack in broad daylight to kill the Emperor.

He heard of their coming, and sent Lætus—of all persons in the world—to treat with them. He, of course, took care not to meet them; and on they came, brandishing their lances, through the startled streets, into the very palace.

Some of the courtiers entreated Pertinax to fly; but the dauntless old man walked straight to meet the three hundred, and fearlessly rebuked them for their mutinous behavior. Some hesitated; but one fellow (a native of the country we call Belgium) raised his lance and thrust it into the Emperor's body. He had only time to call on Jupiter for vengeance, when the whole three hundred fell upon him and slaughtered him.

Then the three hundred marched back through the streets to their barracks, carrying the gray head of Pertinax on the point of a lance, and no man in all that great city had the heart to meddle with them.

When they reached their comrades the question was, Who should be emperor now? Said one of the guards, "Let us choose the man who will give us most money." And all shouted, Yes, that was the best way.

So they sent two or three men with very strong

voices to the top of the barrack wall, and bade them shout that whoever promised most money to the guards should be emperor. The men with the strong voices shouted with all their might, and in a twinkling the news went through Rome that the empire was for sale.

It chanced that there was in the barracks at that very time an old man named SULPICIANUS. He was the father-in-law of Pertinax, and had been sent to the guards on business by him. Being very rich, and very heartless, and very foolish, he said, when he heard the proposal of the guards, that he would give so much for the empire. And those who heard him shouted, "So much is bid."

In the city there was another rich and foolish man whose name was DIDIUS JULIANUS. He was at dinner when the news of the auction was spread, and his wife and friends came rushing in to him to say the empire was for sale, and he was the man to buy it. He thought so too; so he girt up his coat and hurried off to the wall of the barracks, and cried to the guards that he would give so much.

Then a guard ran off to where Sulpicianus was, and told him Didius had bid over him. At this Sulpicianus bid over Didius, and the guard ran back again; and once more Didius bid over Sulpicianus, and away went the guard once more. So the bidding went on between the two, one outside, the other inside the barrack wall, till Sulpicianus bid a sum equal to six hundred and twenty-five dollars of our money to each soldier of the guards. Then Didius Julianus, to end the matter, bid one

fourth more, and the empire was knocked down to him.

There were about fifteen thousand guards in the barracks at the time, so that the new Emperor must have paid a sum equal to over eleven millions of dollars of our money for his miserable lease of power.

He went to the Senate, where, of course, he was acknowledged without difficulty, and finished his dinner at the palace in very high spirits. As the night advanced, however, he grew very serious and thoughtful.

Not without cause. Three other emperors started up within a few days, as if one was not too many: one in Asia, another in Britain, a third in Germany. All these pretended to be the only true and genuine emperor.

The one in Germany, SEVERUS, had a strong army under his orders, and made ready to march on Rome.

Poor Didius was in agony at the news. He ran to the people and besought them to take up arms in his cause. But they answered that he had better apply to the guards who had sold him his title. He did apply to the guards; but these debauched, idle wretches, who could murder but could not fight, were very slow to answer his appeal. He even went to the priests and implored them to go out to reason with Severus in their priestly robes; but they turned their backs on him. In the end the miserable Emperor shut himself up in his palace, and tried to make a magical charm that would take away his rival's life.

All this while on came Severus, marching twen-

ty miles a day, no one opposing him. He halted about seventy miles from Rome, and sent to the guards to know what they intended to do. They answered hastily, Nothing at all, provided Severus would let them have a little money. They sold Didius a great deal cheaper than he had bought them.

To the Senate, too, he sent, and that worthy body decreed at once that Didius must die. They sent executioners to him accordingly. He screamed, and cried that he had done no wrong he knew of, and oh! would they spare his life and let him live in ever so small a hole? But the executioners dragged him into a bath-room, and cut off his head without the least hesitation.

He had only lived sixty-six days after buying the name of Emperor.

CHAPTER LXIV.

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

THE new emperor, SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, was a native of Africa, though of Roman descent. He was a vigorous man and an able soldier; so superstitious withal, that having met with a lady in the East to whom it had been foretold that she should be an empress, he married her directly. The prophecy had now come true, as often happens when success is foretold to men of strong will and courage.

His first business when he arrived at Rome was to settle with the guards. They were a little uneasy in their minds, as they had heard that the new emperor had said it was a shameful scandal to sell the empire; but when he sent them a message to say he would like to see them the next day, at such a place, without arms, to take the oath of fidelity to him, their fears vanished, and they began, as usual, to count up how much it was likely they might get from Severus. At the hour fixed they went to the place appointed. They were rather surprised to see a great body of troops under arms there; and quite alarmed when these troops formed a circle around them, and inclosed them in the centre with couched lances. While their coward hearts were beating, the Emperor rode up to them and told them he had sent for them to punish them. He told them they

were cowards, traitors, and murderers, as they knew very well; that they had disgraced the empire and the city, and that he would not allow them to pollute Rome during his reign.

This was very plain language, and the Emperor's actions were plainer still. The three hundred ruffians who had murdered Pertinax he put to death; the rest of the guards he sent away into the country, warning them that they would forfeit their lives if they ventured within a hundred miles of Rome.

They would have resisted; but he had filled their barracks with his own soldiers, and seized the arms. So they sulkily scattered throughout Italy, and at last Rome was happily rid of them.

The people hoped they had seen the last of the ruffianly tyrants; but, after a year or two, Severus gathered a chosen band of soldiers of his own, gave them the name, pay, and barracks of the old guards, and thus matters were placed on the old footing.

I mentioned in the last chapter that on the death of Pertinax three emperors had sprung up, one in Britain, and one in Asia, besides Severus, who was now at Rome. He determined to be sole emperor. To his rival in Britain, **CLODIUS ALBINUS**, he sent friendly messages, offering to make him his heir; and when he had quieted him, he collected a great army, and marched with all speed against his rival in Asia, **PESCENNIUS NIGER**.

Niger seems to have been a thorough soldier. He kept his army in such order that he hanged a private for stealing a fowl; and would not allow any wine to be drunk, or any silver plate to be used even

by his chief officers. For all this strict discipline, he could not hold his own against Severus; he was beaten, once, twice, thrice, and at last caught and killed. Byzantium, that great city on the Hellespont which we call Constantinople, and which afterward figured so largely in Roman history, took part with Niger, and stood a three years' siege; being defended with great obstinacy by its citizens, and with marvelous skill by a native engineer. But in the end Severus took it by famine, and cruelly punished its people.

Then he turned against Albinus, who was in Britain. As swift as usual, Severus marched away into Gaul, while Albinus, having gathered a great army of Britons and Gauls, moved slowly southward to meet him. They fought near the town of Lyons; and Albinus nearly won the day, it is said, by digging pitfalls, covering them over with thin sticks and earth, and enticing the enemy into them. But it seems there were enough left on solid ground to cut his army to pieces: he was beaten, with great slaughter. He was himself among the killed, and they say that Severus, after having his head cut off, actually made his horse trample the headless trunk of his dead rival.

Severus was, I think, a very fair average emperor; you may judge what times these must have been when a man who deserves this praise could ride his horse over the lifeless body of one whom he had adopted only a short while before to be his heir.

At Rome, during all these contests, there was great misery and disgust. The people had come to

hate war ; the nobles and the Senate hated Severus. They were foolish enough to let him know it, and openly to declare that they preferred Pescennius Niger and Albinus ; for which piece of boldness—it was a singular contrast to their general conduct—over forty of them were put to death.

Severus, being now sole emperor, might have ruled well, and made himself a great name, if he could have remained quiet. But his restless spirit was always craving for war ; and after a short stay at Rome, away he went to fight the Parthians and Arabs.

He was six years at it, fighting bloody battles, besieging great cities, storming strong forts, and doing an incalculable amount of mischief ; and at the end of the sixth year he found that he had absolutely won nothing with all his toil and trouble but a very bad name among the people of Asia. Brooding over the reflection, he returned to Rome to try peace for a while.

He was old now, and he had spent his strength and energy in these wars of his. When he tried to settle down at Rome, he fell into the hands of a favorite, who ruled him. This fellow, whose name was **PLAUTIAN**, was a horrible villain ; led an infamous life ; sold offices ; plundered rich people ; and murdered every body who did not do his bidding. Yet so thoroughly did he keep the Emperor under control that one day, when Severus gave an order to an officer, the latter insolently answered that he would see what Plautian wanted before he obeyed.

Severus had two sons. The elder, whose name

was BASSIANUS, but who was nicknamed CARACALLA, from his always wearing a long coat with a hood, was a wild, dissolute youth, fond of pleasure, cruelty, and wickedness; the younger, GETA, was less depraved, but very idle and mischievous. The two brothers had hated each other from their cradle; fought at every step of their lives; could not meet without wrangling.

Severus made Caracalla marry PLAUTILLA, the daughter of Plautian. Now if there was any one in the world whom Caracalla hated more than his brother, it was Plautian. He was jealous of him, and chafed fiercely at the quiet way in which Plautian ruled his father. He obeyed Severus, and married Plautilla; but he would never see her, and brutally sent her word that he would some day be revenged on her for her impudence in becoming his wife.

So, as the people and Senate all hated Plautian, now that Caracalla took their side, the favorite had hard work to keep his place. Once they very nearly upset him; and for a few days people said his race was run. He was a very crafty rogue, however; and after a short disgrace, he regained the Emperor's favor. If he had been wise, he would have seized the opportunity to escape with his ill gotten wealth; but imperial favorites are always blind.

One night as the Emperor slept, he dreamed he saw the ghost of Albinus stalk into his bedroom with noiseless tread, approach his bedside with a long bright dagger, and stab him to the heart. Superstitious as he was, this dream troubled Severus

greatly; he asked all his wise men what it meant, and they, who hated Plautian, declared that it was a warning to the Emperor to beware of the favorite.

Severus sent for him, and began gently to chide him for his ingratitude. Plautian, struck dumb with amazement, was going to reply, when Caracalla sprang up in fury, tore Plautian's sword from his side, and struck him with his fist in the face. He would have killed him, but for the interference of his father. As it was, the old man could only obtain of his headstrong son that Plautian should be put to death, then and there, by a guard. It was so done.

A short while after this, Severus could no longer endure a peaceful life, and led an army into Britain. The Britons were much harassed by invasions from the savage tribes who lived in the northern part of their island. Severus tried hard to crush these tribes, and fought them day after day, and week after week, for three years. It cost him fifty thousand of his best troops, who perished miserably in the Scottish marshes and bogs, and, after all, the wild northerners were not conquered. Severus strengthened, and in part rebuilt the great wall which had been begun by Hadrian to keep them out; but they came over it for all that.

You will find, if you should read that curious book of poems called the Poems of Ossian, a great deal said of a brave and noble chief whose name was Fingal. This Fingal is said to have been one of the leaders of the wild men of Northern Britain against Severus. If he was, I think he deserved to triumph over the Romans; Severus, with all his good quali-

ties, makes but a sorry figure beside him. But whether there ever was a chief named Fingal, or a poet named Ossian, is, as you know, a matter of some doubt.

Severus had set his heart on leaving the empire to his sons, and fitting them for the task of ruling. Caracalla he had admitted, some time before, to a share of the power with the name of Emperor. Now this hopeful youth laid a plot to dethrone his father. It came to the ears of Severus, who was cruelly shocked at his son's ingratitude. At first he thought of punishing him; but his love for his boy prevailed in the end, and he forgave him.

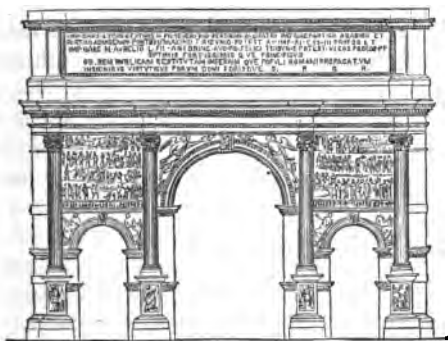
Caracalla promised to be a dutiful son after this; and the next time he went out riding with his father he dropped behind him, drew his sword, and ran at him to kill him. The guards set up a loud cry at the shocking sight. Severus turned sharply round and saw his unworthy son with his sword raised.

He went sorrowfully home, and sent for Caracalla. When he came, he found his father lying on his bed. The old man reproached him with his villainy, and said, "If you want to kill me, take that sword and do it now. You are young and strong; I am old and infirm, helpless on this bed. You can easily kill me. Strike!" The murderer cowered, and slunk out of his father's presence.

The old Emperor did not last long after this scene. When he lay on his death-bed (at York, in England), tossing and groaning in his pain, he complained bitterly that all his victories had led to nothing, and that having raised himself above every

one in the world, he was the most miserable man it contained. Still, to the last, his restlessness clung to him. The day he died, the guard asked him for the countersign. He gave, "Let us be up and doing!"

He was sixty-five when he died, and had reigned nearly eighteen years. He is best remembered now by a triumphal arch which he set up at Rome in honor of these wretched wars of his in Asia: it is still standing, and is one of the most conspicuous and best preserved monuments in the Forum. He is also remembered, to his disgrace, as the author of a cruel persecution of the Christians, who were very numerous in his reign, and very savagely hated by all the vicious people in the empire.



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

CHAPTER LXV.

CARACALLA.—MACRINUS.—ELAGABALUS.

THE moment Severus was dead, his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, whom he had appointed to succeed him as joint emperors, started to go to Rome. Almost the last entreaty of their father to those two young men was that they should love each other; but each knew the other too well to waste time in attempting any thing of the kind.

They traveled at full speed across Britain and Gaul into Italy; not daring to eat together for fear of poison; not daring to sleep in the same house for fear of nightly assassins; and each fuming and fretting lest the other should arrive first at Rome and seize the sovereign power. They arrived together, and went straight to the palace, which they divided between them (it was large enough for a dozen emperors, and covered several acres of ground); and on the division line, each posted a strong force of guards at every door, and window, and passage.

In the midst of all these precautions and brotherly attentions they had to bury their father, whose ashes they had brought from Britain. They honored his memory in a strange manner. A wax image of his body was made, and laid in the imperial bed; and the court physicians gave out that the Emperor Severus was very ill. Next day the Senators (who

knew very well he was dead) flocked to the palace to inquire how he was, and the physicians answered he was very ill, poor man! Next day, same farce, and the day after that; till the seventh day, when the physicians appeared in public with very long faces, and said the good old Emperor was dead and gone at last. Then they burned him, wax figure and all; taking good care to fasten an eagle on the top of the funeral pile, to fly away with his soul to heaven.

His widow, the new emperors' mother, JULIA, was made very unhappy by the quarrels of her sons. She could hardly prevent their falling on each other in the streets; and she bewailed her sad fate in having given birth to two such bitter enemies. One day Caracalla went to her, and told her that he had determined to make friends with his brother, no matter how: let her bring them together, and they would be reconciled in her presence.

The good woman was overjoyed at the news, and sent for Geta directly. He was loth to obey: he knew his brother too well. But Julia insisted: he went to her room and found Caracalla there. They had begun to speak, when Caracalla made a signal. Several armed men sprang out of a closet and fell upon Geta. He flew to his mother, crying, "Mother, they want to murder me!" She clasped him in her arms. But in her arms they killed him, Caracalla himself striking him with his sword. When he fell, his mother's gray hairs and widow's dress were bedabbled with his blood.

Caracalla ran directly to the guards and told

them a long story about an attack having been made on himself and his brother; adding, that he had happily escaped, but that Geta had fallen. No one believed him. But that mattered little. When he offered money to the guards, they said they were satisfied, and so he began to reign alone.

From a man who had murdered his brother and tried to murder his father, you know what might be expected. During the six years of Caracalla's infamous reign he proved himself a worthy rival of Caligula and Nero; and worse than either of these, for his cruelties and his horrible oppressions afflicted the whole Roman empire, while theirs had been confined for the most part to the city of Rome.

Having killed his brother, he next butchered all his friends, and every one who seemed to regret him. His old mother only saved her life by smiling and appearing pleased whenever she saw the murderer. A famous lawyer (whose opinions are quoted in the courts to this day), PAPINIAN, he executed because, when the Emperor had asked him to make a speech in his favor, he boldly replied that it was easier to commit a parricide than to defend it. It is said that he put to death in all twenty thousand persons in the city of Rome alone.

Two or three years afterward it came to his knowledge that the people of the great and rich city of Alexandria, in Egypt, had spoken ill of him on account of the murder of his brother. He marched thither with a great army, summoned all the young men of the place to meet him, massacred them all, then let his soldiers loose on the place for three

days, bidding them plunder, burn, and kill till their strength failed them.

This frantic madman fancied he bore some resemblance to ALEXANDER THE GREAT of Macedon. His courtiers assured him that he was the perfect image of Alexander in every way. In order to keep up the likeness, he resolved to carry on great wars. So he ravaged Gaul and Germany, and once, at least, got badly beaten by the brave Germans, and was forced to buy peace with an enormous sum of money; ravaged Parthia, and other Asiatic countries as well; sometimes victorious, sometimes beaten, but always bloody-minded, cruel, and cowardly.

The Romans, for their part, were very glad when he was away. They lived a life of wearing misery while he was at Rome. Like most bad men, he was continually haunted by visions: he would fancy he saw his brother or his father at his bedside of a night, coming to take vengeance on him; even in daylight, he could not bear to be left alone. When he had been badly frightened by these fits of remorse, he would soothe his feelings by butchering some of the citizens. He made a dancer general of the army, and a chariot-driver his chief counselor, and seemed to try how he could best show his contempt for the people.

To the army he was always liberal, and they liked him in return. He used to say openly, that he wished the time would come when he could seize all the property of the empire and give it to his dear soldiers. As it was, he coined base money in order to reward them by cheating the people; and gave to all

the males in the empire the empty right of citizenship, in order to be able to tax them the more heavily.

He kept in his pay at Rome a pack of idle fellows who pretended to be able to read the future by a number of absurd tricks ; and while he was away at the seat of war in Asia, these fellows would send him all sorts of messages for his guidance and information. One day there arrived from these prophets a letter warning Caracalla to beware of one MACRINUS. It chanced that the letter fell into the hands of this very Macrinus. He knew what he might expect if Caracalla read it : he kept it to himself, and hired a soldier to kill the Emperor.

The deed was quickly done. Caracalla set out on a journey to Emesa, a few days afterward. On the way, he alighted from his horse ; the murderer walked up to him and struck him dead.

When the news of his death spread, the soldiers wailed and groaned over him as though he had not been a curse to mankind. And out of all the army there was no man who wailed and groaned so loudly as Macrinus. The way he wept over the poor, dear, good Emperor, was touching in the extreme.

After three days of this severe affliction, he said he would master his feelings and be emperor himself, if the soldiers had no objection ; and not having a better man at hand, they chose him accordingly. He sent word to the Senate, and though at first there was some objection to him, as he was an African of low birth, and had his ears pierced for ear-rings like many of the slaves, in the end he was acknowledged, and all went on smoothly.

He forced Caracalla's mother to starve herself to death, and put out of the way a few other friends of the late Emperor's ; but no one thought any thing of this. He would have got on very well, probably, but that he, too, tried his hand at a war with the Parthians, who beat him in two successive battles, and forced him to pay over an immense sum of money. This disgusted the soldiers, who said—and rightly too, I dare say—that the Moor Macrinus was a coward.

Their murmurs reached the ears of a very bold and high-spirited lady, named JULIA MÆSA—the sister of Julia, Caracalla's mother—who was living at Emesa, in Syria. She had two daughters, each of whom had a son. She determined to make a bold stroke for the elder of these two grandsons of hers. She had great wealth ; with this she easily bought up a legion or two, and made ready to conquer the empire.

Her grandson, who had a string of names too long to enumerate here, was best known by that of ELAGABALUS, which he borrowed from the sun-god of the Syrians. He was a tall, handsome boy, about thirteen years of age, and bore some resemblance to his second cousin, Caracalla. This helped him with the soldiers, who were not forgetful of the favor Caracalla had always shown them.

When Macrinus heard of the revolt, he sent a detachment of troops to put it down, and wrote to the Senate that a couple of women had been doing mischief, and would be shortly chastised. But in a few days he received a parcel wrapped in fine linen, and addressed to him : when he opened it, he found it

contained the head of the commander of the detachment he had sent to Emesa.

Then he saw the matter was serious. He gathered his army together and marched to meet his rival. Julia Mæsa had collected an army too; they met near Antioch, and a bloody battle was fought. Fortune seemed to favor Macrinus; he was about to win the day, when his heart failed him, as it had often done before, and he ran away. This disgusted his soldiers to that degree that they deserted his standard and joined Elagabalus.

In his flight Macrinus was caught and put to death, after having reigned over the empire about fourteen months.

So now the emperor was a child not fourteen, who had done nothing all his life but dress in fine clothes and jewels, and worship the sun in his great temple at Emesa. He was naturally a willful boy, with wicked propensities and filthy habits; and I dare say if the world had been searched for the worst place for him, not one could have been found to answer as well as the Imperial Palace at Rome.

Thither he went—this boy-emperor—with his mother and grandmother, and a long string of Syrian nurses and attendants. That unlucky Senate, on receiving the letter from Macrinus which I have mentioned, had straightway declared Elagabalus and his mother, and all his kith and kin, public enemies. They were now made to smart for it in prisons, and on scaffolds, in the old way.

To make up for the Senators who were killed, Julia Mæsa and her daughter had seats in the Sen-

ate, and took part in its discussions. It was something new to the Romans to see women-Senators, and they showed their dislike of it as openly as they dared; but the women enjoyed it amazingly; so much so, that the Emperor's mother set up a female Senate as well, to make laws about fashions, and dress, and etiquette. I dare say there was a good deal of talking done in that body.

All this time the child-emperor was behaving like a froward, foolish, bad boy. He dressed in silk which cost prodigiously dear; wore bracelets and collars of gold, and a tiara of gold on his head, in the Eastern fashion: painted his face, and slept on silver beds under perfumed feathers and silks. Some-



THE TIARA.

times he pretended to be a woman, and dressed in female dress, had himself called Madam, and Empress, and even got married to a chariot-driver, named **HIEROCLES**, of whom he was fond. He was a gluttonous boy, and fed voraciously; had dinners at which tongues of nightingales and peacocks were served up; offered great rewards for new sauces and new dishes, and thought nothing of killing a cook who made a dish that didn't please him. The Romans were greatly disgusted at all this folly; but what could they expect from a Syrian boy?

I am not surprised myself, considering his age and education, and the vile herd of courtiers who surrounded him, that he did worse things than these. That he married four wives—the young reprobate!—and got rid of them all after a few weeks' marriage, strangling some, exiling others. That he led a horribly profligate and debauched life; so profligate as even to shock the hardened nobles of Rome. Or that he spent the revenue of the state in building a great temple to the Syrian sun-god; and when it was built, publicly married the god to Venus, the Roman goddess of love, and capered and danced in his silken robes round the altar at the marriage feast.

His old grandmother saw all these crimes and follies, and began to repent that she had made him emperor. She went to him, and said he must appoint his cousin, **ALEXANDER SEVERUS** (another grandson of hers), to be his heir. Elagabalus, who did not like his cousin, answered that he would rather not. But his grandmother insisting, he gave way, and Alexander was regularly appointed.

The wicked boy chuckled to himself as he thought how easily he would outwit his grandmother. Choosing a quiet day, when he knew his cousin was in the palace, he sent a party of guards to murder him. It chanced, however, that the guards were out of temper with Elagabalus: after a little reflection they rose in a body and marched against him instead.

They caught the wretched boy, and thought to make away with him at once. But he prayed so earnestly to be spared, and promised so firmly to mend his life, and to give them more money than heretofore, that they agreed to spare him. They made him promise to put away all his vile companions. He pleaded piteously for his friend the chariot-driver Hierocles. "Take all," he said, "but leave me my dear Hierocles!" But the guards were firm; and Hierocles, who richly deserved his fate, was given up and executed. With this sacrifice, a good deal of money, and ever so many solemn oaths from the boy-emperor, the guards were satisfied.

He had no sooner escaped this peril than he began to plot vengeance against the soldiers. He was such an idiot that they soon found out what he was doing. On a day fixed they rose again, and this time they resolved to make an end of him.

He was warned, and ran, with his mother, to hide himself. He took shelter in a dark and loathsome outhouse, and lay there, trembling and crying in his mother's arms, when the guards found him. They soon dragged him out, killed him and his mother, kicked their bodies through the streets till there

was nothing human in their appearance, then threw them into the Tiber.

He was barely eighteen at the time of his death, and had not reigned four years. Yet so infamous were his vices that his name has become a proverb, and his character is as well known as that of any Roman emperor.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

NOW there was another boy-emperor, but a good one, for a wonder. Young Alexander Severus, the grandson of Julia Mæsa, had a good mother, MAMÆA, who is suspected of being at least half a Christian. He was thirteen at the time he began to reign; but, unlike his cousin, he was very submissive to his mother and grandmother, and the two women ruled the empire in his name.

As he grew up his good qualities strengthened themselves. He was frugal and temperate; loved the people, and tried to do them good; put down the herds of informers and other vermin who had infested Rome under the late emperors; respected the Senate, and always acted as though he were the servant, not the master, of the people.

Some said he was a Christian. I do not think so. He had no religion, but saw good points in all, and respected all. He built a fine temple, in which all the religions of the Roman world were represented, and all the men who had done good to mankind. There was SOLON there, and MOSES; ABRAHAM and ORPHEUS; CATO and ALEXANDER; and in the same temple stood a statue of CHRIST. To us to-day there appears something blasphemous in this, but in a Roman emperor of the third century it

showed a worthy spirit of tolerance. Severus liked the Christians, and had many of them about him and in his service. Some of the greatest of the early Christian writers have shown their gratitude by commemorating his virtues.

He was a Christian in one point. He believed that the great maxim of the Gospel—"As ye would that men should do to you, so do ye to them"—was the corner-stone of all true morality. He had the words engraven on brass and on stone, and placed over the doors of the palace and several of the public buildings. In his conversation he constantly repeated them, and made all his friends and servants learn them, and keep them ever in mind.

When I think of this Syrian boy, in the heart of depraved, rotten Rome—in the teeth of the debauched courtiers and reptile Senate, singling out this golden rule of conduct, and striving to make it his own and others' guide through life, I am lost in admiration; though my admiration turns to pity when I see what small fruit sprang from such excellent seed.

Alexander was very respectful and submissive to his grandmother. Too submissive, in fact. This old woman had made up her mind to be the real Emperor of Rome, and she was so for many years. She had a hankering after money and power. To obtain the first, she committed many unjust acts, and despoiled several rich persons, always in Alexander's name. To secure the last, she kept her grandson tied to her skirt. When he married, she grew jealous of his wife, and forced him to put her

away (though she was innocent and virtuous), and subject her to cruel hardship.

Worse than his grandmother were those pests the guards. They were never quiet for a twelvemonth. They would rise, and rise, and rise again, time after time, and wrench money from the Emperor, till he had hardly enough left to keep up the palace. They feared neither god nor man. When one of Alexander's counselors—the great lawyer ULPIAN—tried to check their turbulence, they rose in a fury, and actually tore him in pieces before the Emperor's face.

Now and then the intolerable behavior of these ruffians roused the people to arms. Then there would be fights in the streets, in which the people generally got the worst, and hundreds of lives were lost. Once, during Alexander's reign, the Romans, finding that neither their wives nor their property were safe, rose with one accord, and fought for three days with the guards. The people won the victory. But the guards, when they found themselves beaten, began to set fire to the city; and the victorious citizens, to save their property, were forced to pay a large sum of money to these bandits.

Alexander saw all this, and could not help it. He was no great favorite with the soldiers, as it was. On one or two occasions he had punished some of them severely; and a very little would have induced them to turn against him and set up some one else. A strong man like Septimius Severus would have braved the danger and put the guards down, or died in the attempt. But Alexander was too mild and weak for that.

After eight years' reign, war broke out in the Roman dominions in Asia. The Persians had risen under their great king, ARTAXERXES, and invaded the Roman provinces. Alexander led an army against them, and after two years marching and counter-marching, came up with Artaxerxes on the bank of the Euphrates and defeated him.

He had little time to enjoy his victory. News came that the Germans had risen and were ravaging Gaul. So Alexander had to take ship with all his army, and hasten back to Europe, and to Gaul.

The tide had turned. In the early lifetime of the republic it was the Gauls who swooped down upon Italy and ravaged it. Under the later republic, and the earlier empire, it was the Romans who carried fire and sword into Gaul and ravaged it. It was now the turn of the Gauls again. You shall see with what interest they repaid their Roman tyrants.

Alexander landed in Gaul and began his march. But before he had gone a great way he was waylaid by a troop of assassins, and murdered, together with his mother.

He was but twenty-nine at the time. Had he lived, he would probably have been one of the greatest sovereigns of Rome. As it is, considering the temptations to which he was exposed, and the mastery his grandmother had obtained over him, I think we can afford to say he was a good emperor.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MAXIMIN.—GORDIAN I. AND II.—MAXIMUS.—BALBINUS.—
GORDIAN III.

DURING the nine years which followed the murder of Alexander Severus, no less than six emperors reigned. Their reigns are so mixed up together, that I shall put them all into one chapter.

The first of the six was MAXIMIN, who had hired the murderers to kill Alexander. He was a Thracian by birth. He first went to Rome under Septimius Severus, and attracted great notice by his size and strength. They say he was eight feet high, and that he would eat forty pounds of meat, washed down with seven gallons of wine, in a day; but I think the feet, and the pounds and the gallons, must have been small of their kind. However, he was no doubt very strong, and overthrew, one after another, the best wrestlers at Rome, to the number of a dozen or more; was so active as well, that he ran by the side of the Emperor's horse while the animal was at full gallop, without feeling tired by the exercise.

Severus thought so much of his skill and strength that he made him an officer; and so, in course of time, he came to command an army, and when he had murdered his emperor, to be chosen in his room by the soldiers.

He was, in truth, at best a brutal savage, more like a bear than a man. After killing Alexander, he sent a number of his friends to keep him company—among them, all the Christians whom he had promoted. As he was ignorant and coarse, he hated all who possessed learning and refinement; and whenever they fell in his way he put them to death likewise. Some he crucified; others he thrust into the skins of wild beasts and hunted down; and not a few he made his soldiers batter to death with clubs—himself, like a great brutal giant, battering away in their midst.

The only thing this brute did during his reign was to ravage Germany. He fought the Germans for the space of two years, and boasted that during that time he had laid waste four hundred miles of territory, burning the towns and villages, and slaughtering every living thing he met on his way. Ah, what a store of vengeance these Germans were laying up for the Romans!

Every body hated Maximin. All over the empire people waited anxiously to hear of his death, and hoped that some one would rise against him and dethrone him.

After a time there did arise a band of rebels in Africa, who quickly put to death the governor Maximin had set over them. They looked about for an emperor to take his place, and saw no one so much to their mind as a very old and virtuous officer whose name was GORDIAN. He was eighty years of age at the time, and thought, and rightly too, that it was time for him to have done with

public life. He said as much to the rebels; but they bluntly answered that he must either be emperor or die.

He asked them would they let his son, a man of forty or so, whose name was GORDIAN too, be emperor with him, to share the burdens of government? They said they had no objection: and the two Gordians, father and son, were led to Carthage (which had risen from its ruins and was a flourishing city once more) and crowned emperors as Gordian the First and Gordian the Second.

Word was sent to Rome directly, and the Senate was asked would it acknowledge the Gordians?

For many years there had never been such joy at Rome as there was when the news arrived. Not only on account of the hatred every one bore to Maximin, which indeed was intense enough to make the Romans rejoice at the prospect of any new emperor, but also because the Gordians were known and respected, both from their own virtues and their descent from the famous Gracchi. They were proclaimed emperors with great rejoicings, and every one swore to defend them to the death.

So now the parts were changed. Carthage was ruling Rome.

When Maximin, who was in Germany still, heard of the revolution, he raged more like a wild beast than a man. He rolled himself on the ground, and gnashed his teeth, and tore his clothes; then he rose and hewed and hacked the walls of his house with his sword, like a great overgrown senseless giant as he was. But all this rage did him little

good. His soldiers were very cool indeed; and when he proposed to them to march on Rome and burn down the whole city, they hung back and said they would think of it.

Meanwhile more changes took place. A Roman officer in Africa rose against the Gordians, and led an army up to Carthage. Gordian the younger armed the people as best he could; he had, somehow, no regular troops in the place; out into the plain he led a band of men, some with spades, some axes, some pitchforks, in their hands. These being without discipline or proper means of defense, were routed and slain for the most part; their chief, Gordian the son, being one of the first killed. When the fugitives ran into Carthage bearing the bad news, Gordian the father said he had foreseen it all along, and went home and hanged himself. So there was a speedy end of the Gordians.

Maximin hoped that their death would leave him master of Rome once more. But the people hated him too much for that. The Senate decided that new emperors must be chosen. The men pitched upon were **CLODIUS PAPIENUS MAXIMUS**, the son of a blacksmith, and a stern, strict soldier, and **CÆLIUS BALBINUS**, a polished and refined gentleman, who was very popular with the nobles. It seems the people were not disposed to trust these two; they rose in tumult when the new emperors tried to go to the capitol, and would not disperse till Maximus and Balbinus agreed to appoint as their heir a grandson of Gordian the First, a lad of thirteen.

During all these ups and downs the guards—

strange to say—had remained pretty quiet. But after it was all settled, they began to think they must have a finger in the pie. Some of them impudently thrust themselves into the Senate-house, while the Senate was sitting. A Senator, crying that they were spies, rushed at the soldiers and stabbed two of them. The others ran to the barracks and called their comrades to arms.

The Senator who had shown himself so superior to the guards by stabbing the intruders, went to the people and harangued them violently, calling on them to root out these pestilent soldiers. Nothing loth, a vast multitude took up arms, and rushed furiously to the guards' barracks to tear them down. So the war began now in earnest.

The guards, shut up in their barracks, fought desperately, and drove the people back. Then the people cut off the water-pipes which led to the barracks, and reduced the guards to cruel straits. They, choosing their time, sallied forth in a strong party, drove back the people opposed to them, forced their way into the city, and set it on fire in several places. Then all was confusion. Some thought of nothing but putting out the fire; others of plundering; a few of fighting it out then and there.

Of the two emperors, Maximus was away in the country at the head of an army looking out for Maximin. Balbinus was in the palace, amusing himself by sending out elegant proclamations in very graceful language, pointing out the beauty of peace and concord, while Rome was burning, and the soldiers were cutting the people's throats.

In the midst of the uproar a tall man rushed into the street with a fair boy on his shoulders. The boy was young Gordian; and in the clash and clang of arms, and in the hissing and roaring of the fire, his young voice was raised, commanding the soldiers and people to cease fighting. Wonderful to say, he was obeyed. Both parties, I dare say, had enough by this time; they laid down their arms and put out the fire, though not till a whole ward had been consumed.

All this while Maximin was marching on toward Rome. Not so quickly as he would have liked, for his army was discontented and reluctant to follow him. But he got them across the Alps at last, and laid siege to Aquileia, at the head of the Gulf. He expected to take it at once; but the Aquileians hated him as fiercely as the other Romans, and defended their walls with energy and courage. They poured boiling oil and rosin on the soldiers when they advanced to the attack, and drove them back time after time.

These defeats so enraged Maximin that he went about roaring and bellowing that his men were cowards, and deserved death. The men had only been waiting for some excuse to get rid of him. This answered their purpose; a few of them consulted together, went to his tent, and quietly put him to death with his son. Then they sent word to Aquileia that they acknowledged the new emperors; and so, once more, Italy had a little peace, and the Emperor Maximus, who had taken very little part in the war, returned to Rome in triumph.

Now he thought there was a chance for a little quiet. But he forgot the guards. These vermin no sooner saw Maximus and Balbinus peaceably settled at Rome than they began to stir. They demanded money; the emperors had none to give them. Then they growled that the Senate had no business to choose emperors; that was the proper privilege of the guards.

If Maximus and Balbinus had been men of sense, with the help of the people they might have mastered the guards. But instead of combining against them they spent their time in quarreling with each other, and abusing each other.

So when the guards rose in their old way, and Maximus sent in haste for a legion of Germans who were in the city to put them down, Balbinus was so absurd as to prevent their obeying the order. He thought to save himself and sacrifice his partner. But the end of the business was, that the guards seized him and Maximus too, tortured them savagely, and put them to death.

There was some talk after this of setting up an officer of the guards to be emperor. But in the end the soldiers agreed to be content with young Gordian, who was not fourteen yet, and under whom they counted to have their own way.

They did have it for a year or two; and Rome was in a shocking state, the boy-emperor (another boy-emperor!) being in the hands of nurses and servants, and there being no law or authority anywhere. But, by good luck, young Gordian fell in love with the daughter of his teacher of rhetoric,

married her, and raised her father to be his chief counselor.

This teacher, whose name was **MYSTHEUS**, was an exceedingly able and vigorous man. He set Rome to rights, curbed the guards, and ruled the empire justly and well.

We know very little about the reign of Gordian the Third, as most of the books in which it was written are lost.

But it seems certain that **SAPOR**, the son of **Artaxerxes**, and King of Persia, raised an army and invaded the Roman dominions in Asia. That young Gordian, with his keeper **Mysitheus**, led an army against Sapor, and drove him back into his own country. That during the campaign **Mysitheus** fell ill, and died—some said from poison. That one **PHILIP**, an Arab, and a robber by trade, contrived to get his place; and shortly afterward murdered Gordian, and persuaded the soldiers to choose him emperor in his stead.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

PHILIP.—DECIUS.—GALLUS.—ÆMILIAN.

AFTER the robber Philip had had young Gordian murdered, he wrote to the Senators at Rome to say that the poor young emperor had unhappily died—he was very sorry to tell them—and that he had been chosen emperor in his stead, and would they be good enough to acknowledge him without loss of time? Having done this, he made ready to go to Rome. On the way he passed through Antioch.

There is a story that Philip was more than half inclined to be a Christian; and that when he arrived at Antioch, where there was a large body of Christians, he took a fancy to go to the church and join in the public worship which was then being celebrated in commemoration of Easter. That the Bishop of Antioch, whose name was BABYLAS, a fearless old man, refused to admit Philip to the church till he had atoned for the death of Gordian. And that Philip, struck by the force of the bishop's words, and touched by remorse, did penance for his crime, and was regularly forgiven by the bishop. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, though many persons believed it.

At all events, he was not so much of a Christian but that, when he got back to Rome, he ordered the famous secular games to be celebrated. These games,

which were among the most brilliant of the Roman festivals, were only celebrated once in every hundred years. One or two of the emperors had kept them out of season ; but the rule was, that they could only be held once in a century : and when they began, the criers went all through Italy, calling upon people to go and see games which no one then living had ever seen before, and which could never be seen again.

It was now, learned Romans reckoned, one thousand years since the foundation of the city of Rome, and the games were celebrated with unusual splendor. They lasted three days. On the evening of the first day the Emperor went down to the bank of the Tiber, followed by a vast crowd of people bearing torches : there he sacrificed three lambs to the Fates. Then the holiday began. All over Rome bonfires were lit, and torchlight processions rambled through the streets. At daybreak, games began ; racing, wrestling, boxing, chariot-driving, and so on ; with plenty of wild beast hunting and gladiator fighting. This lasted till the third day. On that third day, seven-and-twenty beautiful girls, and seven-and-twenty tall boys, whose parents were living, sang hymns in public, praying that the gods would bless the empire during the hundred years that were to roll over before the secular games were seen again.

Most of the Romans believed the story of Romulus and Remus which I have told you. You may fancy with what emotion they must have thought of that humble beginning of Rome, when they looked

around them and saw the vast empire which had grown out of the village on the seven hills. Oh! if they could but have seen what the next hundred years were to bring forth!

There was no peace any where, even now. In every corner of the empire the armies would, from time to time, rise in rebellion, proclaim their general emperor, and make war on Rome. Sometimes the reigning emperor was strong enough to put them down; just as often they were the stronger, and new revolutions took place.

One of these risings of the soldiers now took place on the Danube. At the news Philip lost heart, and went to the Senate in very low spirits, saying that he saw very plainly that his end was near. A brave Senator, named DECIVS, rose and cried, that for his part he had not begun to despair yet.

Philip, cheered by his bold words, asked him would he take the command against the rebels? Decius consenting, he marched away toward the Danube with an army. When he met the rebels, however, his men joined them, and all together cried for Decius to lead them and become emperor. They say he was slow to agree to their proposal; but his scruples were got over in the end, and instead of putting down the rebellion, he turned about with the rebels.

Philip made a feeble struggle to defend his throne. He gathered a few of the guards and some of the country-people, and gave battle to Decius near Verona; but he was beaten and killed. He had only reigned some five years.

Decius was then acknowledged by every body. He was a good man, and a brave one; but he only reigned a couple of years, and is best remembered by the great invasion of the Goths which took place in his reign.

These GOTHs were a huge, wild race of men, who had come, it was said, from Sweden and Norway. They were brave, like most savages, and very fond of fighting. Like our American Indians, they preferred war and plunder to work; seldom tilled the land, but trusted for a livelihood to the milk and flesh of their herds and the booty they could wrest from their neighbors.

Many years before Decius became emperor the Goths crossed the Baltic, and swarmed into the countries we call Prussia and Poland. From thence they spread as far as the Black Sea, hovering, like kites, on the borders of the Roman empire. But they were soon tired of living in these cold regions, and robbing the poor races which inhabited them.

Of a sudden they poured into the Roman provinces south of the Danube, ravaging, plundering, and laying waste the country far and wide. To get rid of them, the people of the provinces paid them a large sum of money, with which they went away. This was during the reign of Philip.

Decius was hardly settled on the throne when the news reached him that the Goths had poured down again on the Roman provinces. An imploring cry for help came from the Romans who were settled there. In all haste Decius gathered his best troops and marched away into the country we call Hunga-

ry, to fight the Goths. He had hoped to find them there; but they moved so rapidly that they gave him the slip, fell suddenly on the large city of Philippopolis, in Thrace, and took it. The citizens had defended themselves bravely: out of revenge the savage Goths sacked the place, and slaughtered a hundred thousand people.

When they tried to return home, however, with their prisoners and their booty, they found that Decius had cut off their escape, and was waiting for them with an army which far outnumbered theirs. The king of the Goths offered to give up his plunder if Decius would let them pass. But the stern Roman replied, No; they were robbers, and should find no mercy.

Driven into a marsh, the Goths were furiously attacked by the Romans. At the first onslaught the son of Decius, a promising youth, was struck by an arrow and killed. His father, seeing the troops waver, shouted, "On, soldiers, on! 'tis but a man lost." They rushed to the attack, and drove the Goths deeper and deeper into the marsh. Elated by their success, the Romans pressed close upon the enemy, until, after a time, the whole army found itself entangled in the marsh. Then the Goths turned upon them. They were stronger of body than the Romans, and used to fighting on uneven ground. Decius tried in vain to retreat to the plain. In a few minutes the Goths surrounded him, and he and all his army were cut off.

This was the first of the blows which crushed the Roman Empire.

Men sorrowed sorely over the good Emperor Decius when the news reached Rome; even the guards were awed into quiet. They let the Senate choose an emperor without murmur. The man chosen was TREBONIANUS GALLUS, and a very bad choice he was. As his colleague the Senate appointed HOSTILIANUS, a son of Decius.

The first thing Gallus did was to buy peace from the Goths, and agree to pay them a yearly tribute on condition of their promising not to molest the Roman dominions in future. It was something new for the Romans to pay tribute—they who had levied tribute on every nation with which they had dealt: and throughout the empire a cry of rage and shame arose at the news. In olden time, I think, the Senate would have made short work of Gallus; but their spirit was gone now.

Close on the heels of the Goths came the plague once more, marking its path from Asia to Rome with mounds of corpses for milestones, and turning great cities into grave-yards. Rome suffered as severely as usual. In the midst of the cruel distress, fierce quarrels broke out between the Christians and the old Romans about religion; each accusing the other of being the cause of the plague, and arguing and quarreling to the very jaws of the grave.

Then back came the Goths again, with angry faces and open hands. This time the Roman general on the Danube happened to be a man of nerve; his name was ÆMILIAN; and his soldiers fighting bravely, the Gauls were driven across the Danube and into their own woods. The soldiers were so over-

joyed at their victory, and so proud of their general, that they revolted, and chose Æmilian emperor.

Coward Gallus, who had done nothing all his reign but eat, and drink, and sleep, and take medicine to keep off the plague, was in a terrible fright when he heard of the rebellion; and as he knew the soldiers and people of Rome would not fight for him, he sent his best general, VALERIAN, into Gaul, to fetch some legions from thence. Away went Valerian; but while he was gone, Æmilian came racing over the Alps into Italy, and Gallus, having foolishly trusted himself in the Roman camp at Spoleto, in the hope of rousing the troops to defend him, was killed by his own men.

Then Æmilian became emperor, and, in his joy and pride, began to coin medals in which he was called Mars the Avenger, and other grand names. It was a short flicker, his reign, though. He was still at Spoleto when Valerian arrived from Gaul with the legions Gallus had sent for. Full of indignation at the death of his master, he led his legions against Æmilian, and there would have been a battle, but that the soldiers, who cared for no one, and who had no notion of fighting to please Æmilian, went to his tent, killed him, and marched out and acknowledged Valerian emperor.

VOL. II.—O

CHAPTER LXIX.

VALERIAN.—GALLIENUS.

WHEN people at Rome heard that the army had chosen Valerian emperor, they were overjoyed; for he was a good old man, much respected, and had been the friend of the elder Gordians and the good Emperor Decius. His morals were so pure that, on one occasion, when Decius had talked of reviving the old office of Censor, every one said Valerian was the man to fill it.

Notwithstanding all this, his reign was one of the most calamitous and miserable in Roman history. When he was crowned he admitted his son GALLIENUS to a share of the sovereign power, showing clearly that he loved his son better than his duty, for Gallienus was one of the most debauched and worthless young men in Rome.

Their reign was one endless scene of invasion, revolt, bloodshed, and misery.

From the heart of Germany new tribes, one calling itself the FRANKS, another the ALEMANNI (as some suppose, from the words "All men," there being several tribes united under the name), poured down upon Northern Italy, Gaul, and Spain, sweeping every thing before them.

On the Danube, one body of Goths ravaged the country far and wide as before; while another body,

crossing into the Crimea, took boats there, sailed round the coasts of the Black Sea, plundering every rich city on their way, and came sailing, at last, along to Greece. It they ravaged too; and finding at Athens a number of queer-looking rolls of paper—which they were told were books—were going to make a bonfire of them, when one of their chiefs stopped them, saying, “So long as the Romans and Greeks read books they will never know how to fight.” So this stupid barbarian saved the libraries.

On the eastern frontier of the empire the proud King of Persia, Sapor, rode over the Roman provinces with his fleet horsemen, and came riding at last to Antioch. The people of that gay city (all except the Christians, I suppose) were at the theatre seeing a pantomime. In the middle of the performance an actress screamed, “I see Persian horsemen coming!” as indeed she did—the theatre being on a hill. It was too late for the people to try to defend themselves. The clattering hoofs of the Persian cavalry were already heard in the streets. Antioch surrendered, and there was the usual amount of killing, and robbing, and burning.

Old Emperor Valerian—who was, I think, somewhat in the condition of the bear attacked by bees—did not know where to strike, or what to defend. He sent Gallienus into Gaul—where that hopeful youth gardened a little, and made love a good deal, and ate prodigiously—then hastened off himself to fight Sapor.

They met on the old battle-ground near the Euphrates, and Valerian was beaten. After the bat-

tle Sapor sent to Valerian, inviting him to an interview to arrange a peace, and Valerian—who was old enough to have known better—accepted the invitation. Sapor no sooner had him in his power than he set him on one of his fast horses, and surrounded him with a troop of his best men, and carried him off a prisoner into Persia.

They say that the old Emperor was treated with brutal cruelty by his savage conqueror; that Sapor would clothe him in the purple worn by the Roman emperors, and drag him about in chains; that he made him kneel at his horse's side, and used his shoulder as a footstool when he mounted on horseback. Finally, that when he died, Sapor had his skin tanned and stuffed, and set up in one of the Persian temples. However all this be, it is certain that Valerian never returned from Persia: he died there in captivity, several years after he had been taken prisoner.

When Gallienus heard of his father's death, he remarked that he knew the Emperor was liable to such mishaps, and went on gardening and cooking, and sporting with fine ladies, and gormandizing as before. Yet if ever there was a time when the Roman emperor needed activity and virtue it was now.

Besides the foreign tribes I have mentioned, who never ceased their ravages for a single year, or spared a single European province of the empire, rebels rose up in every part of the Roman dominions, proclaimed themselves emperors, and made war on the state and on each other. Learned men have counted nineteen separate persons who took the

name of Roman Emperor during the fifteen years previous to Gallienus's death; every one of whom had an army to back him, and fought battles; not one of whom died a natural death.

Gallienus sat in his palace, and looked on quietly while these traitors were tearing the empire to pieces: so he dined regularly and largely, and made his jokes over his wine, he cared very little what happened. Once or twice he had a chance of showing his temper when his generals overcame a rebel; and then he would write orders to "tear, kill, hew to pieces every male" among the insurgents. But he was not often roused to such vigor as this. Gaul, for instance, he allowed to be governed by one of the nineteen self-made emperors during the whole of his reign, and never even tried to disturb him.

I suspect his wife (he had a great many, but I mean his head wife) incited him to commit many of the cruel acts which are laid to his charge. Once a jeweler sold to this empress a set of jewels which he said were genuine, but which were afterward proved to be false. The Empress, in a violent rage, ran to her husband, and begged that the jeweler might be horribly punished. "Oh certainly," said Gallienus, "we will have the fellow thrown to the wild beasts." So the poor jeweler was arrested, and dragged, more dead than alive, into the theatre, and thrown down upon the sand, where he lay panting and quaking, expecting every moment to hear the roar of a lion at his ear, and to feel his claws at his throat. After a moment there was a sudden

cry heard; the doomed man looked up and saw the wild beast's cage open, and—an old hen—walked out. The Empress asked indignantly what this meant. "Why," said the Emperor, "the man cheated you, and we have cheated him—that is all!"

It was very well for Rome that, while Gallienus was amusing himself with jokes of this kind in Italy, there was some one in Asia able to make head against the Persian Sapor. After he had taken Valerian, all Asia said he would now be the master of the world; and a noble of the rich city of Palmyra, named ODENATHUS, sent him a string of camels loaded with rich presents.

Sapor was a man of so haughty a temper that he threw the presents into the river, and said that Odenathus must come to him with his hands tied behind his back if he expected to gain his favor.

It fell out that this Odenathus was a man of as much spirit as Sapor himself, and had a wife, the famous ZENOBIA, who was very spirited likewise. Odenathus straightway raised a band of bold Arabs, and when Sapor undertook his next march, fell upon him at night and scattered his army. He followed up the blow by retaking all the Roman cities which Sapor had captured, and in a very short time drove this proud Persian back into his own country.

Odenathus was a fine character. He might have kept his conquests for himself; but he was honest enough to restore them all to Rome, and always to call himself the servant of Gallienus. That worthy was so much astonished at the modesty of Odenathus—when every one else was setting up on his

own account—that he sent him the title of Roman Emperor.

It was an empty honor, and he did not enjoy it long. Happening to quarrel with his nephew, he sent the lad to prison. When he set him at liberty, the young man, whose Arab blood boiled for vengeance, laid a plot against Odenathus, and stabbed him at his dinner-table—as some said, with the help of Zenobia. We shall see presently what came of the foul deed.

Gallienus by this time was thoroughly detested and despised by every one. A conspiracy was set on foot to deal with him after the old plan. A brave general, CLAUDIUS, and several soldiers were at the head of it. Gallienus was at the siege of Milan at the time, having contrived to lock up one of the nineteen rebels there. The conspirators chose a moment when he was in his tent to set up a cry, "The enemy are upon us!" The Emperor rushed from his tent, leaped on his horse, and shouted, "Where are they?" riding toward the walls. But he had not gone far when one of the conspirators hurled a dart at him from behind, which passed through his back and killed him.

Shameful as the murder was, the empire was well rid of him; the better, as he made room for a few respectable emperors.

CHAPTER LXX.

CLAUDIUS II.—AURELIAN.

GALLIENUS dead, the soldiers cried, with one voice, that CLAUDIUS should be emperor, and he was greeted with the title. AUREOLUS, the sham emperor whom Gallienus was besieging at Milan, proposed to Claudius to share the empire with him; at which Claudius flew into a great rage, called Aureolus all sorts of hard names, and, finally, had him put to death.

The old writers make out Claudius to have been an excellent emperor, and I hope he was. I am sorry that he gained the crown by helping to kill Gallienus, and that he lied about it afterward, and pretended to be indignant at the murder. However, there is no doubt Gallienus was better in his grave than out of it; and as for Claudius, blood-stained as his hands were, they lay heavy on the enemies of Rome.

This book would not contain even a short sketch of these enemies. They were every where, swarming like grasshoppers. On the north, on the south, on the east, on the west, by sea, by land, out of the woods, from down the mountains, from up the valleys, from over the plains, from across the deserts, horsemen, and spearmen, and archers, and axemen, came to worry Rome.

On the shore of the Black Sea, not very far from the place where the proud city of Odessa now stands, three hundred and twenty thousand rough Goths embarked on a voyage in quest of plunder. Some of them were shipwrecked on the way; but enough—and too many—drifted through the Hellespont into the Mediterranean, and came tossing and rolling up against the Grecian coast. There they landed and laid siege to Thessalonica.

They were there, watching for the moment to rush into the city and sack it, when up marched Claudius at the head of a great army. Then a great battle was fought, and the Goths were beaten. They tried to make their way back into the wilderness. Forming a great circle round their plunder and their women, they retreated with wonderful speed. Not so quickly, though, but that Claudius came up with them, and broke through the circle, and scattered them again.

The broken remnant begged for peace. But Claudius said they should have no peace. He chased them with his swift horsemen high up into the mountains of Thrace and Macedon; and there the last of this great Gothic army perished miserably of disease and hunger.

They were famishing away when their ships, which had been doing a little private robbing on the sea-coast, sailed back to the landing-place for them. Claudius was on the watch: when they moored, he attacked them and sunk them all.

In honor of this great victory the Emperor took the name of Claudius the Goth, and the Romans

were delighted that they had at last an emperor who could defend them. But in the midst of their joy and his glory Claudius took the plague, and died, having reigned nearly three years.

On his death-bed he chose one of his generals, a brave and vigorous man, named AURELIAN, to succeed him.

Claudius had a brother, named QUINTILLUS, who fancied that he ought to succeed his brother, and persuaded the Senate to elect him. But Aurelian marching Romeward, Quintillus soon took fright, and committed suicide, by opening his veins, seventeen days after his election.

Aurelian hastened to Rome, but spent a very short time there. He was burning to fight with some of the savage tribes which were prowling round the border provinces. Low as Rome had sunk, she had an army still; and Aurelian was perhaps as great a soldier as she had ever produced. He was brave as a lion, and his strength was such that in one battle he clove forty-eight savages to the earth with his own hand. The soldiers used to sing a song about him, of which the chorus was, "He killed his thousand, his thousand, his thousand." He was a wise leader too. He would allow none of his soldiers to plunder the peasants; and one fellow, who had brutally insulted a farmer's wife, he punished by tying his limbs to the bent branches of trees, which, when the cords which bent them were loosed, tore the unhappy wretch in pieces.

For all his bravery and his skill, however, he could only win battles; he could not conquer the

wild northmen. When he met them, he beat them ; but where he killed one, ten arose in his place ; when he thought they were in front of him, they turned up behind him ; a week after a great victory he found he had won nothing—every crag, forest, and mountain crawled with enemies.

In his despair Aurelian sent to Rome to bid the Senate consult the Sibylline Books, to see if there could be any thing found there to suit the uncommonly hard task he had before him. The Books said that such and such offerings were to be made to the gods, so many maidens and so many youths were to sing songs, and that the priests were to march in procession in white robes. All these things were done, but made no sort of difference. On the contrary, directly afterward, troubles broke out at Rome. Plots were got up among the guards and the nobles, and the old disturbances were revived.

Happily for Aurelian, a lull took place in the border wars. He took advantage of it, and hurried off to Rome. When he found the state things were in he set matters to rights with a vengeance. The chief disturbers of the peace he put to death without the least ceremony—many Senators and officers of the guards among the number. He let the people know that he would not be trifled with ; that he was not a man to let a few lives stand in his way. And though he was much abused for it, and was called a cruel, inhuman monster, even long after his death, I notice that Rome was very quiet for some time afterward.

As soon as this business was settled he was off

to the East. A new enemy had risen up there. This was ZENOBLIA, the Queen of Palmyra, one of the greatest women in history. Though she was very beautiful, with the loveliest eyes, and soft, dark complexion, and pearly teeth, she was not effeminate or fond of pleasure. Her time she spent in drilling her troops and hunting; she lived as plainly and fared as hardly as any soldier; and in her leisure moments read and studied the Greek and Roman authors. Her ambition was to be queen of the East. She overran Egypt, dashed into Asia Minor, and took several provinces; and, for a time, it seemed as though she would really gain her ends.

Aurelian landed in Asia Minor, and fought his way to the city of Tyana. There Zenobia had left a strong garrison, which defended the city obstinately. Aurelian was so enraged at the courage of the enemy that he swore, when he got into the place, he would not leave a dog alive. He did get in, by dint of hard fighting, and the first order he gave was to spare the inhabitants. The soldiers rushed to him angrily, and reminding him of his oath, asked leave to butcher the people; but he dryly answered that he had spoken of dogs, not men, and they were quite at liberty to kill all the dogs they could find.

Then he hastened to fight Zenobia. Two battles were fought, both of which Aurelian won—one near Emesa, the other near Antioch. They say that Zenobia made all her men wear heavy coats of iron mail, which arrows could not pierce, and which turned the edge of swords; but that Aurelian managed to get the better of these mail-clad warriors

by arming a legion with iron clubs, with which they battered the Palmyreans to the earth, coats of mail and all.

Queen Zenobia, after her last defeat, fled home to Palmyra. Aurelian gave chase, and besieged her there. Palmyra is now a miserable little village, counting some thirty or forty mud huts, tenanted by wretched, starving beggars. Then it was a great walled city, overspread with noble palms, and standing in the middle of a lovely island of verdure, in the heart of a desert. It was peopled with Arabs, Persians, and Saracens, who loved their queen and their home, and fought gallantly.

Aurelian said that in all his wars he had never had a tougher task than the siege of this city. He sent to Zenobia to summon her to surrender. She answered that she would fight to the last. He marched his men to the walls. She drove them quickly back with showers of darts and stones. They tried other places; but wherever they advanced the showers fell as thick as ever.

Then Aurelian gave up the idea of storming the place. He girt it round with intrenchments, and waited patiently till the provisions of the garrison were exhausted. This plan succeeded. After great suffering, Zenobia opened a gate at night, mounted a swift dromedary, and fled through the Roman lines.

She was caught by a party of horse sent after her, and Aurelian took her a prisoner into the city with him. They say that he asked her what made her rebel against the empire. And that she an-

swered that it was a disgrace to obey such emperors as Gallienus; that she would yield to *him* who knew how to conquer. Whether she made this clever speech and thereby tickled Aurelian's vanity, or not, it seems that she threw all the blame or the glory of the war on her counselors, who were seized and executed by Aurelian.

He spared Palmyra. But soon after he had left it to return home, the old Saracen spirit arose again. The people rebelled, and killed the Roman garrison Aurelian had stationed there. He was far away when this happened; but the moment he heard of it, he turned about, raced across the country to Palmyra, took it, and sacked it. For three days it was plundered and partly burned. It never recovered from the shock.

Another rebellion broke out in Egypt about the same time. It seems that it was headed by a paper-maker named FIRMUS. He had far better have stuck to his trade; for Aurelian was down upon him in a twinkling, cut his army to pieces, and put him to death in dreadful torments.

This quieted the whole of the East, and Aurelian, as active as usual, took ship and returned to Gaul. There was a sham emperor there too, named TETRICUS, who had been set up by the troops, and who, they say, was not sorry at all when Aurelian marched up to Chalons, where he was, gave him battle, defeated him, and relieved him of the trouble of reigning.

The Goths, Franks, and other wild tribes being quiet at the time, Aurelian was able to return to

Rome, and to say that he had put down every rebel, and every enemy in the empire. He had a grand triumph on the occasion, at which so many captives of various nations were shown about that the Emperor had to make each set carry a sign-board, on which was written the name of their nation; and Tetricus, and Zenobia, tottering under the weight of jewelry and gold, and ever so many other sham sovereigns and genuine sovereigns walked behind the Emperor's chariot.

To make an end of Zenobia, I will say here that Aurelian gave her a house to live in near Rome, and helped marry her daughters to Roman nobles; and that she spent the last years of her life peacefully, though her heart must have yearned, I think, at times, for a look at her own distant city of Palms.

Aurelian made himself a great favorite with the people by giving them presents. He gave them not only food and money, as other emperors had done, but also clothes. From which we learn that he was a better soldier than statesman.

One good thing he did, however; he rebuilt the walls of Rome, which had fallen into decay (they had not been wanted since that day, long, long ago, when Hannibal jerked his javelin over them), and were, besides, so small, that the city had outgrown them. The writers of the day said that Aurelian's wall was fifty miles long; but this was probably a fine flourish to gratify the pride of the Romans. It seems that the real length of the wall was twenty-one miles; so that the extent of Rome was about

equal to what that of New York will be when the city is built up to 125th street.

They say that, when he had built this wall, and every one was praising him for it and for his glorious victories, he grew proud and extravagant; that he wore a crown, a thing the Roman emperors had never done; that he lived profusely, and kept up a costly court. These stories, however, you must remember, come from the nobles, upon whom Aurelian was particularly, and, I dare say, justly hard.

He had not reigned five years (though he had done so much) when he went the way of all Roman emperors. A secretary of his, named MNESTHEUS, whom he had threatened to punish for some offense, concocted a plot against him with the officers of the army. They chose their opportunity when he was marching to the East once more, and murdered him.

The soldiers rose in fury at the deed, cast Mnestheus to the wild beasts, and put the murderers to death. But they could not recall Aurelian to life again, or find another like him.

CHAPTER LXXI.

TACITUS.—PROBUS.—CARUS AND HIS SONS.

WHEN the news of Aurelian's death reached Rome, a very strange dispute arose between the Senate and the guards. A new emperor was wanted, and the guards sent to ask, would the Senate be good enough to choose one? The Senate, not to be outdone in civility, answered that it could not think of such a thing; it was for the army to say whom it would like best. By no means, rejoined the soldiers, you must choose. And the Senate still answered, No, that was the business of the soldiers.

This uncommonly original quarrel lasted, they say, eight months. The Senate was afraid of the army, and the army had not yet got over the wholesome effect of Aurelian's severity, and was disposed to be modest and self-denying. It was not till the news arrived at Rome that the Goths were pouring down upon the provinces again that the Senate resolved to act, and chose an old Senator, named TACITUS, to be emperor.

He was a very old man, being seventy-five at the time; and enjoyed so good a character, and was so rich, that he had foreseen that he might be chosen, and had gone away to the country in order to avoid so useless an honor. On his return, he was greeted with the title of emperor. He tried to be excused;

but neither the Senate nor the army would hear of excuses, and he became emperor.

He reigned nearly seven months, during which he restored to the Senate many rights of which former emperors had deprived it; made war, too, on the enemies of Rome in Asia Minor, and won some victories.

He was in Asia Minor still when he was attacked by the old imperial disease. A relation of his irritated the soldiers by harsh treatment; they rose against him, killed him, and killed the Emperor as well, when they were at it.

Then the murderers proclaimed the Emperor's brother, FLORIAN. But another part of the Roman army preferred an officer of their own, named PROBUS; he marched against Florian, defeated and killed him, and began to reign.

He reigned nearly six years and gained great fame by his victories in war and his wisdom in peace. He is one of the best of the Roman emperors.

Gaul was overrun by the wild tribes I have mentioned when he came to the throne. He drove them out, after a great deal of hard fighting, and for a time secured peace for that part of the empire. To prevent their returning, he raised large bodies of militia among the people of Gaul, trained them to fight, and placed them on the frontiers which were likely to be the next attacked. To improve the condition of the Gauls, he repealed that hard law of Domitian's which forbade them to plant vines. This was a great help to the Gauls; they planted vines on all the sunny hills of Burgundy and Champagne



A ROMAN WINE-PRESS.

(these names, of course, were not used till long afterward), and began to make those delicious wines which have been famous for more than a thousand years.

The Northmen learned to fear Probus. Some of the bravest and toughest he drove into the woods, and set a price on their heads. All the young Gauls chased them, and hunted them down for the reward, and thus they were soon destroyed.

Then away to Asia Minor, where he dealt in like manner with the hosts of savage races and robbers who had risen up there. One of these bands of robbers, who were called Isaurians, gave him a great deal of trouble. Their chief, LYCIUS, was a bold and skillful soldier; he led Probus a long race over crags, and valleys, and rivers, till the Romans were almost wearied out. At last, Probus shut him up in a fort or small town, and laid siege to the place. Lycius defended it with wonderful address, and for

a long time the Romans could not force their way inside.

But one day this Lycius bade one of his most skillful archers shoot a Roman whom he saw in the plain. The archer bent his bow and let the arrow fly, but it fell wide of the mark. In a rage, Lycius had the archer scourged for the failure. That very night this archer crept over the wall and deserted to the Romans. Going to Probus he said, "See you yonder window? It is from thence that Lycius looks out to see the plain. Now, if you will, I will make good my skill with this arrow."

Probus bade him shoot boldly, and offered him great rewards if, as he said, he could hit Lycius. The arrow sped: it was better aimed than the last; it struck Lycius in the breast and killed him. Then the town surrendered.

Probus got great glory from these victories, and the Romans were very fond of him. Still, in various parts of the empire rebels would rise, as usual; and his time was always occupied in putting them down. One of these rebels, who was called BONOSUS, was of the same race as our ancestors—he was a Briton. I am sorry to say that he is not a countryman to be proud of. He had one merit; he could drink so hugely that it was said he was born for the purpose. I dare say he had been drinking too freely when Probus met him and defeated him; for he ran away from the field of battle and went home and drank a few bottles, then hanged himself. The people, when they found him, said it was not a human body but a wine-sack that was hung by the neck.

Probus knew the soldiers too well to let them be idle. When there was no war on hand he made them work at digging canals or building bridges. This did not please them, as you may imagine. He knew it, and built himself a high and strong tower to fly to in case of revolt. But it did not help him much. One day, while he was overlooking the digging of a canal near the River Danube, the men rose and attacked him. He fled to his strong tower, but the rebels overtook him at the very door, and killed him. He was only fifty at the time, and might have been a blessing to the empire for many years to come.

The soldiers then chose one of their officers, whose name was CARUS, to be emperor, and sent word to the Senate. They had very soon got over the notion that the Senate ought to choose the emperors.

Of Carus we know very little indeed. He was born in Gaul, of Roman family; reigned sixteen months; made war upon the Germans and the Persians with great success.

There is a story that, after one of his victories in Asia, the Persian king sent ambassadors to him to treat for peace. The ambassadors, who were used to great splendor at home, were quite surprised to find the Roman emperor sitting on the grass, very shabbily dressed, and eating his dinner of pork and peas like any common soldier. They were at first in some doubt whether they ought to be respectful to so mean-looking a fellow. But Carus, seeing them, called to them, and said, "Just go to your master, and say to him that if he does not give back

to the Romans all the territory he has taken from them within one month, I will sweep his kingdom as bare as my head." And he took off his cap, and showed the Persians that he had not a hair on his skull.

Soon after this the report spread that in a great storm a flash of lightning had struck the Emperor's tent and killed him. I am afraid there was no thunder to that lightning.

The Senate and the troops agreed to take Carus's two sons, CARINUS and NUMERIAN, for emperors. The former was in Gaul, the latter in Asia. The army was moving, and the soldiers noticed that they never saw Numerian. On inquiring the reason, they were told that the good young man had cried so much at his father's death that his eyes were sore, and could not bear the light. And, in fact, when they watched, they saw that the young Emperor's litter was tightly closed. But after a few days, some one noticed a strange odor about the litter. He ventured to peep under the curtains, and saw Numerian's body already half eaten by worms.

A meeting of the soldiers was held to choose a new emperor. The man chosen was DIOCLETIAN, a famous officer. He was of poor family; but one of those unlucky Druids, who were so abundant in olden times in Britain, had foretold to him that he would come to be emperor if he killed a boar. There were boars enough in the woods to kill, one would fancy, to realize this prophecy without any trouble; but Diocletian decided that they were not the sort of boars meant.

So when the soldiers chose him, he called an officer, whose name was **APER**, or **THE BOAR**, and, charging him with being the murderer of **Numerian** (as perhaps he was), ran him through the body with his sword. . He had still to deal with **Carinus**.

Happily for him **Carinus** was a shocking character, who tried to copy **Domitian** and **Elagabalus**, and was very successful. He had a strong army, and fought several battles, in Southern Germany and on the Danube, with **Diocletian**; even won the last of them. But he was so detested for his cruelties and debaucheries, that in the hour of victory his soldiers rose against him and put him to death.

Then **Diocletian** became sole emperor.

CHAPTER LXXII.

DIOCLETIAN.

DIOCLETIAN reigned twenty years, and died in his bed, peaceful and happy. This shows you that he was no common man, and enjoyed no ordinary good luck. More especially as he had hardly been crowned emperor when the wild tribes in Gaul and Germany rose again, rebellions broke out in Egypt and other Eastern provinces, and enemies attacked the Roman empire on all sides.

It was a hard task to stand against so many foes, all strong, fierce, and angry; and Diocletian, who was a very shrewd and thoughtful emperor, resolved that he would get some one to help him. He pitched upon one **MAXIMIAN**, who was a bold, rough, savage soldier; and to prevent him turning against the Emperor and rebelling, as so many generals had done, Diocletian gave him the title of emperor of his own accord, and set him to watch over the western half of the empire.

Finding afterward that two heads were yet too few for the business, Diocletian chose two more assistants—one of whom was a huge soldier like **Maximian**, but more fiery and ambitious: his name was **GALERIUS**; the other, a connection of the Emperor **Claudius the Second**, a noble-hearted Illyrian gentleman, whose name was **FLAVIUS CONSTANTIUS**, but

who is best known by that of **CONSTANTIUS THE PALE**, from the livid paleness of his complexion. Always guarding against rebellions, Diocletian made these two divorce their wives, and marry ladies of his family and Maximian's, then he appointed them to be heirs to the imperial throne.

So now Rome had four masters instead of one. The plan answered very well during Diocletian's reign, but it helped greatly to ruin the empire in the end.

Diocletian went to live at Nicomedia, a city near the borders of Asia and Europe; Galerius he sent to the Danube to do the fighting that was required there. Maximian lived for the most part at Milan, in Italy; he sent Constantius into Gaul and Germany.

Constantius had plenty of work with the Northmen and Germany. Year after year they poured down into the Roman provinces. Pale indeed might the Roman general's cheeks grow when he thought where these weary wars would end. After a great many years fighting—in the course of which Constantius had several narrow escapes, and was once only saved by being dragged by ropes over a wall into a fortress—he crushed for a time the nearest and most troublesome tribes. But they took to the sea and baffled him again.

The best Roman commodore of the day—**CARAUSIUS**—was sent after them. But he did them little harm, and it was soon discovered that he had a private understanding with them, and shared their plunder. Maximian burst into a fury when the

bargain came to his ears, and sent orders to have Carausius put to death directly. But the keen sailor got wind of what was coming, landed in Britain, set himself up as emperor, and for several years defied the Romans.

He was killed at last by his soldiers, and one of the murderers took his place. Then Constantius resolved to make an effort to reconquer the island. He crossed over in boats in stormy weather to the Isle of Wight; and the rebels, who could not conceive it possible that any one would put to sea in a gale, so little did they know of navigation, were caught by surprise and overcome.

Meanwhile, Diocletian and Galerius were busy in the East. There had been another revolt in Egypt—they were a very restless, unsatisfied people, these Egyptians—and Diocletian was obliged to punish them very severely. Among other punishments, he seized all the books which the priests had written on the subject of chemistry and burned them. Chemistry was studied by these priests, not as we study it now, but in the foolish hope of finding the way to make gold; and Diocletian naturally fancied that it was the hope of finding this secret which encouraged the Egyptians to be so turbulent. It is a great pity, of course, that books should ever be destroyed; but really, when I think of the fine lives that have been wasted, and the mischief that has been wrought by persons seeking this same secret for the manufacture of gold, I do not feel angry that Diocletian did his best to put a stop to it in Egypt.

To the wars with the Persians Diocletian sent

Galerius, though his proper post was on the Danube. Galerius was a rash, headstrong leader; and after a dashing campaign, he contrived to get thoroughly beaten by the Persians. Diocletian was so angry when he returned, that he made Galerius, who was proud and fat, run by the side of his chariot near a mile.

A short while afterward, Diocletian sent him out again to fight the Persians; and this time Galerius showed that he had learned caution. He fought several battles, and so totally defeated the Persians that their king, NARSES, lost all his wives and children, who fell into the hands of the Romans. It is very pleasant to find that Galerius—who was not much given to that sort of thing—treated them well, and protected them from the soldiers.

These wars—which it would be tedious to describe at length—lasted during the whole of Diocletian's reign. As the Romans were the conquerors in the end, the two emperors had a grand triumph at Rome in honor of their victories. Diocletian traveled all the way from Nicomedia to be present at it; but as it cost an immense sum to keep up the two emperors and their two heirs, and the great armies they had always on foot, he would not allow the games to be celebrated at great expense, and thus offended the idle Romans mortally. They would have had far greater and juster cause of sorrow if they could have foreseen that this was the last great triumph that would ever be celebrated at Rome.

Diocletian was hurt by the sneering way in which the people mentioned his games. He left Rome in

the depth of winter to go back to his favorite Nicomedia. On the way he fell ill, and very nearly died. He recovered slowly, and during his recovery committed the worst act of his life. This was the persecution of the Christians.

They were very numerous now both in Rome and elsewhere, and the people of the old religion, and especially the priests whose trade they spoiled, hated them more bitterly than ever. One day Diocletian had ordered the augurs and priests to offer particular sacrifices in order to find out the future, as these clever people always pretended they could do. This time, from some cause or other, they could neither read the future nor invent a story to please the Emperor; and so, to defend themselves, they said the Christians had bewitched the sacrifices, and that the gods would not reveal any thing so long as the people of this wicked sect were present.

Galerius hated the Christians as much as the priests did; he wrought upon the mind of Diocletian when he was in ill health, and persuaded him to issue a proclamation against the Christians. The proclamation had hardly been stuck up at Nicomedia when a very imprudent and hot-headed Christian tore it down. He was seized directly and grilled to death. The churches were burst open, and the Bibles burned; and many bishops and priests were thrust into prison.

A few days after this, the Emperor's palace was set on fire. Galerius said the Christians had done it. It was saved with great trouble; and a few days afterward it was again set on fire. Every one

accused the Christians again; and I dare say that some hot-headed members of the Church may have had a hand in the business. Diocletian left Nicomedia, saying that the Christians kept him in fear of his life; and, by way of revenge, ordered them to be persecuted throughout the empire.

In many places the cruel order was obeyed, and great numbers of Christians perished miserably—though nobly—in torments, praising God, and holding fast to Christ's name. But there were many parts of the empire where the persecution was only a matter of form. Constantius protected the Christians; some members of the Emperor's family were Christians; and in quite a number of provinces the governors took care to contrive a means of escape for the Christians, who were generally the most steady, moral, and useful people of the province.

Very shortly after this shameful act Galerius went to Diocletian and asked him whether he was not growing very old, and would he not like to be relieved of the business of the empire? Diocletian knew what he meant, and proposed that there should be four emperors instead of two, and that Galerius and Constantius should succeed at once.

But Galerius said that wouldn't suit him at all. Diocletian must resign, and leave him master of the empire.

Upon this, Diocletian, whose mind had been a good deal shaken by his illness, burst into tears, and said he would do whatever Galerius wanted. Accordingly, a few days afterward, he drew up his army near Nicomedia, and with Maximian, who

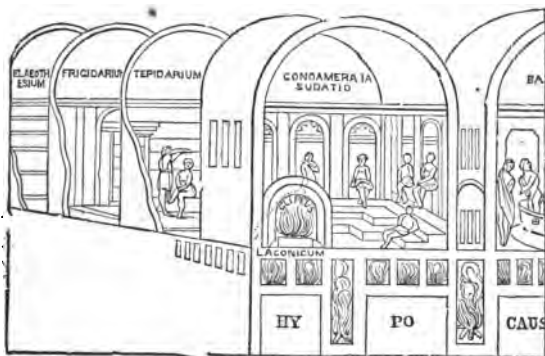
does not seem to have been consulted in the matter, gave up the empire to Galerius and Constantius. It was a strange and affecting sight. Diocletian had reigned longer than any emperor since Antoninus; and the soldiers were so used to hear of their emperors being murdered, that they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw Diocletian take off his purple cloak and put it on the shoulders of Galerius.

The two old emperors went to their private homes, and lived many years afterward. Diocletian, who soon recovered his manliness, built him a fine house in Dalmatia—some of its ruins you may still see near Spalatro—and farmed like an old Roman. Once Maximian, growing tired of private life (as you will hear in the next chapter), went to him and begged him to become emperor again. But the wise old man answered disdainfully, "Would to God you saw the cabbages I am raising; you would never want me to leave them to be emperor!"

Diocletian is best remembered now by the fine baths he built at Rome, part of which are still standing.

Galerius all along intended to keep all the power of the empire for himself. He could not prevent Constantius becoming emperor with him; but he took care to keep his son CONSTANTINE, a fine young man and a great soldier, with him, in a sort of genteel confinement; and appointed two creatures of his own, named SEVERUS and MAXIMIN, to be heirs to the empire.

However, as it happened, his plans all went wrong.



ROMAN BATHS.

Constantine, hearing that his father was on the point of death, escaped and journeyed to Gaul, where he was. Constantius recovered from his illness, and undertook an expedition against the Scots in Britain. He had won a victory over them, and was still prosecuting the war vigorously, when he died at York. His soldiers then assembled, and without taking the least notice of Galerius, chose Constantine emperor.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

CONSTANTINE.

FROM his distant camp in Britain Constantine sent hasty word to Galerius that the soldiers had made him emperor. With the message he sent his portrait, as was usual from one emperor to another: then waited quietly in Gaul to see what Galerius would do.

He did not wait long. Galerius never liked him; he made answer that he would not acknowledge Constantine, having already appointed his own man Severus to be emperor in the room of Constantius the Pale.

It chanced only a short while before, that Galerius and Diocletian had made some sharp laws to keep the guards at Rome in order. These laws were very much needed, as you know; but the guards did not like them any the better for that, and were at this time in no pleasant humor with Galerius, or with any one who was his friend.

It chanced also that, in all these little family arrangements and parcelings out of the empire, no one had taken the least thought of a son of the old Emperor Maximian, MAXENTIUS by name, a bold, ambitious youth. He was furious at being left out of the imperial party; and finding the guards unquiet, and ready for any mischief, he went to them

privily and asked them would they rise and make him emperor? They liked nothing better; and the Senate and people of Rome caring very little who was emperor, as none of them now seemed to care a straw for Rome, the guards proclaimed Maxentius without the least objection.

The news coming to the ears of old Maximian in his retreat, he took horse in hot speed, rode to Rome, said he would be emperor again, got some one to give him the title, and flourished it in company with his son.

So now there were six emperors—Constantine in Gaul; Severus at Milan; Maximian and his son Maxentius at Rome; Galerius at Nicomedia; and Maximin (who took the title like every body else) in Syria. You shall see how these six killed each other off in a very short space of time, till there was but one left out of the whole party.

The first disposed of was Severus, who, on hearing of the rising at Rome and the election of Maxentius, came blundering down with a few miserable troops, was quickly beaten, and forced to take shelter in a castle at Ravenna. Maxentius asked him if he would come out and talk over their dispute? He, having no sense, said he would, put himself in the power of Maxentius, and was politely asked if he had any choice as to the manner of his death? He answered, that if it had come to that, he would like best to die by opening his veins. Which he did without loss of time.

Galerius, away in the East, flew into a terrible passion when he heard of these doings: bade his

men to horse, and came riding over to Italy to chastise the rebels. But old Maximian was as cool and as cunning as Galerius was fiery and hot-headed. Galerius had never been at Rome, though he had been Roman emperor so long: he did not know how to deal with the people of Italy, and the old fox, Maximian, seduced his soldiers away from him, and reduced him to great straits. After struggling some time, he turned about, and went back to the East dreadfully crest-fallen and sobered. Still, as he would not give up, he picked out a soldier from his army, named LICINIUS, gave him the title of Roman Emperor, and bade him fight it out with the rebels.

Directly after, Maximian and his son quarreled. Maxentius was a vile wretch, who oppressed the Romans horribly, and led a dissolute life. One day, at a review, his old father made a furious speech against him, tore the purple cloak from his shoulders, and called upon the people and the soldiers to drive him out of the country. The people were quite ready to do so; but the guards, who had a natural liking for bad emperors, and to whom Maxentius had made many presents, took his part; through their help Maxentius kept his place, and instead of the son, it was the father who was driven out.

Hereupon this restless and troublesome old man rushed to Diocletian, and besought him to join him in a revolt; when Diocletian talked about his cabages, he hastened off to Galerius; when Galerius said he was tired of war, and was busy building bridges and digging drains, he journeyed away to

Constantine, always repeating the same words, and fuming and storming against his ungrateful son. Constantine had married his daughter, FAUSTA ; and Maximian made sure that he, at all events, would help him. But Constantine said he had enough work at present with the Franks.

Then this terrible old man—who had no one else to go to for help—resolved to kill Constantine, and put himself in his place. The plot was discovered, and Constantine gave orders to seize his father-in-law. The old man fled as actively as ever to Marseilles, and shut himself up there ; but Constantine battered a breach in the wall in double-quick time, caught Maximian, put him to death, and buried him with great honors. He was at rest at last, it seemed ; though, if all I read be true, his body was dug up seven hundred years afterward, and made almost as much noise at Marseilles as it had done when it was alive.

The next of the imperial party to die was Galerius, who, after his misfortunes in Gaul, improved greatly, and became quite a respectable emperor. He ordered the persecution of the Christians to cease ; ruled justly ; and did much for the part of the empire in which he lived. He died at last of a loathsome disease, which the more bitter among the Christians said was a judgment upon him for his cruelties to them.

The next turn in affairs was a quarrel between Maxentius and Constantine. The people of Italy, groaning under the weight of Maxentius's tyranny, had long wished Constantine to cross over to their relief ; but he—being a cautious, wise man—paid

no heed to their messages till Maxentius openly insulted and threatened him.

Then Constantine rose. Rose with all his might, and came rushing over the Alps like a hurricane, at the head of his best Gaulish horsemen, and his stoutest Briton legions. At Turin there was a stand made by the troops of Maxentius: he had a troop of horsemen there all clad in glittering steel; but Constantine rode round them and through them and over them, and before nightfall scattered them far and wide. Then to Verona, where there was another bloody fight, which Constantine also won; and then to Rome.

At Rome lay Maxentius with far more men than Constantine could muster; but he had so little skill that he posted them with their backs to the river, close on the bank. So it fell out that when the first charge was made by Constantine's horsemen, the Romans tried to retreat and fell into the Tiber; and the confusion spreading, horse and foot took to their heels and ran. Ran till they came to a bridge across the Tiber, over which they rushed in so tumultuous a throng that the bridge broke under them, and thousands—Maxentius among them—fell into the water and were drowned.

There is a very well-known story about Constantine's becoming a Christian on his way to Rome, in consequence of a wonderful vision he saw. He said that while he was journeying through Gaul, he was much troubled in his mind about religion, not knowing whether the old religion or the Christian was the true one; that, one day, while he was turning

the matter over in his mind, he saw a great cross in the sky overhead, and under it in Greek the words "Conquer under this standard;" that he did not know what to make of the cross or the words, and was greatly troubled by them; but that at night, as he lay in a deep sleep, the SAVIOUR appeared to him in a dream, told him that the cross was the Christian standard; and commanded him to become a Christian.

This is the story which Constantine told to his friend the Christian bishop, EUSEBIUS. The bishop believed it, as did most of the Christians of that day; and they grew much attached to Constantine in consequence. I am afraid, notwithstanding, that it is not true; that Constantine never saw any cross in the sky, and never became a Christian till he was on the point of death.

He told the Christians that he believed in Christ, but he told the old Romans that he believed in Jupiter; he gave money to build Christian churches, but he liked temples too; he talked of making Christianity the state religion, but he became high-priest of the old gods; he read the gospels, but offered sacrifices to Apollo; he filled his house with Christian teachers, but gave to one of the days of the week the name of SUNDAY, in honor of the Syrian sun-god. You may perhaps infer from these strange practices that Constantine was uncertain all his life which of the known religions was the true one, and wanted to be on the safe side by belonging to them all.

Still, it is certain that, under Divine Providence, he was a powerful instrument in spreading Chris-

tianity throughout the Roman world. Under many of the emperors, as I have told you, the Christians were cruelly persecuted: under all, they lived a life of obscurity and contempt. At Rome, and in one or two other places, they had at times been forced to take shelter in under-ground burial-places called catacombs—in which you will still see small dark caverns, that were used in these frightful days of persecution as chapels and churches. Though the beautiful precepts of virtue contained in the Gospel had drawn into the Christian Church a great portion of the worth, and the genius, and the sinew of the Roman nation, the hatred of the people of the old religion was not quenched, but was rather aggravated by time. Even wise and honest men—like the great historian TACITUS—despised the Christians, spoke of them as we might do of the followers of Joe Smith, and thought it no great harm if they were knocked about from time to time.

All this underwent a startling change when Constantine entered Rome as emperor. Though he did not openly become a Christian himself, he took the Christians into high favor, made several of them his counselors, and founded churches—among others, it is said, St. John of Lateran, at Rome, which is still called the Mother of churches. When the Emperor favored the Christians, all the inferior officers of government favored them too, as a matter of course; and it becoming quite honorable and respectable to be a Christian, the churches were soon too small to hold the crowds that now embraced Christianity.

When I think of this wonderful change, and when I see what Christianity has done for the world; I can not find words to describe the debt we all owe to the reign of Constantine.

You are told every Sabbath at church how our hopes of salvation in a world to come rest on our faith in Christ's Gospel, which Constantine's reign helped so powerfully to spread.

I know of nothing which has done so much for our well-being in this world. Which has so deeply engraven on men's hearts the excellence of truth, justice, kindliness. Which has so powerfully taught that we were not placed here to seek our own selfish good, but to labor for each other, for mankind. Which has helped so largely to raise woman to her rightful place, and to clothe her with modesty, gentleness; loveliness of heart. Which has shed such holiness round the family tie, or so closely bound fathers, mothers, sons, brothers, sisters together in a bond of affection. Which has so plainly led to political freedom, or aided so directly to create those free institutions which are among our greatest blessings.

In remembrance of this—though we must pity Constantine for his doubts and his trimming about religion—we can not but admit that his reign was one of the most fortunate eras in history. A long and troubled period had yet to elapse before the Christian religion was firmly established and rightly understood; wars were to come, and quarrels and persecutions of one set of Christians by another; great mistakes were to be made, and seas of

blood to be spilled in the correcting of them; but the first step toward the great triumph of Christianity was accomplished when Constantine entered Rome at the head of his armies.

To return to him, he commenced his rule in Italy by a most excellent act. He broke up the guards, scattered them throughout Italy, and razed their barrack to the earth. They had been the curse of Rome for three centuries; it was a happy, happy day when the city was cleansed of them.

In memory of this blessing, and also of the establishment of liberty of conscience, the people of Rome raised to Constantine an arch with the inscription, "To the Founder of our Peace." It is still standing, and it is pleasant to look at it and think of the changes which have taken place since those stones were hewn square and placed one upon another by the masons. Otherwise, it is not worth looking at; for the sculptures which adorn it were stolen from a monument of Trajan's.

While Constantine was establishing himself at Rome, the two other emperors, Licinius and Maximin, quarreled and went to war. Licinius conquered; and being a cruel savage, not only put to death his rival, but killed his young children, and a number of men and women likewise, simply because they had been his friends.

The year after, Constantine and Licinius quarreled. Constantine attacked him, defeated him, and stripped him of several provinces. Then the two emperors made friends. Licinius married Constantine's sister, and they swore eternal affection. The

affection lasted eight years—a long time between emperors; but at last it wore out, and they went to war again. Both emperors had great armies and large fleets: there was one battle fought near Adrianople; and another at a place we call Scutari. Constantine won both, and shortly afterward, not in a very honorable manner, got Licinius into his possession, imprisoned him for a while, then put him to death.

So now, at last, out of all the six emperors Constantine was the only one living, and the master of the whole empire.

A sad trouble soon put an end to his glorification at his success. His son CRISPUS was detected in a conspiracy against him. Constantine punished him cruelly; he sent him to a dungeon in the country; and there, without notice or trial, a band of assassins, sent by his father, crept into his cell one day, closed the door, and put him to death.

They say that Constantine afterward put his wife Fausta to death, by stifling her in a hot bath; but this is not at all certain.

The Romans believed it, however; and many of them who were not overfond of Constantine on account of his favoring the Christians, openly said that he was Nero come back again. Their taunts came to his ears, and disgusted him with Rome. He began to look about him for a new city.

They say that he first thought of rebuilding the old city of Troy, in Asia Minor; but that while he was laying out the land an eagle caught up one of the surveying lines and carried it off, across the Hellespont, to the town of Byzantium, which decid-

ed Constantine to build there instead. This may very possibly have been the case, for Constantine was a man of a superstitious mind.

At all events, he chose Byzantium to be the site of his city, and gave it his own name, CONSTANTINOPLE, which, as you know, it still bears. It was delightfully situated in every respect; and to have chosen it, out of all the sites in the world, for a new capital, shows that Constantine was a man of remarkable judgment. You know what an important part it has played in history, and still plays.

Constantine spent immense sums in improving and enlarging it—twelve millions of dollars of American money for the walls, aqueducts, and porticoes alone. As there were no sculptors in those days able to make decent statues, he stripped Asia and Greece, and Italy too, to beautify his favorite city: succeeded so well that people said nothing was wanting to make it equal to old Athens or Rome but men. Men, unhappily, Constantine could neither buy nor steal.

Settled down here, Constantine began to make laws for the empire. Some of them were excellent. I will only mention two.

He forbade parents exposing their new-born infants to perish of cold and hunger, and provided hospitals where abandoned infants might be taken care of and educated. This law was much needed in Italy, where all these ceaseless wars, and imperial tyrannies, and exactions of the guards had made people so poor that they tried to get rid of their children as soon as they were born.

The other law forbade gladiator-fights. It did not wholly succeed in Italy, where the people liked the cruel sport so much that they kept it up for many years in spite of the law ; but it put an end to it in the other cities of the empire.

Toward the close of his reign he had a war to wage with the Goths, who came swarming down, as usual, upon the Danube ; but the old Emperor showed them that his spirit was strong within him still, and defeated them in two battles. There is a curious story about this war. Some one had brought Constantine a handful of rusty nails, which he said had belonged to the cross of Christ ; the Emperor bought them, had them driven into his saddle, and superstitiously believed that they were a charm which would protect him from injury.

On his death-bed, his friends begged him to say whether or no he was a Christian. He said, for the first time, that he was decidedly a Christian, and was baptized. A day or two afterward he died, at the age of sixty-three, having reigned altogether nearly thirty-one years.

In his day and after his death it was the fashion for the Christians to make him out an angel, and the writers of the opposite religions a perfect monster. I believe some Christians of a later date still continued to follow this fashion. In our time, it is safe to tell the truth ; and the truth about Constantine is, that he was a good emperor, a tolerably good man, as men went in those days, but no Christian at all.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

CONSTANTIUS.

WHEN Constantine had breathed his last breath, his servants dressed his body in silken robes, and laid it out in great state, on the imperial bed. There it lay for I do not know how long; and day after day the courtiers and chief persons in the government called to pay their respects to it, just as they used to do to the living Emperor.

At last it was buried, and the question was, who was to succeed to the empire. Constantine had left three sons—CONSTANTINE, CONSTANTIUS, and CONSTANS—besides a number of brothers and nephews. He had appointed his three sons to succeed him, each reigning over a third of the empire; and Constantius made matters still surer by ordering a wholesale massacre of his uncles and cousins. Two of the latter—young boys named GALLUS and JULIAN—were the only ones he spared out of the whole family.

Then he had a meeting with his two brothers, and agreed upon a division of the empire between them. Constantine, the eldest, got Spain, Gaul, and Britain; Constans, Italy, Illyria and Africa; and Constantius, the East. Having thus split up the empire to suit them, these three brothers parted with many loving embraces, and immediately began to plot against each other.

The first to quarrel were Constantine and Constans. Constantine said his younger brother had more than his share of territory, and marched an army into Italy to prove it was so. However, on the way, he got killed by his soldiers, so there was an end of the question and of him too.

Constans took his brother's third of the empire, and was now much more powerful than Constantius. Before he had time to contrive any mischief, however, a rebellion broke out in Gaul, where he happened to be; and the soldiers chose one MAGNENTIUS, a rough swordsman who could neither read nor write, to be emperor. He sent a party of swift cut-throats after Constans; they caught him as he was riding, for his life, to the south, and dispatched him without any ceremony.

So now two of Constantine's sons were out of the way, and a new man up in their place. Constantius, the surviving son, was all this while fighting with the Persians in Asia, and getting terribly beaten: nine bloody battles he fought with the Persian king, SAPOR, lost eight of them, and did not win the ninth. I dare say he was tired of the work by this time; for when he heard of his brother's murder, he said that his brother's blood called on him for vengeance, turned about, left some of his generals to carry on the war against the Persians, and made ready to fight Magnentius.

The latter sent him word that he would be glad to divide the empire between them; but Constantius replied that he could not hear of such a thing: he would make no peace with his brother's murder-

er. After a time, however, finding himself reduced to great straits, and fearing that he would be overcome in the struggle, he changed his mind about the murder affair, and asked would Magnentius meet him and settle the dispute in a friendly way?

Magnentius hadn't sense enough to say Yes. He answered, that if Constantius chose to give up his authority altogether his life should be spared. And Constantius being, of course, not willing to agree to so bad a bargain, the war went on more furiously than ever. It was settled at last by a great battle at a place called Mursæ, near the spot where the Drave falls into the Danube—a battle so terrible that it is said that half of both armies were left on the place. Constantius won it, his heavy horsemen all clad in steel riding down the troops of Magnentius, and scoffing at their darts and spears, which could not pierce the steel coats. Very soon after this Magnentius killed himself, and so Constantius became sole emperor.

He was a weak, foolish, narrow-minded man, who let himself be ruled and bullied by his servants, and a swarm of vile Asiatics who were always about him. He had so little real power in the government that it was commonly said of him that he was not a bad man to make friends with, for he had some influence with the chief favorite EUSEBIUS.

He pretended to be a Christian, but his Christianity was very uncomfortable of its kind. In his time the Christians were divided among themselves on points of doctrine; they quarreled with each other, and fought as bitterly as they might have done with

the people of the old religions, trying to convince each other with swords, and pikes, and tortures; which, I believe, has happened once or twice since the time of Constantius. The Emperor enjoyed the dispute amazingly, and when he had no wars on hand, fanned the discord by pretending first to be on one side, then on the other.

As he had no children of his own, he resolved to make his cousin Gallus his heir, and gave him the government of an Eastern province. Gallus turning out very badly indeed, and becoming hateful to the people by his cruelties, and oppressions, and wicked life, Constantius sent for him, and put him to death privately.

He would have killed his other cousin, Julian, but for the entreaties of his wife, the Empress EUSEBIA, a kind-hearted, motherly woman, who begged Julian's life, and even persuaded Constantius to make him his heir in the place of Gallus. Constantius never liked Julian, and was very slow in making up his mind to adopt him. He kept him nearly a year in prison at Milan, and then sent him to Greece, so that he should be out of the way; but, in the end, the Empress triumphed, Julian was recalled, and sent into Gaul with the title of heir to the throne.

Constantius generally lived at Constantinople, like his father: Once, when he happened to be at Milan, he thought he would like to see Rome. He went thither, and, they say, was much struck with the wonderful beauty of the old capital. It was indeed a royal city, such as we who see it in its ruins—ragged, mouldy, broken ruins—can hardly picture.

Constantine made it a present of an obelisk which he stole from Egypt. It is the greatest obelisk known, being ninety-nine feet high without the pedestal, and is said to have been erected at Thebes by an old king of Egypt who lived at the same time as Deborah and Barak, of whom we read in the Bible. For sixteen hundred years or so it stood where this old king had placed it, and the Egyptian priests celebrated their queer worship of cows and bulls around its base. Constantine pulled it down, and built a great ship on purpose to carry it across the sea to his own city on the Hellespont; his son now gave it to the Romans, who set it up in the middle of the great circus. In one of the furious battles which were fought long afterward at Rome, this old obelisk got knocked down again, and lay a long while in the dust, like any common stone, till a wise Pope picked it up, and had it set on its pedestal in the great square of St. John of Lateran, where you may see it to this day. On high days, the priests and cardinals, with their singing boys, and their censers, and their bright pictures, walk round it in procession to go to the great church opposite, for all the world like the old Egyptian priests of Apis.

Constantius reigned twenty-four years, and did nothing at all worth remembering beyond what I have mentioned.

In the twenty-third year of his reign he grew jealous of his cousin Julian, who had won several victories over the Franks and Alemanni in Gaul. In order to crush him, he sent word that Julian must dispatch all his best troops to Italy, where

they were much wanted. Julian knew what this message meant, and when the soldiers clamored at being sent across the Alps, he took good care to encourage their ill temper. They say that he didn't want to be emperor; but my opinion is that his reluctance was only a sham, and he would have been terribly disappointed if the soldiers had taken him at his word. At all events, when they revolted openly, and cried at the top of their voices that they would have Julian for emperor, and not Constantius any longer, Julian overcame his scruples, and put himself at their head to march against his cousin.

Constantius was in Asia at the time, fighting in a feeble way with the Persians. He said he was dreadfully shocked at the ingratitude of Julian—he had so nice a sense of honor himself, you know—and set out, as he said, for the purpose of chastising the young rebel. The mayor of one of the cities he passed through, begged the favor of having Julian's head stuck upon a pole in his city, after the ungrateful fellow had been taken and killed, and Constantius did not refuse the request.

But in the midst of all these fine hopes, as Constantius was journeying through Asia Minor, he took ill, and died. There was then no one left to oppose Julian.

CHAPTER LXXV.

JULIAN.—JOVIAN.

THE new emperor, JULIAN, is a very famous man in history. He was, as you remember, a nephew of Constantine, and one of the few who escaped the dreadful massacre which marked the beginning of Constantius's reign. Constantius had him educated by a couple of Christian teachers.

Whether these teachers did not understand their business, or were idle, or how it was, I know not, but young Julian grew up intensely hating Christianity. When he was sent to Greece, as I mentioned in the last chapter, he fell in love with the old Greek religion, which I am not much surprised at, as he was a young man of an ardent, enthusiastic disposition, and very likely to be influenced by the splendid temples, and lovely statues, and other works of art and of genius which were clustered in Greece round the memory of the old gods and goddesses. He left Greece hating Christianity more than ever.

In Gaul, he was an excellent ruler: cared wisely for the people; beat back the Franks, and made himself deeply loved by the citizens of the west. Most of these, or a great many of them, were Christians; but Julian, for fear of his cousin Constantius, kept his opinions prudently to himself.

They were known, however, before he became

emperor, and the Christians trembled lest he should begin his reign by reviving the cruel persecutions which had ceased since the time of Diocletian. He disappointed them. One of his very first acts was to proclaim perfect freedom of conscience throughout the empire. A few years before, the meaning of this would have been that the Christians were at liberty to pray as they pleased; but now the Christians had had the upper hand for a good many years, had pulled down the temples of the old religions in places, and had persecuted violently some of their own people who did not agree with them on points of doctrine. So the present meaning of freedom of conscience was, that the old religion should be observed by all who liked it best, and that the Christians should not persecute each other.

I wish very much that Julian had stopped here, and gone no farther in his religious changes; for he was in many respects a very estimable man, and no doubt tried all his life to do what he thought was right. But he was strangely superstitious and fanciful. He believed that the old gods and goddesses conversed with him in his sleep, and said he could tell the voice of Minerva from that of Jupiter (which ought not to have been a very difficult matter, one would think), and assured his friends that all these old gods and their wives were constantly worrying him to put down Christianity and restore the Greek religion. When these fancies were strong upon him, he made many harsh laws against the Christians; would not allow them to be teachers or public officers; forbade them to read the old poets and

philosophers, as, said he, people who do not believe in the old gods can not enjoy Homer or Virgil; obliged the Christians to make good all the property of the old temples they had destroyed during the last reigns; and altogether did his best to bring Christianity into contempt. These acts of his were not only hurtful in themselves to the Christians, but they were the occasion of others far more cruel and unjust. For, when it was known that the Emperor disliked the Christians, every courtier and every mean-spirited governor (of whom there were a good many) thought to please Julian by persecuting them; and in this way many excellent priests and bishops, and men and women, came to violent ends. Julian's friends said the Emperor disapproved these persecutions, and very likely he did not wish to earn the name of a persecutor; but it is quite plain they did not irritate him much, or he would not have allowed them to take place.

A Christian poet of those days said of Julian that he was a traitor to his God, but no traitor to the world. He was, in fact, a very good emperor. When he went to Constantinople, on Constantius's death, he found the palace swarming with hungry idlers, and servants, and debauched men and women, and vermin of all kinds. There were a thousand cooks, and a thousand cup-bearers, and a thousand barbers, and more fiddlers and dancers, and other useless hangers on, than would have filled a city. When Julian sent for a barber to shave him, a tall fellow made his appearance in grand costume, and looking so grand in his gold and silver, and silk and feathers,

that the Emperor thought he must be at least the Treasurer of the empire.

Julian made short work of all these people. With one short edict he swept them out of the palace, and sent them into the world to earn an honest livelihood. Their places he filled with useful working men like himself.

It is hard to believe the stories which are told of his industry. They say that he kept several relays of secretaries always busy. When one set was worn out and went away to sleep or eat, another set took their place; the Emperor alone never seemed to need rest or food. He could write a letter himself, it is said, and dictate another at the same time; but I fancy the letters that were tossed off on this plan can not have been models to copy. He was, however, beyond all doubt, a great scholar; wrote beautiful Greek; and spared so little time from work that his hands were usually dirty and his beard uncombed.

After he had been emperor some months, he was seized with a passion—like so many other emperors—for rivaling the fame of Alexander the Great. He mustered the largest army that had ever yet marched out of the Roman empire to the East, and invaded Persia. For some time he was moderately successful, and laid siege to the great Persian city of Ctesiphon. He could not take it, however, and being misled by a treacherous Persian who had joined him, he rashly advanced into the burning deserts beyond.

For many weary days, under a scorching sun, the troops marched eastward, always hoping to meet the

Persian king and end the war; but no king found they, nothing saw they but the same endless waste of hot sand beneath, and the glaring sky above. At last Julian turned back. The panting and parched Romans began to trudge over the desert once more, and hoped to gain their own territory; but now the long-expected Persians loomed up in swarms and clouds, mercilessly harassing the retreating enemy. They fought like the Parthians; hurling their javelins, and shooting their arrows from a distance, and galloping off when the Romans turned upon them.

In one of these attacks of theirs an arrow struck the Emperor in the breast and gave him a mortal wound. He fell from his horse and fainted. They carried him into his tent; when he recovered his senses, he sprang from his bed, delirious, and called for his horse and his sword.

But his fighting days were over. Only a short while before, while he was sitting in his tent one night, brooding over his situation, and thinking of the wearisome march on the morrow, he thought he saw the genius of Rome stand before him, with her head covered with a funeral veil. She raised the veil, he thought, and looked at Julian mournfully for a moment, then let it fall, and slowly, sadly faded from his view.

This vision had prepared him for death, and he was not surprised when his surgeons told him his wound was mortal. He talked some time with his friends on the immortality of the soul; called for a cup of water, drank it, and died. He was only

thirty-two at the time of his death, and had reigned one year and eight months.

The soldiers, in great straits and suffering, being still in the Persian desert, hastily chose a new emperor, one JOVIAN,* who had been a sort of chamberlain in the household of Julian. He led them out of Persia, having purchased peace from King Sapor by giving him up five Roman provinces.

Jovian was a Christian, and gave orders that the Christians should not be interfered with in their worship. He would doubtless have done more for them, but that, on his first arrival in Europe, he overate himself at a supper, and was found dead in his bed next morning, having only reigned a few months.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

VALENTINIAN I.—HIS BROTHER, AND SONS.

FOR ten days after Jovian's death there was no emperor chosen to succeed him; but at the end of this time the soldiers in the camp at Nice held a meeting and elected VALENTINIAN. He was a bold, skillful soldier, a fine, handsome man, and a Christian. Under Julian's reign, it was said, the Emperor had wished him to sacrifice to the old gods, and threatened him with exile if he refused; but he said, scornfully, that neither reward nor punishment would induce him to bow to the absurd gods of Greece or Rome. Whether he was exiled or no—which is a matter of some doubt—he gained great credit among the Christians by his fearless fidelity; they were in high glee when they heard of his election as emperor.

Some few of them would have been better pleased still if he had put down the old religion altogether, and quite expected it. But he said that every man should pray as he chose, forbade all stripes and persecutions for religion's sake, and only laid his hand on the magicians, who were very numerous at that time, and drove a capital trade by pretending to reveal the future.

To help him to rule the empire, Valentinian the First made his brother, VALENS, emperor of the

East. This Valens was a weak, cowardly, cruel prince; the people of the East soon learned to know and hate him. Once, in their disgust at his oppressions, they rebelled, and made one of the courtiers, named Procopius, emperor; and he actually held Constantinople and the chief power in the East for three years. He might have kept it altogether—for Valens was far too miserable a creature to cope with him—but for his own folly. After winning a battle, and driving back the Emperor's forces, he lost his wits, grew proud and insolent, and very soon contrived to make himself as much hated as Valens. The people deserting him, he was attacked again, defeated, and soon afterward cruelly put to death by the blood-thirsty Emperor.

Valentinian, meanwhile, lived partly at Milan and partly in Gaul, where there was no end to the wars with the old enemies of the Romans—the Franks and Alemanni. Valentinian was a good leader, and very prompt and vigorous; but he was of a wrathful disposition, and savagely fond of blood.

For the least offense he would roar out to his guards to cut a man's head off. Vast numbers of innocent persons were murdered by his orders during his reign. He had two pet bears, which he kept in a den close to his bedroom. These animals were fed on the living bodies of criminals condemned to death; and they say that the Emperor used to delight in seeing them tear an unhappy wretch limb from limb.

His angry temper was the ruin of him at last. Hearing that the Quadi, a wild race which lived

north of the Danube, had begun to molest the Roman provinces in their neighborhood, he led an expedition into their country, and laid it waste with fire and sword. The Quadi, humbled and distressed, sent messengers to him to treat for peace; but when Valentinian saw them he flew into such a rage, and stormed so savagely at them; that in his fury he burst a blood-vessel and died, aged fifty-four, having reigned nearly twelve years.

His brother came to a still more miserable end. As he was idling in some luxurious city of the East, he was visited by a messenger from the Goths, who said that a new and very savage nation called the HUNS were pressing on them from the north and the east, eating up their substance, and plundering their houses. The messenger asked whether Valens would let the Goths cross the Danube and settle down quietly in the Roman provinces.

If Valens had been a statesman, he would have answered No; being a simpleton he answered, Yes, the Goths might cross, but they must leave their arms behind them, and give him up the young men of their best families to be hostages for the tribe. So the Goths crossed, an immense multitude, counting over two hundred thousand fighting men, and, as you may easily guess, they did *not* leave their arms behind them. However, Valens got possession of a great number of their young men, and scattered them through the cities of Asia.

Now these Goths were not by any means savages. They had learned a great many useful arts in their intercourse with the Romans; they understood war

as well as the best of the Roman legions ; they were rich, not only in flocks and herds, but also in gold, silver, and precious stuffs ; they were larger men, stronger, and far better able to stand fatigue than the soldiers of the East ; and they were, every man of them, Christians. A very troublesome set of people, you see, they were likely to prove in case of disputes with them.

Disputes did arise, and very quickly too, after their admission into the Roman provinces. Some Romans tried to ill-use the Goths ; I dare say the Goths helped themselves freely to whatever they wanted ; at all events, a quarrel broke out between them and the Romans, and a battle was fought, in which the latter were badly beaten.

Valens, as foolish as usual, set about chastising the Goths, who quickly overran the country which is now Turkey in Europe. He marched away from Constantinople to Adrianople, which the Goths were besieging : there he gave them battle, and there he was defeated with such prodigious slaughter that the Romans said nothing had ever been known like it since the dreadful day of Cannæ. Valens himself, badly wounded in the fight, was carried to a cottage by some of his guards. A party of Goths surrounded the cottage, and tried to get inside ; but the doors being firmly closed, they set fire to the building and burned it to the ground, with all the people who were within.

Valentinian the First had died some time before these wars, and had been succeeded by his two sons—**GRATIAN** and **VALENTINIAN THE SECOND**. Gra-

tian was a gentle, well-bred youth, who had no vice or wickedness about him; Valentinian was a baby, in the arms of his mother.

When Gratian heard of his uncle's fate, he chose an excellent officer, a Spaniard named THEODOSIUS, to rule over the East, and sent him to Constantinople. He went himself to Gaul, and fixed his headquarters at Paris, leaving his baby brother at Milan.

The old border wars were still going on in Gaul and Germany, and if Gratian had been a man of vigor, he might soon have made himself as great a name for his conduct as he had already for his mild virtues. Unhappily, he was feeble and boyish; he left the affairs of state to counselors who managed them badly, and spent his time in hunting and sport. He was fond of dressing in the Scythian costume, which was a harmless fancy in itself, but greatly offended the national pride of the Romans in Gaul.

They were losing their esteem for him when a Spaniard, named MAXIMUS, rose in arms in Britain, and persuaded the Britons to choose him emperor. He raised the greatest army that had ever gone out of Britain—desperate fellows they were, who never gave up, or turned back—and at their head marched into Gaul.

Gentle Gratian had only time to throw aside his hunting spear, leap on his horse, and ride away for his life to Lyons. He might have gained a safe refuge in the East; but feeble to the last, he allowed the treacherous Governor of Lyons to persuade him to stay there; and so when Maximus's men came

riding down in hot speed after him, he was given up, and soon put out of his pain.

Maximus and his fierce Britons marched on, and on, through Gaul, over the Alps, and into Italy. Young Valentinian and his mother started off in great dismay, and fled to their friend Theodosius, the Emperor of the East.

Theodosius had his hands full at the time with the Goths, whom he was skillfully dividing and diverting from his empire; one of his generals had just massacred all their young men; and so at first he was very cool with young Valentinian, and even thought of acknowledging Maximus. But, as good fortune would have it, in the course of the discussion Theodosius fell in with Valentinian's sister, GALLA, the loveliest creature in the world. She pleaded her brother's cause so earnestly that she won it; nor that alone, but the heart of Theodosius likewise. So they were married, and her dower was that her brother Gratian's blood should be avenged, and Valentinian restored.

Theodosius was a man of his word. He marched against Maximus before the honeymoon was over, defeated him, and let the soldiers put him to death. Then he set Valentinian on the throne of the West once more, gave him a counselor and general—one ARBOGASTES, a chief of the Franks, who had entered the Roman service—then went back to Constantinople.

But all soon went wrong. Arbogastes made himself the real master of the empire; and when Valentinian tried to exercise authority, he found that

he had none. Every one treated him like a child. He bore it all for a while, complaining in a feeble way from time to time to his friend Theodosius; and at last, in a spasm of energy, he called Arbogastes before him, and handed him a paper dismissing him from his rank.

But the proud Frank read the paper, and crying, "My rank does not depend on the smile or frown of an emperor," tore it up before Valentinian's face, and trampled on it.

The poor young Emperor could only wring his hands and bemoan himself. A few days afterward he could not do even this; for he was found dead in his bed, how murdered, or by whom, was never made certain.

Arbogastes would not take the title of emperor on Valentinian's death, but gave it to a teacher of rhetoric named EUGENIUS, who was, of course, his very humble servant. They did not long enjoy their ill-gotten power; for Galla, dying in child-bed just about this time, adjured her husband to avenge the death of this second brother of hers as he had avenged the first; and he vowed he would.

Arbogastes fought bravely, and won one battle; but in the end Theodosius out-generaled him, and put his army to flight. The professor Eugenius, taken prisoner, fell at Theodosius's feet, and begged his life; but the Emperor, remembering his vow, let his guards strike the wretched man's head off as he knelt. Arbogastes wandered about in the woods for some time, and at last killed himself.

So once more all the emperors of the West, right-

ful and wrongful, were killed off. Theodosius went to Milan, and thought for some time whom to appoint. He decided at last to make his son HONORIUS emperor of the West, and his son ARCADIUS of the East. It was a very bad plan, as you will see.

Four months after the death of Eugenius, Theodosius fell ill at Milan. He had led an active life, always fighting, and always victorious; had earned great fame by making a number of useful laws, and restoring peace to the Eastern empire; and had dealt a fatal blow to the old religions by giving the Christians leave to break down the temples, and even to persecute the priests of the old gods. His body was worn out, though he was only forty-nine; he was just able to give the purple cloak to Honorius at Milan when he died.

This was the final separation of the empire. It had been slowly crumbling to pieces for some time; it was now fairly split in two.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HONORIUS.

HONORIUS was not eleven years old when he found himself emperor of the Western half of the empire. Happily for him his wise father had given him a guardian or master—a brave and energetic soldier named **STILICHO**, who had married Theodosius's niece, **SERENA**. To bind Stilicho still closer to the young Emperor, the latter was betrothed to Stilicho's daughter, **MARIA**. The marriage was performed when Honorius reached the age of fourteen, his wife being a still younger child.

Honorius lived nearly twenty-nine years after he was crowned, and during all that time was called by the title and surrounded by the pomp of an emperor, though he had no more to do with the affairs of the empire than many a captain in his guards. At first Stilicho was the real emperor.

When a governor in Africa, named **GILDO**, who was a Moor, but had risen to high rank in the Roman service, rebelled against Honorius, and said he and his provinces would belong to the Eastern and not the Western half of the empire, Stilicho undertook to bring him to reason. He tried argument; that failing, he used threats; and when these were despised by the haughty Moor, he found another Moor—a brother of Gildo's—who had been mal-

treated by him, and was burning for revenge, and sent him with an army into Africa. The two brothers met, and a bloody battle was about to begin, when Stilicho's general, by a trick, persuaded his brother's legions to desert, and drove Gildo into a barren island, where he hanged himself. The conquering brother returned in glory; but as he was crossing a bridge in company with Stilicho, a few days afterward, he was pushed into the water and drowned. Every body said that the affair was of Stilicho's contriving; and it became plainer still that he was the emperor.

He had soon tougher enemies than Moorish rebels. The Goths had risen again, and finding Greece a pleasant country to live in, full of cities very convenient to plunder, had settled down there, and committed terrible havoc. They were led by a brave and skillful king, whose name was ALRIC, or ALARIC.

The poor plundered Greeks sent over to Stilicho to beg for help. Stilicho, nothing loth, marched away to Greece, and disposed his troops so skillfully that he fancied he had caught Alaric in a trap in the Peloponnesus; but the bold Goth, hastily gathering a few boats and rafts, crossed the Gulf of Corinth unexpectedly, and encamped his army strongly in the hilly region of Epirus. Stilicho was enraged at his escape; but as he had freed the cities of Greece from the Goths, he was welcomed as a conqueror in Italy, and the people paid him extraordinary honors.

He was long enough at rest to make severe laws against the practice of the old religion, which en-

tirely rooted it out. Some of the temples were destroyed, with the images of the gods they contained; others were turned into churches for the Christians; and those who still clung to the worship of the old gods had almost as hard a time as the early Christians had had.

Then Alaric rose again. Over the mountains he came this time with his Goths, and began to ravage Italy. The young Emperor, who was seventeen or eighteen at the time, had no spirit at all. The moment he heard the Goths were near he ran away from Milan and hid himself near the Alps.

Stilicho left the capital too, but for a very different reason. He went to Germany, Gaul, and Britain, and collected every fighting man he could find, leaving the old forts, and castles, and walls without a man to guard them. Then with these soldiers he recrossed the Alps, and marched down to meet Alaric. There was one battle near the spot where Turin now stands, and another under the walls of Verona (this last was fought at Easter, while the Goths were busy with their devotions). Stilicho won both of them. The Goths were now in great straits.

Alaric called a council of his wisest counselors and bravest warriors, and asked them to say what in their opinion it was best to do. One and all, sitting round their camp fire, said it was best to make peace and escape out of Italy. "And I," said Alaric, "will find in Italy either a kingdom or a grave."

For all this, he found it best to escape for the

present, and quietly marched away again into Hungary.

Stilicho got more glory still from this campaign; he even went to Rome, taking with him the Emperor Honorius, like a dressed-up doll, and had a triumphal procession, which must have looked like the ghost of an old Roman triumph. One good thing was done on this occasion, however. There were shows given; and as usual, notwithstanding the law, among the shows were gladiator-fights. During these, a good monk whose name was TELE-MACHUS, who had learned humanity from the Gospel, leaped down into the arena and tried to separate the gladiators. The people were so enraged at his interference that they stoned him to death on the spot. This led to a law being passed forever and wholly forbidding gladiator-fights; and this time the law was obeyed. Honorius has always had the credit of it; but I dare say Stilicho was the real reformer.

He had enough real fighting always on hand to satisfy his wants. Now came more enemies into Italy, Germans of all races and tribes, under a fierce and valiant chief named RADAGAIUSUS. They laid siege to Florence. Stilicho marched up against them, and instead of fighting, girt their camp round with a strong intrenchment. They tried to get out, but could not; and hunger very soon compelling them to yield, Radagaisus was killed, and his soldiers sold as slaves. So Stilicho's glory grew brighter and brighter, and people said he was as great a man as the old Romans.

He had so much power, and the Emperor so little,—he spent his time feeding chickens at Ravenna, where he had built himself a strong castle, in the midst of marshes, so as to be safe from attack—that very soon jealousy raised up rivals against him. The chief of these was one OLYMPIUS, a very spiteful, wicked man, who pretended to be extremely religious. This Olympius was employed in the Emperor's household; and as he often gave Honorius pious counsel, he soon had a chance to say that he thought Stilicho a very dangerous man indeed, and the Emperor should beware of him. Poor craven Honorius was terribly frightened at this, and asked Olympius what was best to be done? And Olympius said if the Emperor would leave the business to him he would soon settle it.

They happened to be at Pavia a short while afterward. All at once, at a signal from Olympius, a band of murderers appeared and slaughtered a number of Stilicho's friends who were there.

When the news reached Stilicho and the army at Bologna, the soldiers rose, and with a great uproar called upon Stilicho to take the title of emperor at once, and put down Honorius and his friends. But he—whether from virtue or want of nerve—said decidedly that he would do no such thing. At this the soldiers, disgusted, deserted him; and Stilicho fled for safety to a church.

Pious Olympius sent to the bishop of the church to demand the fugitive. The bishop answered that the church was a sanctuary, and that he would not consent to give up any man to his ruin. Olympius

replied that he didn't intend the least harm to Stilicho: he only wanted to talk to him. So the bishop, who was probably afraid of Olympius, opened the church doors; a band of soldiers rushed in, seized Stilicho, and told him they had come to put him to death. He died without flinching, bravely and sternly, like an old Roman; his blood stained the porch of the church.

It was a very bad business for the empire, his death; for Alaric no sooner heard of it, than over the Alps he rushed again with his Goths, more ravenous than ever. There was no one to oppose him; Honorius and Olympius were quaking and trembling in their strong castle at Ravenna: he marched straight to Rome, and laid siege to it.

You may form an opinion of the character of the nobles from the first act of the Senate when it was announced that Alaric was on the Flaminian Road, marching to Rome. That body met, and groaned, and bewailed itself; then bursting into a rage, ordered that Serena, the widow of the brave Stilicho, should be put to death.

Alaric compassed the city about with his brave Goths, and soon reduced it to great distress. The Senate sent two deputies to him to beg for peace. The deputies made a high-flown speech, talked of the valor of the Romans, and especially of the great numbers there were in the city.

"The thicker the hay," said Alaric, with a scornful laugh, "the easier it is mowed." And he added that he would lead away his army if the Romans gave him all their gold and silver, all their precious

merchandise, and all their foreign slaves: not otherwise.

"But," said the deputies, in an agony, "if such are your demands, O King, what do you mean to leave us?"

"Your lives!"

And as the Romans had no choice, they agreed to Alaric's terms. He took less than he had at first exacted, and marched to the northern part of Italy. From his camp he sent to Honorius to say, that if Honorius would give him certain provinces on the eastern border of his empire, with the rank of a Roman general, he would leave Italy and never return.

Olympius, who managed Honorius at the time, flew into a rage at what he called Alaric's insolence, and wouldn't make any arrangement with him of any kind.

So Alaric, out of patience with such folly, marched down to Rome again, took it, and made the Mayor, ATTALUS, emperor. Then he sent to Honorius again to ask would he now come to terms?

Honorius's court was a more wretched den of intrigue and folly than I can describe. All the servants—upper and lower—were always fighting with each other; now one was down and his head was off; next day, his conqueror was down, and his head went too. Olympius was upset by one Jovius, and escaped by a miracle; after a time he got back into favor and dispatched Jovius; then some one upset him again, cut his ears off, and scourged him to death. But whoever was up or whoever down,

Honorius went on feeding his fowls, and let any body who chose manage his affairs.

His master for the time being made answer to Alaric by a herald that his crimes were so great that it wasn't the least use for him to seek forgiveness from Honorius, and hadn't he better go away, and not disturb the Emperor any more?

Then Alaric—sick of talking to such idiots—marched for the third time to Rome. Some traitor opened the Salarian gate (it is standing still), and the Goths rushed into Rome. They were the first foreign army that had entered Rome since the Gauls had burned it just six hundred years before; and the Romans felt, when they saw them, that all was lost. Nor were they far wrong. Alaric gave up the city to be plundered, bidding his soldiers spare nothing but the churches. Right well did the Goths understand the work, and ruthlessly did they perform it. Whatever was of value and portable they seized; many fine buildings they burned; crowds of handsome Roman boys and girls they took as slaves; and such havoc did they spread that for years after the cities of the empire were filled with Roman beggars, like the ashes of a volcano after a great eruption.

They say that when the news reached Ravenna, a servant ran hastily to Honorius, crying, "It is all over with Rome!"

"How so?" asked Honorius, whose thoughts were fixed on a pet hen of his which he had christened Rome, "I only just fed her this instant."

"Alaric has seized and plundered the city of Rome," said the servant.

"Oh!" said the Emperor, "is that all? I was afraid something had happened to my hen."

Alaric died soon after the sack of Rome, and his half brother, **ATAULF**, or **ADOLPHUS**, became king of the Goths. Adolphus was not by any means so able a man as Alaric; and falling in love with one of his captives, who was a sister of Honorius, he married her (**Attalus**, the ex-emperor, who had been very quickly cast on one side when Alaric had done with him, figuring as first fiddler at the wedding), and went off with her to Spain. There he was murdered, and his widow, **PLACIDIA**, was forced to marry his successor.

There turned up about this time in Italy a brave and honest officer whose name was **CONSTANTIUS**. I think he had seen Placidia before she was carried off by the Goths, and fallen in love with her; for he now took the part of the helpless emperor, and really set Italy in something like order. Then he marched off against the Goths. Instead of fighting them, he proposed to make a treaty, the chief article of which was that they should give up Placidia. The Gothic king asked six hundred thousand measures of corn for her. Constantius agreed: the Goths got the corn and he the lady.

I should think she ought to have been very grateful to Constantius for all the love he had shown for her; but she said she wasn't, and positively disliked him. However, as you may fancy, a man who has been to war for a wife is not likely to give her up when he has won her (especially if she has cost him six hundred thousand measures of corn); so Con-

stantius married the widow—whether she would or no—and began to rule the empire.

Very soon, however, he died; just in time, too, for Honorius's servants were going to kill him. His wife and her brother had been such friends that they kissed each other from morning till night; but now they fell out, and Placidia was driven away with her children to Constantinople.

She had hardly gone when Honorius fell ill of dropsy, and died. The most wonderful thing about his reign is that he was not murdered.

During that reign, his half of the empire was in fact ruined. The moment Stilicho took away the garrisons from the forts in Gaul, a swarm of wild races—ALANS, BURGUNDIANS, VANDALS, SUEVI—poured across the frontier: this time they did not come to plunder; they came to stay, and they staid. Britain became independent. Spain passed into the hands of the Goths. And the Goths fastened their gripe on the throat of the empire in Italy, and never loosed it till Rome was at an end.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

VALENTINIAN III.

WHEN Honorius died, his chamberlain, JOHN, took the name of emperor, and for a time persuaded the soldiers to stand by him; but the emperor of the East, THEODOSIUS THE SECOND, objecting to him, and setting up young Valentinian—the son of Constantius and Placidia—the soldiers changed their minds and deserted John. He was seized, and, in the usual cruel manner, his hands were first cut off, and then his head, at the strong place of Aquileia.

Then VALENTINIAN THE THIRD was proclaimed emperor. As he was only six years old, his mother Placidia was the real emperor, and so continued for many years. She had two able generals to help her to govern the empire: one was named BONIFACE, the other ÆTIUS. These two were so active, and so brave, and so vigorous, that, if they could have been friends, perhaps they might have staved off the ruin of the empire for their lifetime at least. But they were madly jealous of each other, and Placidia, at bottom, was jealous of both of them.

The tussle between them began as soon as Valentinian was settled on the throne. Ætius stirred up Placidia's mind against Boniface, and secretly wrote to Boniface to say the Empress intended his

ruin: Boniface, falling into the trap, went away to Africa, and sent word to GENSERIC, king of the Vandals, to cross over and plunder the African provinces.

This Genseric—of whom we shall soon have more to say—was a very bold and blood-thirsty savage. He crossed over from Spain with fifty thousand of his Vandals, and very quickly overran the whole coast of Africa. Boniface, seeing the mischief he did—he spared neither man nor beast, and leveled the cities to the earth—repented of having invited him over, and took up arms against him. But it was too late; there was no resisting Genseric and his Vandals. Boniface was beaten, and forced to make his escape as best he could to Italy.

There was a treaty made with Genseric by which the Romans gave him up all Africa except Carthage and Mauritania. Carthage was the greatest city in the empire next to Rome, and the wickedest. But the Romans had no sooner left Africa than Genseric broke the treaty and seized Carthage. So the Romans lost nearly all their dominions in Africa.

Boniface, on his arrival in Italy, went straight to Placidia, and had an explanation with her. She was a weak woman, who was easily led. Boniface persuaded her that he was her best friend, and *Ætius* her enemy. So now he rose into favor, and *Ætius*, who was away in Gaul fighting the Franks, fell into disgrace.

The moment *Ætius* heard of the return of Boniface, he hurried to Italy, went to Boniface, and said that one of them must die. Boniface thought so

too; so they fought a duel, and Ætius ran Boniface through the body with his spear, and killed him. For this, Placidia exiled Ætius.

She soon found that she could not do without him. A new enemy, the fierce race of HUNS, who had come all the way from China, now began to ravage the empire under their chief, **ATTILA**. Attila was worse than Alaric. A short squat man, dark of skin, and broad of shoulders; with small, wicked eyes, which were always rolling from side to side; a bald head, flat nose, and a few bristles instead of beard; fond of war and slaughter; as proud and insolent as the proudest Roman emperor. A very terrible foe indeed he proved to the Romans; so terrible that some pious monk, who believed that his ravages were God's punishment for the Roman sins, gave him the awful title of the **SCOURGE OF GOD**.

Attila amused himself for some time plundering the Eastern empire; how thoroughly and savagely you may learn from the fact that he rubbed out of existence eighty cities, so that, a few years after, no man could tell where they had stood. Then, doubting within himself whether to plunder Constantinople or Rome, he sent messengers to both the Emperors, with the message that "their master and yours, Attila, commands you to prepare a palace for his immediate reception."

Placidia, scared out of her senses by this haughty message, sent in haste to Ætius to beg him to come to her help. He answered the call, arrived in Italy, and took the command of the armies. Placidia dying, and Valentinian being no more of a man than

Honorius, Ætius became the real emperor, though without the title.

It is plain he was a man of remarkable vigor and skill; for he kept the Huns and the other enemies of Rome out of Gaul and Italy for seventeen years. One circumstance which helped him was a singular love affair of Attila's.

The Empress Placidia had had two children—the Emperor Valentinian and a daughter, HONORIA. Honoria was brought up very strictly by her mother, who intended to make a nun of her. This arrangement was not at all to the young lady's taste. She fell in love with one of her servants (having no one else to fall in love with, poor girl!) and was found out, and sent away to Constantinople by her harsh mother, and kept in a sort of convent there, a close prisoner. She was strictly forbidden to marry; and her love affair was reproached to her with tedious and awful severity by the monks and priests of Constantinople.

But the more her keepers lectured her against marriage, the more Honoria wanted to be married; and at last, finding no one bold enough to make love to her where she was, and hearing a great deal of the valor and power of Attila, she sent privately to him, and said she was the Emperor's sister, and didn't in the least want to be a nun, and would he be so good as marry her?

Attila was much surprised at first, as well he might be; but, on second thoughts, reflecting that it would be a fine thing to have the Emperor's sister for a wife, he sent to Constantinople, and demanded

her in marriage. He had a score of wives already; but the Hun fashion was, the more wives the better.

The Emperor of the East, and the Emperor of the West were greatly perplexed by this demand of Attila's. They said **Honorius was married already; but** Attila said he didn't mind that; they might keep the husband and send him the wife. Then they made other excuses, and argued, and doubted; said one day they would; the next day they wouldn't; and so contrived to waste a great deal of time, and amuse Attila, while Ætius was strengthening the defenses of the empire.

At last Attila would wait no longer. He marched into Gaul. Ætius was ready for him with a great army which he had gathered from all the wild tribes who had settled in the Roman provinces. A bloody battle was fought at Chalons, and Ætius forced Attila to retreat.

The King of the Huns was not so badly hurt, however, but that he could invade Italy, with fire and sword, the next year, ~~calling~~ ^{rolling} aloud, as before, for his betrothed Honorius. He laid siege to Aquileia, which was the strong-hold of the north. For many days the Huns encamped opposite the walls, and fought and stormed without success. They lost heart at last, and grumbled that they must go home. As they were growling and murmuring in the presence of Attila, a stork rose from the walls of Aquileia, and fled away with her young.

"See!" cried Attila, "do you think that wise bird would fly away if it did not foresee that its nest was soon to be destroyed?"

And the Huns, roused by the idea, made a fresh attack with great vigor, forced their way into the place, sacked, and destroyed it. Destroyed it so completely that fifty years afterward the place where it stood was not known.

Then the Scourge of God made ready to take Rome. He was on his way, and the Emperor Valentinian had quite lost his head from fright, when Ætius proposed that the bishop of Rome, or pope, as some called him, a venerable old man named LEO, should be sent to beg mercy for the city from Attila. Leo went on his errand and spoke well and wisely to the fierce King of the Huns. They say that he scared him away by assuring him that God's vengeance would be laid on him if he disobeyed the order of the bishop of Rome. But I dare say Attila would have made short work of Rome and the bishop too, but for the promise made solemnly by Leo that at last Honoria should be given up.

At all events he halted, turned about, and marched out of Italy. While he was waiting for the arrival of Honoria, he married a beautiful girl named Hilda. The wedding was a splendid affair; and Attila was in very joyous spirits, considering the absence of Honoria. But next morning when the servants entered his room, they found Hilda crying by the bedside, and Attila lying dead in the bed, having broken a blood-vessel in the course of the night.

While he was alive Valentinian cringed to Ætius, and let him rule the state as he pleased. But the moment the news of Attila's death reached Rome, all was changed. The miserable Emperor now fan-

cied he could do without Ætius ; and having spread reports of his treachery, paved the way for the old story.

One day Ætius was sent for by the Emperor. He found Valentinian surrounded by guards. The Emperor began to accuse him of various crimes, and in the middle of his speech burst into a fury, drew his sword—he had never drawn it against the Huns—and stabbed Ætius. The guards and servants fell upon him directly and dispatched him.

So fell the only man who could have helped the empire against its enemies.

Valentinian's race was soon cut short. Falling in love with the beautiful wife of a Roman Senator, named MAXIMUS, he sent her word that the Empress desired to see her. When she came, he had her seized by his guards and hurried off to a prison. She escaped soon afterward, told her husband of her wrongs, and bade him avenge her if he was a man.

The business was very quickly done. A plot was formed ; several of the Emperor's servants were in it ; and one day as Valentinian went to see a race in the Field of Mars, they fell upon him and killed him in the midst of his guards ; no man raising a hand to defend him, so thoroughly was he despised. He was about thirty-six at the time, and had reigned nearly thirty years.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE LAST OF THE EMPERORS.

DURING the twenty years which followed the death of Valentinian the Third nine men figured as emperors of the West. We know very little about them beyond their names; the reigns of all nine were very short; perhaps they may remind you of moths flitting round a dying candle, and one after another tumbling into the flame and perishing.

The first was that Maximus who had had a hand in Valentinian's death. He was a quiet, respectable old gentleman, who was very rich, and very fond of fine living and pleasant company, and was made quite miserable by the cares of government. His own beautiful wife having died of grief, he married Valentinian's widow against her will; and they say she invited the Vandals across from Africa by way of revenge. But I think they would have come without invitation quite as well.

When they came—with a great fleet, and a hungry army, Genseric leading them—all Rome shook with terror. Maximus tried to run away, but was caught by the people and stoned: his new wife was married again against her will to more husbands, Vandals this time; and Genseric let his savages loose upon the city.

Again, they say, fearless Bishop Leo interceded

VOL. II.—T

with the conquerors, and persuaded Genseric to go away with as much plunder as his army could carry, and ever so many Roman boys and girls as slaves.

When he was gone, the miserable Romans ventured to creep out of their hiding-places, and found that a Goth in Gaul had appointed one AVITUS emperor of the West. The Romans would have been glad of any emperor, no matter where he came from or who chose him, if he only secured them a quiet life. But Avitus, caring nothing for them, and letting the Vandals come back again and again in their ships to plunder the coast, while he lived idly and sottishly in Gaul, they groaned and cried, Was there no one who would rule them safely, and take care of them ?

Among the wild Northmen who were then in Italy was a Suevian, whose name was RICIMER. He was a native of the country we call Prussia ; a bold, brutal, ignorant savage ; fond of fighting, and fond of power. He said now that he would protect Italy.

He was as good as his word. The first Vandals who landed he attacked and drove back. Then he marched away to the north to meet Avitus, who was very indignant that any one should do his work ; caught him, and said, Would he give up the empire and become a bishop, or have his head cut off ? Avitus said, very quickly, that he preferred the bishopric.

Ricimer wouldn't be emperor himself ; he thought it greater to be an emperor-maker ; so he set on the throne a brave and able soldier named MAJORIAN. Majorian reigned about four years, during which he

made several good laws, lightened the taxes, quieted Gaul, where the Goths were eternally going to war with their neighbors, and even frightened the Vandal king, Genseric, into making a treaty by which he promised not to molest Rome in future. But while he was working thus usefully for the empire, Ricimer grew jealous of him, seized him, with the help of his soldiers, forced him to abdicate, and, they say, poisoned him five days afterward.

Then the emperor-maker set up one SEVERUS, of whom we know nothing at all, except that he was wisely a mere shadow in the empire, while Ricimer fought and battled with the Vandals. Severus dying, the Emperor of the East sent over a man of his own, ANTHEMIUS, with a civil message to Ricimer, to say he would be much obliged if he would let Anthemius have the empire. The proud emperor-maker was at first inclined to say No; but falling in love (if such a savage could fall in love) with the daughter of Anthemius, he made a bargain by which the father got the empire and he the lady.

This lasted till Ricimer grew tired of his new wife—that is to say, a few months—then Ricimer found an ambitious noble, named OLYBRIUS, and asked him, Would he be sure to be very submissive and grateful if he were made emperor?

Olybrius swearing that he would be like a dutiful son to Ricimer, the emperor-maker called his fighting men together and marched to Rome. Anthemius had fighting men too, fierce Goths, who were fattening on the spoils of Rome; and a hard fight they had of it, on the Angel's Bridge and over

against the great Tomb of Hadrian, from whence the Goths threw down statues and rich bronzes on their assailants, when they had expended their ammunition. In the end Ricimer cut his way into the city, and gave it up to his men to be once more sacked. Olybrius said the Romans ought to be glad to see the triumph of their rightful emperor; but sacked by an emperor or sacked by the Vandals, it is pretty much the same thing to the city sacked.

In the rioting, and reveling, and butchering, and burning of the sack, the emperor-maker died, with a heavy account on his soul. Then Olybrius died too—the best thing he could do.

Up started a new emperor-maker, a Burgundian this time, of the same stamp as Ricimer, by name GUNDOBALD, and he made an emperor of one GLYCERIUS. Glycerius only flitted round the candle for a very short while; for the Emperor of the East sent over the husband of a niece of his, JULIUS NEPOS, with a few troops, and Nepos made himself master of Rome and Glycerius too. He offered him the old choice, a bishopric or death (a strange idea, to make bishops out of cast-off emperors, but it seems to have answered pretty well, as bishops went); Glycerius chose the former, and went off to his see.

Then arose another emperor-maker—a general named ORESTES. He got the command of the soldiers in Italy, and straightway set up his son—a handsome boy—whose name was ROMULUS AUGUSTUS, but who, from his youth, was commonly called AUGUSTULUS, or LITTLE AUGUSTUS. Julius Nepos running away, Augustulus was proclaimed.

Then said the soldiers to his father, "We have been making a pretty good supply of emperors lately: we want something to pay us for our trouble. We want one-third of all the land in Italy."

Said Orestes, "You shall have nothing of the kind."

Now there was among these soldiers a huge warrior called ODOACER, who had come of some wild tribe which had been scattered and destroyed in the wars. When his people perished, Odoacer fled to Africa, and made a living as a robber. Being somewhat superstitious, as robbers sometimes are, he went to a shaggy saint, who lived in a narrow cell in the wilderness, and asked him for his blessing. The saint, who seems to have been a very strange sort of saint, blessed the robber, and prophesied that if he went to Italy he would become great and famous.

Odoacer thanked the saint, went to Italy, and grew a favorite with the soldiers by his daring and strength. So it came about that when Orestes refused to give the soldiers the land they wanted, they shouted with one voice that they would take it, and that Odoacer was the man to lead them.

Odoacer (who now began to think the African saint a very superior prophet) led them against Orestes, besieged him in the strong town of Pavia, fought his way in, and put Orestes to death. The boy Augustulus he took to Rome.

Arrived there, he asked Augustulus whether he hadn't better give up the name of emperor, and go and live quietly in a country house which Odoacer would give him? The poor boy said, Indeed he

would. And Odoacer, to his honor, gave him a house, and land, and money for his support.

Then said Odoacer to the Senate, "I think we have had emperors enough."

Said the Senate, "Oh, quite enough!"

Said Odoacer, "Just be so good as to write that down and send it to the Emperor of the East, so that he shall not send us any more of his nephews or favorites."

The Senate wrote the letter, saying that the Romans did not want any more emperors, having no use for them, now that they had got so great and good a master as Odoacer; that the Emperor of the East might take the title of Emperor of the West too, if he cared about it; and that the Senate was convinced it was not wanted any more, and quite cheerfully gave up its power to Odoacer.

So ended the Roman empire.

Odoacer was killed, in course of time, by another wild chief as savage as himself; and for sixty or seventy years a rough tribe called Ostrogoths lorded it in Italy. They were overthrown and utterly destroyed in their turn, partly by the troops of the Greek emperor, led by an exceedingly brave and skillful general named BELISARIUS; and partly by a new race of wild men called LOMBARDS, who set up a kingdom of their own in the northern part of Italy.

For about a century the Lombard kings and the governors appointed by the Greek emperors ruled Italy, and tore it asunder, and robbed, and butchered, and ravaged like very wild beasts. Then the

King of France, CHARLEMAGNE, being a great warrior, and very ambitious, thought it a fine thing to demolish these Lombards and Greeks, and make himself Emperor of the West. He was crowned at Rome just one thousand and fifty-six years ago.

His successors divided his dominions, and one branch of them governed Italy and part of Germany for three hundred years.

Rome was in a dreadful state all this time, the corruption of morals being something worse than I can imagine. At one time the city was governed by two vile women who were a trifle wickeder than their neighbors, and who, with their friends and their hired bullies, contrived to beat down every one who opposed them. The Moors crossed over and ravaged Italy, and so did the Normans ; the history of this time is nothing but a pool of dark blood.

There was growing up at Rome, however, a power which was not based on wickedness or hired ruffians—that power was the Church.

The bishops of Rome claimed to be a very superior kind of bishops ; infinitely better than the bishops of Asia, and Gaul, and Spain, and Greece, who, they said, were a second-rate sort of priests, and were only inspired from heaven on very rare occasions, whereas the bishops of Rome had a never-failing supply of inspiration, and couldn't, by any chance—however hard they might try—make a mistake in any thing. It took a long time to convince the people of Europe that this was all so ; but they believed it at last, and then, of course, the bishops of Rome—who took the name of POPE, or Father,

to distinguish them from the other bishops—became very important and powerful characters.

They found out—being inspired, of course—that the real meaning of the Bible was, that the Popes should be the masters of Rome; and this too they persuaded the Emperor and other people to believe. There were some difficulties at first; but when the Popes said that it had been revealed to them that they were to curse every one who opposed them, and that the effect of this curse would be that the person cursed would have no rest either in this world or the next, every body gave up the point, and the Popes got Rome and a slice of land with it.

They were likewise inspired to manage the affairs of Europe generally; and this they did so cleverly, that one Pope actually had his stirrup held for him, when he went out a-riding, by the kings of England and France. It was revealed to another Pope that he was to appoint and depose kings as he thought fit; but this plan did not work, as the kings were so obstinate that they did not always mind the revelation.

Another Pope found out that the intention of Providence was that America—then just discovered—should be the private property of the Popes; and he gave it accordingly to his good friend the King of Spain. But the English and French were beginning about this time to think less of the Popes; and though the latter cursed them with their strongest curses, these obstinate people went on sailing their ships over to America, and taking possession of the new country, and founding colonies on the sea-shore,

without so much as saying "By your leave" to the poor Pope. Whereby it comes that, in this day of ours, there are Protestant States overspreading this glorious continent, greater and richer in every good thing than the nation to which the Pope gave the whole.

Another Pope was inspired to set up a tribunal for the purpose of making people Christians and Catholics by torturing them. This idea was thought so good that all the other Popes followed it out, and in some countries the new tribunal, which was called the INQUISITION, had a long and a bloody reign. Hundreds and thousands of unhappy Jews, and Moors, and Protestants, and other heretics, were tortured to death in its cells, by way of proving the humanity, and the charity, and the kindliness of the Pope's church.

The Popes had their ups and downs like other monarchs. Once they were driven out of Italy, and lived in France for many years. Once a great-hearted man named RIENZI got up a rebellion, and revived the Roman republic; but it was only a flicker, and soon died out. Sometimes there were two Popes, with rival establishments, each abusing the other, and cursing the other.

But in spite of all these disturbances and troubles the Popedom lived on, and lives still, in possession of Rome.

Here and there, among the bad Popes, there has been a good one—a devout, worthy priest, who has done his duty to God and man. Others, who have not been as pious as one might fancy a Pope ought

THE

Remains

of the

of Rome

would

Remains

for the

people

people

make a

All

rich ci

the Go

and a

and

No

CHAPTER

THE E

Romans counted two
between the four
and the extinction
had long been
a sort of present
last twelve cen
an augur, had found
having seen only
he began to build
who talked the most
noticed also how
teror—Romulus Aug
names as the founder

There were any good
their forefathers,
their thoughts, at this
names. There was
good man's heart ble
that beautiful country was
were gone, rooted up
the Vandals, or the
among these was Rome—
much ruined as savages
cut furrows in the

to be, have done much for the world, for letters, for art, for civilization. Mixed with these, there have sat on the Papal chair some of the most abominable wretches the world has ever known.

Altogether, the history of Rome from the destruction of the Roman empire to the present day is very curious and interesting; some day, perhaps, I will write it out for you.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE END.

THE Romans counted twelve hundred and thirty years between the foundation of the city by Romulus and the extinction of the empire by Odoacer. There had long been floating among the people of Rome a sort of presentiment that the empire would only last twelve centuries: some old witch, or perhaps an augur, had found that out, they said, from Romulus having seen only twelve vultures on the day before he began to build the city. The same people who talked the most about this affair of the vultures, noticed also how strange it was that the last emperor—Romulus Augustus—should have had the same names as the founder and the first emperor of Rome.

But if there were any good Romans left, any who remembered their forefathers, I am sure they did not spend their thoughts, at this sad time, on vultures or emperors' names. There was enough in Italy to make any good man's heart bleed.

All that beautiful country was in ruin. Half the rich cities were gone, rooted up and pulled down by the Goths, or the Vandals, or the Huns. Others—and among these was Rome—were gloomy, desolate, and as much ruined as savages could ruin them. No plow cut furrows in the plains which had once



ARCH OF VOLATERRA.

shone bright with golden harvests ; the vines trailed on the ground, and wild cattle trampled the grapes : along the great Roman roads nothing was seen but tumbling houses, broken-down palaces, desert farms, with here and there a black fire-charred pile ; over all grew rank, unwholesome weeds, through which lizards crawled, and wolves prowled at night. Even the air had grown deathly from the marshes and bogs which there was no one to drain now.

The old Roman people were gone. Some killed ; some fled abroad, calling themselves Goths, Huns, Germans, any thing to be rid of the awful taxation of the later emperors ; some slowly dropping away

in half crumbled palaces, glad of a garret where the soldiers could not find them ; others, the sons of the brave old people of Rome, lazily basking in the sunshine or prowling through the battered streets in search of plunder, not able to fight, not willing to work, calling themselves men without any manhood, boasting that they were Christians without one Christian virtue.

For many, many years before the fall of the em-



RUINS AT CAPUA.



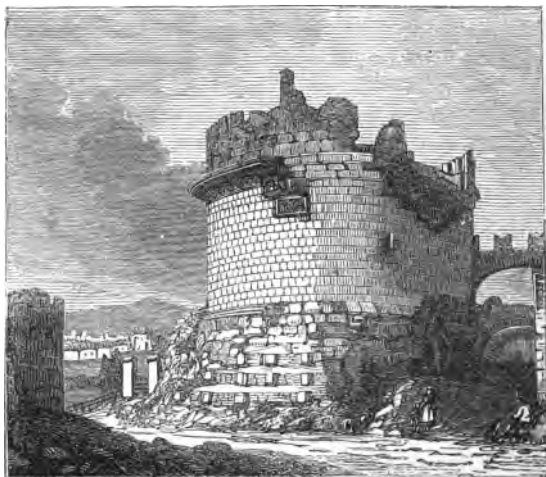
THE ALBAN HILLS.

pire the armies which had sometimes protected and always enslaved Italy had not contained a handful of Romans or even Italians. They were Goths and Huns, Suevi and Burgundians, Asiatics and Vandals; men from the shores of the Baltic and the shores of the Caspian, from the forests of Hungary and the marshes of Belgium; white men, and swarthy men, and dark Africans; men in scaly armor from the East; men clothed in the skins of bears and wolves from the North, men without armor at all from the South; a gathering of all the vagabonds from every part of the world who were willing to sell themselves for money, and to rob, kill, burn, and ravage without stint. For more than fifty years these were the only defenders of Italy.

The whole empire was Christian; but I am sorry to say, as you will be sorry to learn, that Christian-

ity seemed to have made very little difference in the hearts of the people. Their conversion, I am afraid, was not always very sincere; whole armies and whole cities were apt to say they were Christians the moment they heard the emperor, or the governor, or the general was a Christian; and as to the moral virtues which Christianity teaches, they did not think of them at all.

There were, during the two or three last centuries at Rome, many violent quarrels among the Christians about points of doctrine; and more than once, when one sect had the upper hand it would persecute the other sects in a way that was uncommonly like the plan of the old Romans. I am not sure,



TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

either, that all the priests and bishops did all the good that might have been expected of them. Many of them thought it was very religious to shut themselves up in fine houses, and live without work, by persuading people to give them money in return for prayers, and blessings, and the like: others went away to the woods, and lived in caves and hollow trees, and fasted, and tore their bodies, and saw strange visions; and a good many, who had different ideas of religion from these, made themselves very powerful, and taught the people that the clergy were the best persons to do their thinking for them, and to spend their money, and that if the people wanted to be saved, they must on no account oppose a priest in any thing.

I dare say these priests were not quite so useful as they fancied, and very likely they hindered other priests, who understood religion differently, from preaching and teaching the things Christ taught in the Sermon on the Mount.

These were the subjects good Romans must have sadly pondered in the days of Odoacer the robber. They are things which it will not do you harm to bear in mind.

In less than four centuries Rome had fallen from the highest pitch of power that any nation ever reached to the forlorn, miserable state I have described.

Four fatal evils had ruined her.

First. The division of the Romans into two hereditary classes—nobles and people—securing to the one riches, power, and temptation, to the other poverty, oppression, and ignorance.

Second. The spirit of lawlessness, of which the nobles set the example, and which the people soon acquired.

Third. The love of conquest, which obliged Rome to keep up a standing army, in whose presence liberty never has been or can be safe ;

And Fourth. The want of some abiding rule of virtue, to guard individuals against man's natural inclination to wrong.

What those fatal evils did fifteen hundred or two thousand years ago, they will do to-day.

If—which God forbid!—in any evil hour to come, you should see symptoms of their appearance here—of divisions of classes, of a growing disrespect for the laws, of a spirit of conquest, of indifference to good morals—then it will be time for you to resolve that when you grow up you will put your whole soul into the struggle against these great evils ; for you know, from the history of Rome, where such things must lead.

VOL. II.—U



INDEX.

- Actium, Battle of, ii., 46.
 Ædiles, the, i., 20.
 Æmilian, Emperor, ii., 209.
 Æmillianus, Paulus, i., 235.
 Æmilius, Paulus, i., 206.
 Æneas, i., 33.
 Ætius, ii., 283.
 Agrippa's buildings, ii., 54.
 Agrippina, wife of Claudius, ii., 89;
 murders Claudius, 90; secures
 throne for Nero, 93; falls into
 disgrace, 96; murdered, 99.
 Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, ii.,
 70.
 Alaric, ii., 273.
 Alban Lake overflows, i., 115.
 Albinus, Clodius, ii., 174.
 Ancus Martius, King, i., 50.
 Antiochus the Great, i., 230.
 Antoninus (Titus Pius), Emperor,
 ii., 150; his death, 152.
 Antony commands Cæsar's fleet, ii.,
 16; offers crown to Cæsar, 29;
 speaks over Cæsar's body, 35;
 attacked by Cicero, 36; becomes
 one of the Three Men, 37; falls
 in love with Cleopatra, 43; fights
 with Augustus at Actium, 46;
 runs away and commits suicide,
 47.
 Apollonius of Rhodes, ii., 129.
 Appius Claudius one of the Ten
 Men, i., 106; murders Siccus
 Dentatus, 107; steals Virginia,
 110; cuts his throat, 113.
 Appius Claudius the Censor, i.,
 153.
 Arbogastes, ii., 269.
 Archimedes, i., 212; defends Syra-
 cuse, 216; murdered, 218.
 Arria, story of, ii., 87.
 Attalus, ii., 278.
 Attila, ii., 284; beaten by Ætius,
 286; dies, 287.
 Augurs, the, i., 27; affair with Tar-
 quin, 53.
 Aurelian, Emperor, ii., 218; makes
 war on Zenobia, 220; takes her,
 222; builds new wall round Rome,
 223; dies, 224.
 Aurelius, Marcus, Emperor, ii., 153;
 his character, 154; family trou-
 bles, 156; death, 158.
 Aventine, Mount, secessions to, i.,
 84, 112.
 Avitus, Emperor, ii., 290.
 Balbinus, Emperor, ii., 198; killed
 by the guards, 201.
 Brennus besieges Rome, i., 121.
 Britannicus murdered by Nero, ii.,
 95.
 Brutus consults the oracle, i., 64;
 executes his sons, 70.
 Brutus, Junius, his character, ii.,
 80; helps to murder Cæsar, 32;
 sees his evil genius, 40; commits
 suicide, 41.
 Cæsar, Julius, defies Sulla, i., 272;
 caught by the sea-rovers, 299; in-
 vades Gaul, ii., 10; quarrels with
 Pompey, 13; marches on Rome,
 14; seizes the treasury, 15; beats
 Pompey at Pharsalia, 17; falls in
 love with Cleopatra, 22; dictator,
 24; offered the crown, 29; mur-
 dered, 32; his character, 33.
 Caligula, Emperor, ii., 76; his pop-
 ularity, 77; cruelties and follies,
 78; death, 83.
 Camillus, Dictator, i., 116; takes
 Veii, 117; besieges Falerii, 118;
 is exiled, 119.
 Capua besieged, i., 209; taken, 219.
 Caracalla tries to murder his father,
 ii., 178; Emperor, 180; murders
 his brother, 181; cruelties, 182;
 his death, 184.
 Caractacus, ii., 91.
 Carthage, i., 168; first war with,
 170; hires Xantippus, 175; buys

- peace, 181; second war with, 193; destroyed, 240.
- Carus, Emperor, *ii.*, 229; his sons, 230.
- Cassius, *ii.*, 40.
- Catiline's conspiracy, *i.*, 302; death, 304.
- Cato the Censor, *i.*, 228; policy of, 235; goes to Carthage, 237.
- Cato, his death and character, *ii.*, 19.
- Caudine Forks, *i.*, 146.
- Censors, the, *i.*, 19.
- Cherea kills Caligula, *ii.*, 82.
- Christianity established, *ii.*, 75; persecuted, 102; by Diocletian, 236; its effects, 247.
- Cicero, *i.*, 272; Consul, 300; attacks Catiline, 301; puts conspirators to death, 303; makes speeches, 304; quarrels with Clodius, 306; flies to Greece, 307; returns to Rome, *ii.*, 5; attacks Antony, 36; murdered, 39.
- Cimbri beaten by Marius, *i.*, 257.
- Cincinnatus, Dictator, *i.*, 101; beats the Æquians, 102; has Mælius killed, 103; character, 104.
- Cineas, *i.*, 162.
- Claudius Pulcher beaten by Carthaginians, *i.*, 180.
- Claudius, Emperor, *ii.*, 85; bullied by wife and court, 86; marries Agrippina, 89; murdered, 91.
- Claudius II., Emperor, *ii.*, 215; beats the Goths, 217.
- Cleander, *ii.*, 163.
- Cleopatra captivates Cæsar, *ii.*, 22; and Antony, 43; tries to captivate Augustus, 47; dies, 48.
- Clients, the, *i.*, 29.
- Clodius master of Rome, *i.*, 307; quarrels with Milo, *ii.*, 4.
- Colosseum, the, *ii.*, 122.
- Commodus, Emperor, *ii.*, 159; his infamies, 160; murdered, 165.
- Constans, *ii.*, 252.
- Constantine escapes from Galerius, *ii.*, 239; Emperor, 240; puts Maximian to death, 243; marches on Rome, 244; defeats Maxentius, *ib.*; his vision, 245; his religion, *ib.*; sole master of the empire, 249; founds Constantinople, 250; his legislation and death, *ib.*
- Constantine II., *ii.*, 252.
- Constantine the Pale, *ii.*, 239.
- Constantius the Younger, *ii.*, 252; sole Emperor, 254; dies, 257.
- Consuls, the, *i.*, 19.
- Coriolanus, *i.*, 90; attacks Rome, 93; retreats, 95.
- Crassus, Consul, *ii.*, 5; murdered in Parthia, 7.
- Cremona sacked, *ii.*, 113.
- Curatili, duel of, *i.*, 45.
- Curius Dentatus, *i.*, 165.
- Curtius, his story, *i.*, 134.
- Dacians, wars with Trajan, *ii.*, 137.
- Decius Mus, his legend, *i.*, 140.
- Decius, Emperor, *ii.*, 206; cut off by the Goths, 207.
- Dictator, the, *i.*, 19.
- Didius Julianus buys the empire, *ii.*, 169; murdered, 171.
- Diocletian, Emperor, *ii.*, 230; he goes to Nicomedia, 233; overruns Egypt, 234; triumphs, 235; persecutes the Christians, 236; abdicates, 238.
- Domitian, Emperor, *ii.*, 126; cruelities, 127; murdered, 129.
- Drain, the great, *i.*, 15.
- Egeria, the goddess, *i.*, 43.
- Elagabalus, Emperor, *ii.*, 186; follies of, 187; death, 190.
- Esculapius, legend of, *i.*, 154.
- Fabii, the lay of, *i.*, 96.
- Fabius, Quintus, his story, *i.*, 141, 143.
- Fabius the Delayer, *i.*, 202.
- Fabricius, Caius, *i.*, 163.
- Flamininus sent into Greece, *i.*, 229.
- Flaminius Nepos, *i.*, 187; Censor, 189; beaten at Lake Thrasymene, 200.
- Forum, the, *i.*, 15.
- Galba, Emperor, *ii.*, 107; death, 109.
- Galerius, *ii.*, 233; Emperor, 238; improves, 243; dies, 244.
- Gallienus, Emperor, *ii.*, 210; his follies, 213; killed, 215.
- Gallus, Emperor, *ii.*, 208.
- Gauls, the, *i.*, 120; besiege Rome, 122; retreat, 128; war with Romans, 186; beaten by Flaminius, 188; invaded by Cæsar, *ii.*, 10.
- Geneseric, *ii.*, 283.
- Geta murdered, *ii.*, 181.
- Glycerius, Emperor, *ii.*, 292.
- Gordians, the, *ii.*, 197; the Third, 202.
- Goths, the, *ii.*, 206, 266.

- Gracchi, the, i., 242; Tiberius enforced the homestead law, 244; killed, 245; Caius, master of Rome, 247; commits suicide, 249.
- Gratian, Emperor, ii., 267; put to death, 269.
- Hadrian, Emperor, ii., 142; his policy, 144; his tomb, 146; his family troubles, 147; death, 149.
- Hamilcar Barca, i., 181; makes Hannibal swear hate to Rome, 184; murdered, 189.
- Hannibal's oath, i., 184; besieges Saguntum, 191; crosses the Alps, 196; fights at Trebia, 197; his disguises, 199; fights at Lake Trasymene, 200; followed by Fabius, 202; fights at Cannæ, 205; enters Tarentum, 209; marches to Rome, 210; returns to Africa, 226; beaten at Zama, 227; flies to Antiochus, 230; to Prusias, 230; takes poison and dies, 232.
- Hasdrubal murdered, i., 220.
- Hiero of Syracuse, i., 212.
- Homestead Law, i., 88.
- Honorius, Emperor, ii., 272; his frivolous occupations, 279; death, 281.
- Horatii, duel of, i., 45.
- Horatius Cocles defends the bridge, i., 73.
- Janus, the Temple of, i., 42.
- Jerusalem, siege of, ii., 17.
- Jovian, Emperor, ii., 263.
- Jugurtha, King, i., 250; murders his relations, 251; buys up the Senators, 252; beaten by Metellus and Marius, 253; starved to death, 254.
- Julia Mæsa, ii., 185.
- Julian, Emperor, ii., 258; his character, 259; religion, *ib.*; his wars, 261; death, 262.
- Lætorius the Tribune, i., 80.
- Lake Regillus, the lay of, i., 78.
- Lars Porsenna wars with Rome, i., 72; retreats, 75.
- Leo, Pope, intercedes for Rome, ii., 287.
- Lepidus, one of the Three Men, ii., 87; becomes High Priest, 44.
- Licinius, Emperor, ii., 248.
- Livia, wife of Augustus, ii., 64; disgrace and death, 68.
- Locusta, the poisoner, ii., 90, 94.
- Lucretia, her story, i., 66.
- Macrinus, Emperor, ii., 184; dies, 186.
- Mæcenæ, ii., 63.
- Magnentius, Emperor, ii., 253.
- Majorian, Emperor, ii., 290.
- Mamertines, i., 169.
- Manlius, Marcus, saves the Capitol, i., 126; his liberality, 130; trial and execution, 131.
- Manlius Torquatus kills a Gaul, i., 137; executes his son, 138.
- Marcellus besieges Syracuse, i., 216.
- Marius, Caius, beats Jugurtha, i., 253; Consul, 256; beats Cimbri, 257; and Teutones, 258; sixth time Consul, 260; quarrels with Sulla, 261; flies from Rome, 262; at Minturnæ, 263; at Carthage, 264; returns to Rome and dies, 265.
- Masinissa, i., 224.
- Maxentius, Emperor, ii., 241; defeated by Constantine, 244.
- Maximian, partner of Diocletian, ii., 232; abdicates, 238; resumes the sceptre, 241; flies to Gaul, 242; executed, 243.
- Maximin, Emperor, ii., 185; brutality, 196; his murder, 200.
- Maximus, Emperor, ii., 198; killed by the guards, 201.
- Maximus, Emperor, ii., 289.
- Menenius Agrippa, i., 83.
- Messalina, wife of Claudius, ii., 86; put to death, 88.
- Mettius Fuffetius, i., 48.
- Milo quarrels with Clodius, ii., 4.
- Mithridates beaten by Sulla, i., 267; his story, 285; wars with neighbors, 287; massacres the Romans, 288; defeated, 290; flies to the Crimea, 294; commits suicide, 295.
- Mutius Scaevola, i., 75.
- Nero, Emperor, ii., 93; murders Britannicus, 95; marries Poppæa, 96; murders his mother, 99; persecutes the Christians, 102; more cruelties, 103; rebellion against, 105; death, 106.
- Nerva, Emperor, ii., 131; death, 133.
- Numa, King, i., 42; death, 44.
- Numitor, i., 34.

- Odoacer destroys the empire, *il.*, 294.
 Ogulnian Laws, *the*, *i.*, 152.
 Olybrius, *il.*, 291.
 Olympius, *il.*, 276.
 Oracles, *the*, *i.*, 63; of Delphi, 64.
 Orestes, Emperor-maker, *il.*, 292.
 Otho rebels against Galba, *il.*, 108; Emperor, 109; commits suicide, 110.
 Papirius, Marcus, killed by Gauls, *i.*, 125.
 Papirius Cursor, *his* story, *i.*, 141.
 Patricians, *the*, *i.*, 17.
 Perennis, *il.*, 160; *his* fall, 162.
 Perseus taken to Rome, *i.*, 236.
 Pertinax, Emperor, *il.*, 166; murdered, 168.
 Pescennius Niger, *il.*, 178.
 Pharsalia, Battle of, *il.*, 17.
 Philip of Macedon, wars, *i.*, 229; beaten, 230.
 Philip, Emperor, *il.*, 203.
 Philippi, Battle of, *il.*, 41.
 Pompeii overwhelmed, *il.*, 124.
 Pompey overcomes pirates, *i.*, 298; invades Judæa, 296; Consul with Crassus, *il.*, 5; builds a theatre, 7; quarrels with Caesar, 13; flies from Rome, 14; beaten at Pharsalia, 17; murdered, 19.
 Pontius the Samnite, *his* story, *i.*, 145.
 Popes, *the*, *il.*, 295.
 Poppæa, wife of Nero, *il.*, 96.
 Porcia, wife of Brutus, *il.*, 42.
 Prætor, *the*, *i.*, 19.
 Prætorian Guards, *il.*, 50.
 Probus, Emperor, *il.*, 226; wars, 227.
 Pyrrhus lands in Italy, *i.*, 159; beats the Romans at Heraclea, 160; and at Ascalum, 163; is beaten at Beneventum, 166; killed, 167.
 Regulus invades Africa, *i.*, 174; made prisoner, 176; sent back to Rome, 178; death, 179.
 Religion, the Roman, *i.*, 22. *See* CHRISTIANITY.
 Remus, *i.*, 36.
 Ricimer, Emperor-maker, *il.*, 290.
 Roman Republic, *b.c.* 282, *i.*, 16; established, 68.
 Rome, city of, now, *i.*, 13; *b.c.* 282, *i.*, 16; under Augustus, *il.*, 52; people of, *b.c.* 282, *i.*, 20; under Augustus, *il.*, 56; fire at, under Nero, *il.*, 101; sacked, 279; after destruction of Empire, 299.
 Romulus, *i.*, 36; founds Rome, 37; kills Remus, 38; carries off Sabines, 39; wars with Sabines, 40; dies, 41.
 Saguntum, siege of, *i.*, 191.
 Scipio sent to Spain, *i.*, 222; wins the Battle of Zama, 227; dies, 232; character of, 233.
 Scipio Æmilianus destroys Carthage, *i.*, 239.
 Secular games celebrated by Philip, *il.*, 204.
 Sejanus, Minister of Tiberius, *il.*, 69; *his* fall, 71.
 Senate, *the*, *i.*, 18.
 Seneca, *il.*, 103.
 Sentinum, Battle of, *i.*, 149.
 Sertorius flies from Rome, *i.*, 275; rules Spain, 276; beats Roman generals, 277; murdered, 278.
 Servius Tullius, King, *i.*, 56; killed, 57.
 Severus, Septimius, marches on Rome, *il.*, 170; Emperor, 172; wars, 175; family, 176; death, 179.
 Severus, Alexander, heir to throne, *il.*, 188; Emperor, 191; religion, *ib.*; wars, 193; death, 194.
 Severus, Emperor, *il.*, 241.
 Severus, Emperor, *il.*, 291.
 Siccus Dentatus murdered, *i.*, 107.
 Sophonisba, *i.*, 223; poisoned, 226.
 Spartacus the Gladiator, *i.*, 279; wars with Romans, 281; beaten and killed, 283.
 Spurius Cassius, *i.*, 88.
 Stilicho, *il.*, 272.
 Sulla quarrels with Marius, *i.*, 261; takes Athens, 266; wars with Mithridates, 267; marches on Rome, 268; massacres his enemies, 269; becomes Dictator, 270; abdicates, 273; dies, 274.
 Sybilline Books, *i.*, 60.
 Sylvia the Dishonored, *i.*, 84.
 Tacitus, Emperor, *il.*, 225.
 Tarentum, *i.*, 157; taken, 167; entered by Hannibal, 209.
 Tarpeia, *i.*, 41.
 Tarquin the Elder goes to Rome, *i.*, 51; King, 52.
 Tarquin the Proud oppresses the

- people, i., 59; besieges Gabii, 61; dethroned, 68; plots against the Republic, 69; dies of a broken heart, 81.
- Ten Men, the, i., 105; done away with, 113.
- Teutones beaten by Marius, i., 258.
- Theatre, Pompey's, ii., 8.
- Thrasymene, Battle of Lake, i., 200.
- Three Men, the, ii., 87.
- Tiberius, Emperor, ii., 67; his character, 69; cruelties, 70; diseases, 73; murder, 74.
- Titus takes Jerusalem, ii., 118; Emperor, 121; character, 122; death, 125.
- Trajan, Emperor, ii., 134; character, 135; wars, 136; column, 138; death, 141.
- Trebia, Battle of, i., 197.
- Tribunes of the People, i., 20; how established, 80.
- Tullia the murderess, i., 57.
- Tullus Hostilius, King, i., 45; wars with Albans, 48; dies, 49.
- Valens, ii., 265.
- Valentinian, Emperor, ii., 264; his cruelty and death, 265.
- Valentinian II., Emperor, ii., 267; murdered, 270.
- Valentinian III., Emperor, ii., 228; murdered, 288.
- Valerian, Emperor, ii., 209; made prisoner in Persia, 212.
- Valerius the Crow, i., 185.
- Varro Terentius, i., 205.
- Varus cut off by Germans, ii., 64.
- Veii, the lay of, i., 114; taken, 117.
- Verus associated with Aurelius, ii., 153.
- Vespasian, Emperor, ii., 116; death, 120.
- Virginia, the lay of, i., 109; killed by her father, 111.
- Vitellius, Emperor, ii., 110; gluttony of, 111; flight and murder, 114.
- Xantippus beats Regulus, i., 176.
- Zenobia, ii., 214, 220; taken, 222; her end, 223.







